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## LINCOLN AND DARWIN, EMANCIPATORS

ON February 12, 1809—a hundred years ago this month—Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin were born.

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Gladstone said, "Were I to sum up the Nineteenth Century in a phrase, it would be, '*Unhand me!*'"

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The story of our race is the story of a slow and cruel march out of the darkness haunted by grisly shapes of superstition and fear, into the light where men learn to know themselves and one another. Toward the end of the Eighteenth Century it became apparent that, in the long, long struggle between the darkness and the light, between ignorance and enlightenment, the darkness of ignorance was beginning to yield, that the next century would surely bring a definite and clear gain for the light. To-day, we of the Twentieth Century can look back upon the Nineteenth and see that throughout the civilized world and far into the realms of semibarbarism the dawn did indeed begin to spring—the dawn that is still advancing as the sun of science lifts ever higher toward the horizon.

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If Gladstone was right—and was he not right?—then Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin are the two most characteristic, most typical men of the Nineteenth Century.

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"Unhand me!" means liberty. Liberty means freedom to act and freedom to think—the man free without and within; and, so, entirely free. Freedom to act is political democracy; freedom to think is intellectual democracy. The two are halves of a perfect whole; neither can exist without the other. A people may become free through a passionate impulse against restraint. But it will soon be reëncained, will resume its fetters of itself, unless it has learned or quickly learns to think clearly and fearlessly. Unless the mind is free, you free the man in vain.

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In Lincoln and Darwin, then, we have the two great types of the democracy of a whole people thinking and acting for itself—the democracy to which the Nineteenth Century gave birth. Lincoln no less than Darwin, Darwin no less than Lincoln, stood for the inspiring creed "Unhand me!" and devoted his life to it. To link their names and their centenaries is no strained stress upon an accidental coincidence of birthdays, but a joining of two names and two lives and two life-works that ought always to be celebrated together when men celebrate the progress of mankind.

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Just fifty years ago—in 1859—Lincoln was delivering in various parts of the country the speeches that lifted him from local to national celebrity, and thus made possible his leadership in the movement toward a real democracy. Just fifty years ago Charles Darwin published his *Origin of Species*, which transferred the theory of evolution from the arena of professional science where it had been under discussion fifty or sixty years to the arena of world-thought where it had never been heard of. And in that new arena it was transformed instantly from a scientific abstraction to the storm center of the fierce conflict between mental slavery and mental freedom, between aristocracy and democracy—for the real struggle between the classes and the masses has never been, and is not now, on battlefields or in legislative halls or courtrooms, but in the mind of man itself; who owns the man's mind owns the man.

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Fifty years ago Lincoln was going up and down our country, the great republic wavering between aristocracy and democracy, and was rousing men—men everywhere, not merely in America—with his stentorian cry of good sense

and justice, "No man is fit to govern another without that other's consent!" And while he was thus filling the ears of men with the appeal and the command, "Be free! Be men!" Darwin was showing mankind how to keep freedom, once they got it, was saying to them: "Think for yourselves! That will make you free, will make you men!"

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Ask the next man you meet, "What is Abraham Lincoln's claim to immortality?" and he will probably answer, "Why, he saved the American Union and freed the slaves." Ask him, "Why is Darwin immortal?" and he will say, "Because he discovered the theory of evolution."

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The answer as to Lincoln has some truth in it. The answer as to Darwin has no truth at all. But even if both answers were entirely true, still to assert immortality for either Lincoln or Darwin on those grounds alone would be a sophomoric exaggeration, more like funeral rhetoric than centenary calmness and judgment. Immortality is a big word; it means deathless fame—fame so long as there remains a single unwritten word in human history before finis.

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To save the American Union was a fine deed; so also, to free the Southern slaves of their masters, and the masters of the shame and burden of their slaves. But the time will come when, in the vast vista of the past, neither of these matters will loom so large as they do to us of less than two generations from the Civil War.

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To discover the kinship of all living things, to enable man to read the sure promise of his noble future in the records of progress from protoplasm to civilization—this would have been truly an achievement. But the time will come when the memories of men, occupied with the greatly more amazing and important discoveries yet to come, would not recall the name of the remote discoverer of something which, once known, seems too obvious ever to have been unknown.

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But Lincoln and Darwin have no such uncertain claim upon the eternal remembrance of their fellows. Lincoln

does not stand merely for a forward step in politics, or Darwin for a forward step in science. They are representatives of an entire critical century—the century in which, as the result of the toil and thought of a thousand thousand men of whom these two are the perfect type, it was possible to say, “The darkness will be rolled back! The light will prevail! The sunrise comes!”

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Both were typical of their time and of the movement they led—typical in every way. Both were men of the people; for the Darwins, though in comfortable circumstances, lived in caste-cursed England perhaps even farther from touch or sympathy with the triumphant classes than did the poverty-blighted Lincolns. Both were men of supreme common sense. Both had unbending tenacity and unquenchable passion for truth. Both had that essential power in the leader—the power so to state the difficult vital questions that all could understand, and could *feel*. Both—the one in his speeches, the other in his writings—radiated that magnetism which rallies men of common purpose and unites them against the common foe.

Both—and this should never be overlooked in studying greatness—both had the power of rousing and concentrating opposition. Opposition must be roused and concentrated or it cannot be met and vanquished. Both were men of peace, men of unusual gentleness and amiability. Yet they had this power of inflaming and infuriating antagonism.

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Lincoln was by no means the most conspicuous opponent of aristocracy; nor was he, apparently, likely to become dangerous to it. Yet no sooner did he lift his voice than men of democratic mind began to move toward him to support him, and aristocracy began to center upon this obscure and uncouth rail-splitter as if he were its only formidable foe. He tried to calm his friends; in vain. He tried to conciliate the foes of democracy; in vain.

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In the same way, Darwin. He was an obscure scientist. His book contained nothing that startled scientific men, and it was addressed to them, not at all to the world at large. He strove to conciliate the tyrants over thought, entrenched in church and state. But the moment his book appeared the battle burst.



A strange spectacle, this—men of peace and quietness provoking war in spite of themselves—and leading it, and making it relentless. The explanation may be in that wonderful sentence of Heine's—"We do not rule our ideas, but are ruled by them; they seize us and hurl us into the arena, where, like gladiators, we must fight for them."

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Finally, to complete the parallel in the character of the two men, both Lincoln and Darwin were of that absolute modesty which is found only in men entirely great. No strut, no pretense, no petty vanity of word or deed or thought. They were neither conceited about ability nor worried about lack of it; they simply tried to do their best.

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Channing said: "Man is a greater name than president or king." You think of Lincoln as you read that.

Buckle said: "The hall of science is the temple of democracy." Darwin made it so, not by his in themselves unimportant discoveries, but by his character as the typical man of science—the lover of truth, the seeker of truth, the calm, wise, sensible teacher of truth.

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It would be impossible to look up to either of these men, as impossible as it would have been for them to look down upon any of their fellows. They are not heroes; they are brothers.

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America is proud of Lincoln. England ought to be, and some day soon will be, proud of Darwin. But America cannot keep her Lincoln, nor England her Darwin. They belong to all us brothers of the human family who even now have upon our faces light from the sun that shall broaden and brighten this dawn into the free and equal day.



# WHAT I SAW OF LINCOLN

BY MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE

*IN the midst of his responsibilities as War President in the struggle to retain the South as an integral part of the Union, it fell to Lincoln also to put into motion one of the most significant and far-reaching of undertakings looking toward the development and settlement of the West. The following account of the circumstances under which President Lincoln designated Council Bluffs, Iowa, as the initial point of the Pacific Railway, written by the one man who could tell the story, contains interesting facts hardly to be found elsewhere. It was General Dodge whose land purchase before the war first drew Lincoln's personal attention to the little village on the bank of the Missouri River, and whose recommendation determined the choice of it as a terminus. After the war it was he who as chief engineer built the transcontinental railway, thus completing the work that he had interrupted for four years of military service. In two professions, therefore, General Dodge has attained the highest eminence. His present narrative is the forerunner of other articles of reminiscence which he is preparing for APPLETON'S MAGAZINE.—THE EDITOR.*



It may come as a surprise to many readers to learn that fifty years ago Abraham Lincoln was the owner of town lots in the then little village of Council Bluffs, on the Iowa side of the Missouri River, and that the owner of the adjoining property was Clement L. Vallandigham. It was in part as a result of the first of these facts that my friendship with him began and continued on terms that I shall ever cherish in my memory.

Abraham Lincoln had just passed his fiftieth year when I, then a young civil engineer, first saw him. The place was Council Bluffs and the occasion of this, the westernmost journey that he ever took, such as to give me a certain intimacy of acquaintance even from the beginning.

My first work in an engineering corps was in 1853 on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, as it built westward from Chicago, toward its terminus at Council Bluffs. My chief was Mr. Peter A. Dey, who is still living at a very advanced age. We made a survey for the extension of this

line all the way across Iowa to the Missouri River, and established the terminals of the road in Council Bluffs, on property belonging to Judge Riddle of that place.

I bought the eighty acres on which these terminals were located, and subdivided the tract, a portion being taken by Rock Island interests and a portion by the citizens of the town. When the Rock Island share was distributed, some of the lots were taken by N. B. Judd, the general attorney of the road. Mr. Judd was a prominent Illinois Republican, the intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln, and his representative in his debates with Senator Douglas.

As a result of this friendship, Mr. Lincoln was retained as an attorney for the Rock Island, representing that road in the litigation that followed when the city of St. Louis endeavored to prevent the construction of the railway bridge across the Mississippi River at Davenport, on the ground that it would be an obstruction to navigation. Victorious in this important lawsuit, and of course well acquainted with Rock Island officials, Lincoln's attention was naturally drawn to the progress of the road westward, and to the opportunities it

created. He therefore bought from Mr. Judd a portion of his interests in this Riddle tract, and exactly half a century ago visited Council Bluffs for the purpose of seeing the country and looking after his real estate interests.

About the same time, Clement L. Vallandigham bought property adjoining the lots owned by Mr. Lincoln. The fact that they had neighborly interests in Council Bluffs does not seem to have brought them any closer in their political views, for, as is known to all, Mr. Vallandigham in his public speeches during the Civil War denounced Mr. Lincoln and the Government, was arrested, tried by court martial, and sentenced to close confinement. The President, obeying the generous instincts of his big heart, commuted the sentence to banishment into the Confederate lines. Mr. Vallandigham, however, was disappointed with his reception by the Confederates, and sought refuge in Canada, so that the affairs of the two men apparently never met again.

Mr. Lincoln came from Chicago to St. Joseph, Missouri, by rail, and then proceeded up the Missouri River by steamboat to Council Bluffs. These steamboats were stern wheelers, and so rigged that they could lift themselves by spars over the shallow places and sand bars in the river. We may feel certain that the voyage was of great interest to the traveler, for he himself devised an apparatus for that very purpose. Having planned a mechanism of bel-lows, ropes, and pulleys, he made a model of it, sent it to Washington, and a patent was issued, although it is not recorded that the invention was ever utilized.

While Lincoln was coming up the Missouri River toward Council Bluffs, I was returning from making a reconnaissance westward for the proposed Pacific railroad, and I reached Council Bluffs almost exactly at the time of his arrival there. He was accompanied by the Hon. O. M. Hatch, Secretary of the State of Illinois, and we found ourselves stopping together at the Pacific Hotel, which stood directly opposite the site of my present office. Council Bluffs was then a frontier town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. It was prominent as one of the great outfitting points on the Missouri River for the travel to California and Oregon which took the overland trail known as the great Platte

Route. I have seen more than a thousand teams of all descriptions, gathered here at one time in the Missouri valley waiting for the grass to start on the plains.

The visit of Mr. Lincoln in Council Bluffs naturally attracted a great deal of attention. He had become known throughout the West by reason of his great debates with Senator Stephen A. Douglas the year before. The local paper of Aug. 13, 1859, notes the arrival of the party as follows:

"Hon. Abe Lincoln, and the Secretary of State for Illinois, Hon. O. M. Hatch, arrived in our city last evening, and are stopping at the Pacific House. The distinguished 'Sucker' has yielded to the earnest importunities of our citizens—without distinction of party—and will speak upon the political issues of the day, at Concert Hall, this evening. The celebrity of the speaker will most certainly insure him a full house. Go and hear 'old Abe.'"

Among others I attended this meeting and listened to his speech, which was able, attractive, and convincing. His method of argument was simple, and easy for everyone to comprehend. I know I left the crowd absolutely convinced that what he said was true, and that his policy on the negro question in national affairs should be adopted. The local Republican paper speaking of his speech said:

"In the brief limits of a newspaper article, it were impossible to give even an outline of his masterly and unanswerable speech. The clear and lucid manner in which he set forth the true principles of the Republican Party—the dexterity with which he applied the political scalpel to the Democratic carcass—beggars all description at our hands. Suffice it, that the speaker fully and fairly sustained the great reputation he acquired in the memorable Illinois campaign, as a man of great intellectual power—a close and sound reasoner."

The Democratic paper commented thus:

"He apologized very handsomely for appearing before an Iowa audience during a campaign in which he was not interested. He then announced his intention to speak about the 'eternal negro,' and entered into a lengthy and ingenious analysis of the nigger question, impressing upon his hearers that it was the only question to be agitated until finally settled. He carefully avoided going directly to the extreme

ground occupied by him in his canvass against Douglas, yet the doctrines which he preached, carried out to their legitimate results, amount to precisely the same thing. His speech was of the character of an exhortation to the Republican Party, but was in reality as good a speech as could have been made for the interest of the Democracy. He was listened to with much attention, for his Waterloo defeat by Douglas has magnified him into quite a lion here."

After dinner at the hotel Mr. Lincoln sought me out and engaged me in conversation about what I knew of the country west of the Missouri River. He greatly impressed me by the marked interest he displayed in the work in which I was engaged, and he expressed himself as believing that there was nothing more important before the nation at that time than the building of a railroad to the Pacific coast. He ingeniously extracted a great deal of information from me about the country beyond the river, the climate, the character of the soil, the resources, the rivers and the route. When the long conversation ended, I realized that most of the things that I had been holding as secrets for my employers in the East had been given to him without reserve.

During Lincoln's visit, some of the citizens of Council Bluffs took him to a high bluff known as Cemetery Hill just north of the town. From this point could be had a view of the country ten miles north and ten miles south, up and down the great Missouri River valley, and across the Missouri River five miles west. He was greatly impressed with the outlook, and the bluff from that time has been known as Lincoln's Hill. It is now in contemplation to place upon the spot where he stood, as a memento of his visit to Council Bluffs, a suitable monument or tablet bearing a proper inscription and recognizing the historical fact that from here he looked down upon the place where by his order, four years later, the terminus of the first transcontinental railway was established.

My second interview with Lincoln was four years later. In the interval he had become president and two years of Civil War had elapsed. Early in the war I had entered the service as Colonel of the Fourth Iowa Infantry, and at the time of which

I speak, in 1863, I was Brigadier General of Volunteers in command at Corinth.

While in command at Corinth, I received an order from General Grant to report to President Lincoln in Washington. No explanation accompanied the order, and my first thought was one of some alarm. I could not think of any complimentary reason why the President should wish me to report to him in Washington, and the possibility of another reason promptly occurred to me.

In the expedition of my forces from Corinth into the heart of Mississippi and up the valley of the Tennessee, and on their return, several thousand negroes without means of support had followed our troops. I had established a contraband camp outside of Corinth, under the supervision of Chaplain Alexander, and had started a system of locating these negroes on abandoned plantations where they might be self-supporting. I had guarded the camp with my own troops, but at that time there was objection on the part of the troops to guarding negroes, and several times unruly contrabands had been shot at.

Chaplain Alexander came to me one day and said that if I would furnish him arms, he would organize and drill two companies of negroes to guard the camps and I could detail some noncommissioned officers whom he knew to act as officers of these companies.

This seemed a good solution of our troubles, and I furnished the necessary arms and details. However, this also caused much adverse comment and criticism. I had no authority under the regulations for such action, and there were many complaints based on the fact that I had placed arms and ammunition in the hands of negroes. Therefore when I received this order from General Grant I was very much exercised, and thought I was going to be taken to account by the President for my action.

When I reached Washington and reported to the President, I found that nothing could be further from the real purpose of my journey than what I had ascribed. The President indeed knew of what I had done in the matter of the negroes, although there was no discussion of it whatever, and by reason of his manner to me and the confidence he placed in

me on the very important affair that had suggested my visit, I felt assured that at least he did not disapprove of what I had done. He had called me to Washington to consult as to the proper place for the initial point of the Union Pacific Railway, which, under the congressional act of 1862, he was empowered to select. He had not forgotten our conversation on the porch of the hotel at Council Bluffs.

There was great competition from all the towns on both sides of the Missouri River for fifty miles above and below Council Bluffs, Iowa, for the distinction of being selected as this initial point. I found Mr. Lincoln well posted in all the controlling reasons covering such a selection, and we went into the matter at length and discussed the arguments presented by the different competing localities. I detailed to him, in so far as I could without having my maps or data at hand, where, from an engineering and commercial point of view, the Union Pacific Railway should make its starting point from the western boundary of Iowa.

The physical conditions of the country both east and west of the Missouri River controlled this selection. Directly west of Council Bluffs was the great Platte valley, extending from the base of the Rocky Mountains in one continuous valley 600 miles east to the Missouri River. The survey we had made for the Union Pacific followed this valley the entire distance and crossed the divide of the continent through an open country not exceeding 8,000 feet in elevation, while to the north and south the Rocky Mountains towered from ten to thirteen thousand feet high.

It is a singular fact that while the United States had spent a great deal of money in exploration for a feasible line for the Pacific railroad, the Government never had examined the natural route along the forty-second parallel of latitude. All the surveys had been made and all the data obtained by private citizens connected with the Rock Island Railroad, at the head of which was Henry Farnam of Connecticut. President Lincoln, after going over all the facts that could be presented to him, and from his own knowledge, finally fixed the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad where our surveys determined the proper locality—at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

After this discussion of the location, he took up with me the question of building the road. The law of 1862 had failed to bring any capital or men to undertake the work, and I said to him that in my opinion private enterprise could not build the road. Mr. Lincoln said that the Government had its hands full, and could not assume the task, but was ready to support any company to the fullest legal extent, and amend the law so as to enable such a company to issue securities that would furnish the necessary funds.

From Washington I went to New York, where I met the parties then connected with the Union Pacific Railway, John A. Dix, Henry Farnam, T. C. Durant, George Francis Train, and others, and informed them of the result of my visit and what President Lincoln had said. They were greatly encouraged, and immediately went to work on the preparation of the measure which was afterwards presented to Congress and passed as the Union Pacific Bill of 1864. Under this the road was built in some four years, although Congress had allowed ten years for its construction, and I feel that it was Lincoln's faith, energy, and comprehensive grasp of what the building of the road meant to the United States that induced Congress to pass liberal laws and made it possible to raise the funds to accomplish the work.

I did not see President Lincoln again until 1864, after the Atlanta campaign. While I was convalescing from wounds received at Atlanta, General Grant invited me to visit him at City Point. It was at a time when everything around Petersburg looked blue. The desertions from our army were about equal to the enlistments, and there was a general demand that Grant should move. I spent two weeks looking at the Army of the Potomac, the finest and best equipped army I ever saw. I visited all the commands of the Armies of the James and Potomac as they surrounded Petersburg and held the north side of the James River, and became acquainted with most of the commanders.

Evenings we would sit around the camp fire at City Point, and General Grant in that comprehensive and conversational way he had of describing any event when he felt at liberty to talk freely, as shown so



plainly in his *Memoirs*, told me of his campaign from the Wilderness to City Point, and of many of his plans that failed to materialize, for various reasons that he gave. After listening several evenings to the discussion of these matters I asked General Grant, very innocently and naturally, who was responsible for the failure of these plans, and looking at me in that humorous and quizzical way which was in his disposition, he replied: "That, General, has not yet been determined."

While at City Point I visited the Army of the James, when General Butler, then in command, attempted to break through the enemy's lines on the north side of the James, and I saw the attack and failure. I was greatly impressed as I saw the troops move up to the attack, and stand so steadily, and receive the destructive fire of the enemy without taking cover. In the West, under similar conditions, our men would have gone to cover when they saw there was no possibility of carrying the works before them. But here they seemed to wait for an order, and my anxiety for them was such that I could not help expressing my surprise that they did not either charge or cover, but stood taking a murderous fire until the command to retire was given. In the West, while they stood there, our whole line would have found shelter behind trees, or buried themselves.

When I was leaving City Point, General Grant suggested I should call on President Lincoln as I returned to my command in the Army of the Tennessee.

Arriving in Washington I went directly to the White House. In the anteroom I met Senator Harlan of Iowa, who took me immediately to President Lincoln. He had a roomful of callers, and asked me to sit down until he disposed of the waiting crowd. I sat there and watched President Lincoln dispose of one after another, always in a kindly way. After waiting a long time, I felt that, perhaps, he had disposed of me in the same way he had the others, and I took occasion to say to him that I had only called to pay my respects, and unless he desired me to wait longer, I would bid him good-by. He immediately asked me to wait, saying he desired to see me if I had the time to spare.

After the crowd had gone the doors were closed. President Lincoln saw I was

ill at ease, not knowing what I was there for or what to say, but he seated me near his desk, and crossing his legs, took down a small book. I think it was called the "Gospel of Peace." Anyhow, it was very humorous, and as he read from it he soon had me laughing and at my ease.

He was called to lunch and took me with him; and then he continued the same methods he employed the first time I saw him. He extracted from me all I had seen on my visit to General Grant and the Army of the Potomac, got my views, and finally drew me out until he had obtained from me an answer something like this: "You know, Mr. President, we in the West have no doubts about Grant, and, if he is given time, I have no doubt he will soon whip Lee's army. When, or how, I confess I cannot see, but that he will I have no doubt whatever."

As I said this we were leaving the table, and Lincoln brightened up, took my hand in his, and said, with great solemnity: "I am so glad to hear you say that."

As I bade him good-by, I asked him if there was anything I could do to repay his great kindness to me. He answered only: "If you don't object, I would like to have you take to your army, when you go, my kindest regards."

I was then, at the age of thirty-three, too young to weigh and comprehend all that was said, but in after years, when I realized the great crisis that had been pending, I saw how completely he took me into his power and extracted my innermost thoughts, and what a satisfaction it was to him to have me express that implicit faith in General Grant while so many were disseminating charges and denouncing his great battles as great destruction of life without proper compensation. In after years I learned that Grant knew of the conflict in Washington, and knew that if I had the opportunity I would give the President an unprejudiced view of what I had seen and learned.

It was intended that on my return I should resume command of my corps and move with Sherman in his campaign from Atlanta to the sea, but I had not fully recovered from the wounds received at Atlanta, and Sherman did not think it prudent for me to attempt it. I was therefore assigned to the command at Vicks-

burg, which was to move from there to the rear of Mobile, and in connection with General Canby capture that place. But I was stopped at Cairo and ordered to St. Louis.

General Rosecrans was then in command of that department, and General Price of the Rebel army had made a campaign through the State of Missouri, overrunning it. Mr. Lincoln and General Grant were both disappointed that Rosecrans did not stop him, as they considered he had sufficient forces to do so, and General Grant wrote President Lincoln asking him to relieve Rosecrans and assign me to the command, which was done.

This command was a promotion to me, but it was a disappointment. Missouri was torn with civil and political dissensions and had given the President more trouble than any other State in the Union. It was half Union and half Rebel; brother against brother and father against son. The State was overrun with guerrillas and partisan bands, and although then under partial Union government, nobody was satisfied with it.

General Schofield had been in command before Rosecrans, and had pursued a very conservative policy along the line laid down by President Lincoln, but it was not satisfactory to either side. It is true that Schofield had laid the basis for the final successful solving of the problem, but the opposition from both parties was so strong that President Lincoln was forced to relieve him. In doing so he complimented General Schofield highly upon his administration and promoted him to be a Major General, but both parties in Missouri were strong enough to prevent his confirmation by the Senate. After the Senate adjourned, Mr. Lincoln reappointed him. His appointment hung fire in the Senate until after the battle of Chattanooga, when Grant, wishing an officer in East Tennessee to relieve General Foster, who was obliged to give up his command on account of his wounds, asked for General Schofield to take that command. As soon as President Lincoln received General Grant's dispatch he saw his opportunity, and used it to induce the Senate to confirm Schofield, who went to the command of the Army of the Ohio and commanded it with great ability and success until the end of the war.

In sticking to and supporting Schofield, President Lincoln showed that trait in his character that was so prominent, of never dropping a friend he had confidence in, no matter how great the pressure upon him. Sometimes, as he said, he had to let go his hold, but only to spit on his hands and get a new and better one.

I assumed command of the Department and Army of Missouri on December 2, 1864, and thus came again into direct communication with President Lincoln. There had been many dispatches to General Rosecrans to send all the troops he could spare to General Thomas, who was in a death struggle with Hood at Nashville. As soon as I assumed command I received a dispatch from General Halleck to send all the force I could spare to the support of Thomas, and he quoted a dispatch from General Grant to himself, in which Grant requested him to telegraph me to send all the troops I could spare to General Thomas. He stated in his dispatch to me that General Grant said "with such an order you can be relied upon to send all that can properly go." I learned afterwards that that portion of the dispatch was added by Mr. Lincoln, who was greatly disturbed at General Thomas's position, and said it might induce me to make an extra effort to help Thomas out.

I looked the field over, and could see no reason why United States forces should be retained in that State, as there was no organized force of the enemy in it except guerrillas and partisan bands. The Missouri State Militia, some 10,000 in number, mustered into the United States service upon condition that they should not leave the State, I felt were ample to take care of it, so I sent to General Thomas every regiment in the State, even one that was not fully organized and mustered in, including two divisions of the 16th corps. These were all under General A. J. Smith, making an independent force of about 15,000 men. This was the force that turned Hood's left at the battle of Nashville and started the complete defeat of his army.

While I was in command of this Department President Lincoln was often in communication with me. He had a very kindly feeling for the Union people of Missouri. He had imbibed it from the begin-



ning, when Blair and Lyon had saved the State from joining the Confederacy. I found the prisons at Alton and St. Louis filled with prisoners of war, and with persons who sympathized with the Rebels. I wanted to send them through the lines to the South or North, out of the State of Missouri, whichever they thought best, and wrote to the War Department that it was cheaper to fight than to feed them.

Mr. Lincoln did not approve this. But when I had to make a campaign on the plains in the winter of 1864-65 I recommended that these prisoners be allowed to enlist to fight Indians. I ascertained upon consulting them that they were anxious to do this if they were not asked to fight in the South. Mr. Lincoln approved this recommendation, and I emptied the prisons by organizing five regiments known as United States Volunteers, but called "Reconstructed Rebs," and later on, under me, they did gallant service, and endured hardships and sufferings that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive of.

Mr. Lincoln's letters to me as to the policy to be pursued in Missouri made me look carefully into the work and plans of General Schofield, and I followed them as far as practicable. I made up my mind not to take any part in the civil government, but to look carefully after the military, and issued some very drastic orders that brought down on my head protest after protest, and appeals to President Lincoln. I explained to him that as long as I kept troops quartered in the towns, it was an invitation to all the discontented to make trouble, but that when I withdrew my troops and made citizens responsible for feeding and harboring any rebel person or band without reporting it within twenty-four hours to the nearest United States post, the penalty being death, the people made it impossible for these guerrilla bands to organize in and roam over the State. He approved my action, and the result was peace and quiet. In January, 1865, I left the State to take care of itself, while with my troops I made the Indian campaign of that winter.

While in command of the Department of Missouri I daily saw what a kind heart Mr. Lincoln had, how his sympathy went out to everyone in trouble, and how his

great desire was to save life. The conflict in Missouri was a bitter, personal, revengeful one. I remember the day before President Lincoln's assassination, a lady came to see me whose son was about to be executed for murder committed as a guerrilla. She had been to Washington to save him, and had seen the President. She brought me Mr. Lincoln's card, on the back of which he had written: "My dear General Dodge: Cannot you do something for this lady, who is in much trouble?"

I understood the case; that, while he would not interfere, he hoped that I could see my way to do so, and he disposed of the lady in that way. The lady, in presenting the case, supposed that card alone would pardon her son, but when I told her I would consider it, she was indignant, and left, no doubt determined to report me to the President and appeal over my head.

That evening President Lincoln was assassinated. All officers holding important commands were notified in the night, so that they could prepare for the excitement that was bound to come. I was especially cautioned to prepare for trouble in Missouri. It was thought the crime would anger the Union men in the State, and cause an uprising and acts of revenge upon the Rebel sympathizers. I brought into the city of St. Louis such troops as were near, and issued an order suspending all business, warning both sides to remain in their houses, and prohibiting any gathering of crowds on the streets. But I found that the Southern people were more distressed at the great crime, if possible, than the Union sympathizers. The streets of St. Louis were deserted for two days, and there was nothing but sorrow exhibited on both sides.

The lady called the next day and asked me for the card; she said she desired to keep it as a memento, no doubt giving up all hope for her son; but I did not have it in my heart, after Lincoln's death, to carry out the order of the court, and therefore commuted the sentence to imprisonment.

When the remains of President Lincoln were brought to Springfield, I repaired there with my troops and staff and took part in the last sad rites to one who from the time I first knew him, until his death, had been more than a friend to me.

# THE STAR OF LOVE

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

*Author of "Titus," etc.*

## CHAPTER IV

### AN ARROW FROM A TAUT STRING



HE undisguised start with which the royal guardsmen recognized the scribe, standing grave and motionless in the shadow of his own doorway, and the flush of angry confusion which mounted to his forehead, caused a quiet smile to curl the lips of Matacas.

"The Prince of Edom doeth my poor house honor," he said in the Hebrew tongue, as he bowed before the martial young figure; "but why visit it during my absence? Are not my presence and my converse pleasing to thee, that thou dost choose the woman Abihail in my stead?"

"I came not to see Abihail," answered Nathan, with an honest confusion of countenance which became him well.

"Who, then?"

"Surely thou knowest, Mordecai; and why dissemble? I am not of the courtiers of Xerxes, though I am his soldier; and thou art a Hebrew like myself. Why not speak truth one to the other, as becometh sons of Abraham?"

"Speak then, and tell me who it is in my poor house that has merited thy most distinguished regard, son of Asa."

"Nay, thou mockest me, Mordecai. And if the truth will please thee, hear it. I love Hadassah, thy kinswoman, and I entreat thee to give her to me in betrothal, that when I return from the king's business I may take her to be my wife in all honor."

Mordecai looked down upon the ground in silence. He was thinking of many

things, and he could not at once bring himself to utter the formal word of consent, for which the young prince waited impatiently.

"It is true that I have neither lands, houses, nor gold," continued Nathan, without waiting for an answer. "So this we may omit to discuss; but I shall have all three, if Jehovah prosper me, when I return in one—two years' time. There can be no haste to wed the maiden, since she is little more than a child. Always I have loved her, since the days when I carried her a tiny child upon my shoulder to peep into the bird's nests in the old-olive tree. To-day it hath pleased thee to forget the past; but perchance a court matter hath irked thee. For my part, I am often sad or angry at my post in the fortress. But what may a captive do in a land of strange customs and strange gods?"

Something in these impetuous words appeared to have given Matacas—or Mordecai, as he was called by those of his own race—a clue to his answer.

"Thou hast spoken wisely, Nathan, and as becometh a prince of Israel. I had not indeed, forgotten the fact of thy intimacy in my family; but of late I have repeatedly cautioned Abihail against admitting anyone during my absence. The bud is already unfolding into a blossom, and I would not that any profane or heathen eye gaze upon its hidden beauty. And so I confess I was angry when I heard the sound of voices from within."

"My eyes are those neither of a profane man nor a heathen," laughed Nathan, once more at his ease, and confident of the success of his wooing, "and I would fain pluck the lovely flower and wear it in my bosom. I await only thy consent, my Mor-

decay, to give to the maiden Hadassah the tokens of betrothal."

"You should have awaited my consent before speaking to her of your passion," said Mordecai frowning.

Even as he spoke the words his thoughts, which had been groping confusedly among the tangled mazes of court intrigue for more than an hour past, suddenly flashed an amazing picture before his eyes. He held his peace, however, and continued to gaze somewhat coldly and impassively at the young prince who had flushed angrily at his last words.

"So you were listening?"

"I was about to enter my own house, and I—overheard," amended Mordecai suavely.

"Be it so! I care not who knows of my passion for Hadassah. I do love her, and no woman was ever better beloved by man."

"Softly—softly, my son. Hadassah is but a child—a little innocent child, who knows not what love is; and I am content that she remain unwooed and unwed for the present."

"Then you will not consent to our betrothal?" Bitter disappointment rang in the young soldier's voice; his dark eyes blazed passionately upon the older man. "Remember that I am of the royal line, though I am poor and a captive."

"Hadassah is also among the descendants of Jehoiakim, the king," murmured Mordecai, seemingly quite unmoved, "and she will be—very beautiful."

Nathan stared keenly at the scribe's contemplative face. Something that he saw there appeared to enrage him beyond measure.

"I believe you are thinking of placing her in the royal gynæceum," he burst out in the Persian tongue. "But, no; I was mad to have thought of such a thing! You could not sell your own flesh and blood—even to a king. Forgive me, Mordecai; I entreat you."

The scribe's pallid face had gradually assumed a deep purple flush; he opened his lips to reply, then closed them firmly and turned as if to enter his door.

The young prince grasped him by the arm.

"Thou shalt not leave me thus, Mordecai," he cried hoarsely. "I know not what

put such a monstrous thought into my head. Nay, I swear I did not even think it; it sprang suddenly from my lips like an arrow from a taut string, and wholly without my leave. I am sorry. Forgive me!"

Mordecai turned, for he had by this time got the better of his well-nigh ungovernable anger.

"I will forgive thee, son of Asa," he said, in cold, measured tones; "since anger and malice of heart ill become captives and strangers in an alien land."

"And Hadassah——?"

"Go thy way, prince, and think no more of the maid till thou art returned from the campaign. Who can say how the event will turn? And it were not well to make a widow of one who is no wife. Nay, leave her to me, and go."

He stepped inside, as he spoke, and, without further farewell or salutation deliberately barred the door in the young soldier's face.

"By the shrine of Ashtoreth, what evil have I wrought by my own hasty tongue!" muttered the prince. And having relieved the tension of his overwrought nerves by this wholly pagan oath, he went away, humiliated and angry, it is true, yet with a comforting memory hugged warm to his heart of the exceeding sweetness of the maiden's lips when she had yielded them to his own in exchange for the name he had given her.

"Esther—Esther—Star of Love and Good Fortune!" he sang in his heart. "Now light me to the path of glory; then show me how to win the lady of my soul!"

The words sang themselves over and over as he strode back through the narrow streets of Shushan, and climbed the long staircase which led up to the great fortress of Xerxes.

## CHAPTER V

### A PRINCESS OF ISRAEL

THE sun had set in a blaze of crimson, gold, and purple behind the black mountains, and the pure waves of color pulsing almost to the zenith were softening and paling under the light of the moon which appeared to soar upward from the vast undulating plains on the east like a monstrous disk of burnished silver, reflecting the gol-

den glory of the vanished sun. The maiden Hadassah, leaning sidewise upon the roof parapet, watched the pageant of the changing sky in pensive silence. Near her sat Abihail, the ancient dame whom Mordecai had chosen to be the girl's nurse and guardian when, a tiny child, she had been entrusted to him by her dying mother in distant Babylon.

Abihail was working busily with her distaff and spindle, and she cast an occasional glance of veiled displeasure at the graceful indolent figure of her charge. The girl intercepted one of these glances and burst into a soft laugh of amusement.

"Poor Abihail!" she murmured in her sweet childish voice, "does Mordecai then demand of thee a tale of work, that thou must continue to labor while all nature is going to rest? See, the swallows are flying homeward to their nests, and the cattle and sheep are all folded. The doves have gone to their cote long since and the bees no longer hum about the flowers; the sun has vanished and the moon that lights us to our beds shines in the sky. Put by thy distaff, dear, good Abihail, and rest, and listen to the nightingales; already they are beginning to sing in the rose gardens of the palace yonder. Ah, if only I might walk in those wondrous gardens and see the flowers and the sparkling fountains and the beautiful ladies! But I suppose I never shall."

The old woman mumbled something under her breath, and the maid shrugged her shoulders and turned again to her contemplation of the sky and the darkening plain and the flitting swallows. Above the subdued hum of the city rose a silver thread of sound, now loud, now soft—the song of many nightingales singing amid the rose thickets of Shushan, the palace, whose marble towers and columns glistened afar in the white moonbeams like the airy structure of a dream.

"And Nathan has gone, too," sighed the maiden, speaking her thoughts aloud, more to please herself than the ancient dame with the spindle. "Gone without bidding me farewell. To-day I saw the legions of the great king, thousands upon thousands of them marching away across the plain. There was music, too; but I could not hear it well for the clash of armor and the ring of spears. Oh, and the horses! If thou

wert not so stupid, Abihail, as to wish to scour the copper pans and jars all day thou mightest also have seen them."

"The pans must needs be scoured," grumbled the old woman, "and that whether the king goes to war or stays at home."

"Yes; it is true," and the girl knit her delicate brows. "We eat and drink and sleep and rise again; and the king goes to war; and beautiful ladies laugh and weep; and the nightingales sing—nothing of it matters to me, who am like a captive bird in a cage, beating my wings against the bars."

"Beat not thy wings, child; the cage is but a place of safety. Kings, ladies, and foolish laughter are nothing to thee."

"And yet sometimes I have strange fancies and dreams, Abihail. To-day I know not whether I slept or wakened. It was the hot hour of noon, and thou wast fast asleep under the shadow of the vine, when I fancied—or dreamed—I know not which—that I—was a great lady—a queen, Abihail."

"A foolish dream, child; think not of it; it will bring thee discontent."

"But I must think of something, Abihail. What else can I do? Thou wilt not let me scour the pans, nor even draw the water, and I cannot spin an even thread for all thy teaching."

The old woman laughed harshly.

"Nay, I would set thee at the scouring fast enough, but Mordecai hath forbidden it. He says it is not meet for the daughter of kings to perform the service of slaves. I am not a slave; yet I must needs do all these things."

"When I am a great lady, Abihail, thou shalt scour no more pans," said the girl dreamily. "I will see to it."

"Oh, thou—thou art but a foolish maid and very ignorant. I cannot think what Mordecai will do with thee."

The girl trembled and drew her mantle closer about her.

"Mordecai loves me," she said after a while; but her sweet voice shook and a tear glistened on her dark curling lashes. "And—and Nathan loves me; he has told me so many times; and you love me, do you not, Abihail? But, alas! there is no one else in all the wide, wide world. I am quite, quite alone save for you three; and—

Nathan has gone away with the soldiers."

"He may never come back," croaked the old woman. Then she got heavily to her feet, for she had overmuch flesh, and crossed the roof to where the girl had bowed her head on the parapet. "Nay, my lamb, do not weep! Abihail will make thee a sweet posset for thy supper."

The girl's slight figure was shaken with sobs, for the song of the nightingales had grown of a sudden unbearably sweet, and the scent of roses which swept by on the evening breeze seemed laden with loneliness.

"Come, come!" said the old woman impatiently. "I hear Mordecai at the gate below, I must go down and let him in, and I would not that he find thee weeping."

The girl obediently dried her innocent tears, which, after all, had no deeper source than a sort of infantile longing for sunshine and the gay and glittering things of life, thus far denied her.

"If thou makest a sweet posset, Abihail, put into it I pray thee a spoonful of the rose conserve; I love roses."

"Eh—roses and spices and raisins and honey; I will put them all in, my pretty; but do thou gather up my spinning and fasten the thread as I have taught thee, else thou shalt not taste my posset this night."

Mordecai was more silent than his wont at the supper to which all three presently sat down in the humble intimacy of home. The seven-beaked lamp of bronze which hung from the ceiling of the room where the meal was spread cast bright lights and flitting shadows on the charming face of his ward, and again and yet again the deep eyes of the scribe dwelt thoughtfully upon it.

At length he pushed back his burnished bowl in token that the meal was finished.

"Did'st see the departure of the armies of the king from the roof, as I gave thee leave to-day, Hadassah?" he asked.

The girl daintily plucked the last plum from her porridge, before she answered, with the freedom of a petted child: "Yes, my Mordecai; it was a grand sight, was it not? I longed to be nearer. If only Abihail might have taken me to the street, I could have seen everything far better.

Perhaps then I might have waved farewell to Nathan."

She spoke with a careless serenity which did not escape the watchful eye of her guardian.

"Did he not bid thee farewell?" he asked cautiously. "I thought he came for that express purpose two days ago."

The girl looked at him with her calm, bright eyes; then she smiled, showing the even edges of her white teeth.

"Nay," she said, "on that day he would talk of nothing save of all the ways in which he loves me. I could not remember them all, and he was teaching me."

"Hah! A skilled teacher, I doubt not; and didst thou learn the lesson to his liking, child?"

"Nay, I could not; he will be forced to tell it me many, many times before I have it perfect. But now he has gone, and I cannot see him again."

Large childish tears gathered in her dark eyes and dropped unchecked to the soft oval of her cheek.

"And so you grieve sorely for Nathan, do you, little one?" Mordecai's voice held a carefully disguised anxiety.

"How can I help it, Mordecai, when I shall be so dull now that he has gone? Besides, he promised to bring me jewels of gold to wear in my ears and golden bracelets for my arms; he said he would ask thee if I might have them at his hands; but he did not bring them after all. I should so like to wear a bracelet. I never had one."

The scribe's thoughtful face cleared, and he smiled and sighed as if some unseen burden had been lifted from his spirit.

"Wouldst thou like a bracelet of my giving as well as if Nathan clasped it on thy arm?" he asked gently.

"Yes, oh, yes! wilt thou give me a bracelet, dear Mordecai?"

Mordecai arose and crossing the room unlocked the great brass-bound cabinet of dark ancient wood, which stood in one corner.

"Come hither, maiden, and I will show thee thy dowry, which thou hadst from thy mother, who was a princess of the house of Jehoiakim," he said, groaning within himself as the glittering key turned in the lock.

Hadassah stood breathless and with



clasped hands of wonder, while her guardian drew forth rich robes brodered with seed pearls and thread of gold; veils of tissue, blue and white; delicate tunics of many colors, and wonderful undergarments rich with needlework.

"Are they mine—all these beautiful things?" she cried. "Oh, Abihail, do come and see what Mordecai is showing me!"

"I have seen them many times, child," said the old woman, turning her back to conceal her emotion. Mordecai had spoken a word to her on his entering the house that night which had set her old heart to beating with fear of what the future might have in store for her nursling.

"Thou hast seen them—and not told me?" echoed the girl wonderingly. "Nay, but thou didst tell me that the cabinet contained the scrolls of the prophets only and dry and dusty parchments, and that I would not care to see them. But, look! Ah, how beautiful!—for me?—for me, Mordecai?"

For the scribe, still sighing and murmuring to himself in the midst of his great beard, had opened divers caskets which lay stored in the deep recesses of the locked cabinet; these revealed bracelets and anklets of wrought gold—the red gold of Egypt, ropes of pearls, rings and earrings of strange jewels, which glittered red and white and blue in the wavering light of the lamp-like living fires.

"All these are thine, maiden, and more. Put them on her, Abihail. I would fain look upon a princess of Israel once more."

And Abihail, who in former years had been a skilled tire-woman in the service of Tamar, mother of Hadassah, robed the girl in the splendid garments of her rank. About her neck and in the tresses of her dark hair she wound the long strands of pearls, and above all she cast a veil of silken tissue, out of which the girl's exquisite cheek and neck glowed with the satin sheen of half-blown roses, milk white and dewy in the dawn of an Easter morn. Upon her rounded arm gleamed gemmed bracelets, and the slender ankles twinkled with gems also. As she stood thus half ashamed in the splendor of her young beauty, there came a thundering knock upon the gate of the courtyard.

"Stand still as thou art, maiden, till I

return," commanded Mordecai, as the girl started in fright. "And do thou, Abihail, choose a mantle which shall cover the maid securely."

He strode away to the gate and the two women heard his voice speaking to some one in the street without. When he returned he stood for an instant gazing at the exquisite picture of the maid in all the alien magnificence of her garb—gazed, and dashed his hand across his eyes, as if to banish therefrom a different picture.

"I have something to tell thee, child; something I long, yet dread to say. I believe it is for the best—for the best—not only for thee and me, but also—for—our—people."

The words seemed to be forced from him—each word a separate groan. His face was drawn and ghastly as if with mortal agony. The girl flew to his side regardless now of her rich robes and ornaments.

"Oh, Mordecai! What ails thee? Art thou ill? Art thou—afraid? What—what is it?"

"Nay, I am not ill. It—is—nothing. I have nurtured thee and brought thee up from a child. I have shown thee no unkindness; have I, maiden?"

"Nay, nay, Mordecai; but thou art ill!"

"I have loved thee as my own flesh and blood. I have not spared myself in thy service night or day. I have kept the vow I made to thy father. To thy mother also I swore it that I would care for thee with my life, and with my life's blood protect thee from all evil. Have I kept my vow, Hadassah?"

"Yes, oh, yes, Mordecai! Thou hast been to me father and mother and friend and lover—all, all I have found in thee!"

"Then listen. I must go to the palace to live henceforth. My duty to the king demands it. I have a new office there. I cannot leave thee here alone. Thou also—must—go—to the palace. God of Abraham, thou knowest I have been forced to it, almost against my will! If thou art leading us, I pray thee grant me some token of thy good pleasure! It is not for my glory—not for her alone—that I am doing this thing, which appears altogether hateful in my eyes, but for—thy—people, Jehovah,—thy captive people, in danger—in peril—thou alone knowest the perils which even now overshadow us!"

In the silence which followed a single peal as of distant thunder reverberated through the heavens from end to end. A majestic sound—slow, mighty, godlike. Mordecai dropped his head; his blanched features relaxed into their wonted expression of dignified serenity.

"It is spoken," he said in a deep, calm voice. "Already the litters wait without. Do thou, Abihail, accompany thy princess, that she feel not over-strange in a strange place. And now attend me, Hadassah; to no one reveal thy birth, or the circumstance of thy nativity. Thou wilt receive a new name. Be known only by that name in future. Tell to no one thy kinship to me. I shall be near thee. Thou canst communicate with me by a sure means, which I will provide. On thine obedience hangs thy life, thy fate, and mine. Dost thou understand me?"

"I—understand. But, oh, Mordecai, where am I going? and why——?"

"To the palace, child. There thou wilt be received and cared for with all honor. Do not fear; only obey me."

"I—will—obey!"

## CHAPTER VI

### THE LION OF PERSIA

SCARCE a year had elapsed since the spectacular departure of Xerxes upon his Grecian campaign, yet already he had returned, contrary to his own predetermined plans and the confident expectation of his statesmen. There had been great and overwhelming victories, it was reported; most of the Grecian states had submitted without struggle; Athens had fallen; many of the Greek ships had been destroyed. But the truth concerning Thermopylæ, Salamis, and the subsequent demoralization of the vast army had been carefully suppressed, or the facts glossed with fiction complimentary to the king.

On a morning in early summer, Xerxes was striding up and down his great bed-chamber at Shushan the palace, when Matacas, keeper of the royal seals, was announced. The monarch had the look of a sick lion, thought the Hebrew, as he bowed himself with careful observance of the ceremonial etiquette prescribed by cus-

tom and precedent. He waited patiently for the king to speak; but Xerxes continued to pace up and down, his heeled shoes smiting the floor, his blue eyes fixed and frowning, his black shaggy hair flung back from his furrowed forehead. Several minutes passed, during which the Nubian slaves stood motionless at their posts, swinging their great fans; the royal chamberlains remained prostrate in the attitude they had assumed upon entering the presence, and other courtiers in waiting, who had assembled to attend the toilet of the king, appeared to have been transformed into statues of bronze and ivory.

At last Xerxes stopped short. "Out of my sight, slaves!" he commanded. "I wish to speak with Matacas alone."

Every alert face instantly vanished, as if the heavy folds of tapestry had suddenly fallen upon and smothered them. The king glanced about him impatiently as if to make sure of this, then he turned to the waiting scribe.

"Come," he said, "let us go out to the terrace, this place smothers me, and the shining eyes and lying tongues and servile backs of my slaves enrage me. Sometimes I could kill them all—from sheer weariness of seeing them always crawling about my feet, and always afraid. Are you also afraid of me, Matacas?"

"You could kill me if you would, Great King, and I am somewhat interested in living," said Matacas, calmly. "Nevertheless, I do not find it in my heart to fear you overmuch."

"I knew it, and that is why I have sent for you. There is something about your race which makes you calm, unafraid, not slavish, like the Persians. I have seen it in the Prince of Edom, who has been of use to me in the army. I see it in you. What is it?"

The Hebrew made a gesture expressive of the most profound reverence. "It is because we serve a king invisible, unchangeable and eternal—Elohim, Lord of all potentates, Ruler of nations—the blessed God, to whom be all praise, and honor and glory!"

"My courtiers praise me in such words, also; yet I have been overborne and humiliated. Listen, for I shall tell you the truth, Matacas. You have heard the populace ascribe victory to me, the king, with great



noise of shouting and the abasement of many proud heads, but it is a lie; I know it, and the generals of my army know it. It is true that I destroyed Athens; but all the defenders of the Acropolis had fled save a few fanatical Zealots whom I crucified. It is true that I killed Leonidas, King of Sparta, and nailed his headless body to a cross for my soldiers to spit at; but the Spartans held the pass against my hundreds of myriads with but a handful; and at the last I overcame them by stealth and not in open battle. I, Xerxes, have not triumphed gloriously, but am ignominiously defeated. Here at home, too, I am of all men most miserable. A man may not speak against the mother that bore him; but the daughter of Cyrus has reviled me to my face for my failure. As for Amestris, she has utterly changed, and I can no longer endure her bitter reproaches. The love she once bore me appears to have turned to something very like hatred during my absence, as wine resembles vinegar if left too long in the cup."

The low-voiced monotone of the king's complaint had flowed over the Hebrew's bent head like a turgid torrent. But at the sound of the doomed queen's name he lifted his eyes and gazed steadily at the king.

"Vashti Amestris is no longer wife and queen," he said, in a firm voice. "The mouth of the king hath spoken it. Why delay longer to fill her place? A wife and queen could do much to comfort the king in this hour of his—sadness."

"Why not speak the word on your tongue, if you fear me not?" demanded Xerxes, with a discordant laugh. "In this hour of my *defeat* a woman—were she akin to my soul—might indeed comfort me. But how shall I find such an one?"

"There are many beautiful women gathered in Shushan for the king's choosing," said Matacas, discreetly, though he was conscious of a great trembling in all his limbs.

"So Hegé tells me; and so, also, I know; but 'tis not beautiful bodies that I require to medicine these mortal hurts of mine. I want—I need—*love*. Do you know what love is, Matacas?"

"Yes, I know; but she—died—long ago, in Babylon; and with her died some-

thing of myself. I have not wholly lived—since."

"And such a love as yours, Matacas, I, King of Media and Persia, have never known—can never know. The maidens yonder in my palace, whom Hegé has gathered from every corner of my kingdom and beautiful with every art known to his kind, look upon me, Xerxes, not as a man, but—as a royal beast—a lion who mercilessly devours their beauty. They fear me; cringe in my presence; tremble in my grasp; their eyes cannot meet mine; they do not speak even save as Hegé has taught them some mincing phrases. They reek of perfumes and glitter with gems like the votive offerings to Mithra we sacrificed at Abydos. How can I love such women? How shall I find among them a queen of my heart and of my kingdom—a woman worthy to wear my heavy crown?"

Matacas had grown very pale; his eyes gleamed strangely under his shaggy brows.

"There is a princess of Babylon in Shushan, who has not yet been presented to the king, who could—*love*, if she were wooed by a man and not by a—king. She is worthy to wear the crown of Media and Persia."

"You have never yet lied to me, Matacas. What is the woman's name?"

"Her name is—Esther."

Xerxes was silent for a long minute. "I will woo this Esther," he said, "not as a king, but as a man. If I can win her to my heart she shall be my queen; not otherwise. I have said it. But how to do it? Counsel me further, Matacas."

"There are many ways in which to win a woman's love," said Matacas, slowly. "It cannot be roughly forced, nor yet frightened into being. It grows up slowly and unfolds into beauty even as a rose relaxes its petals to the south winds of summer. Woo the maid gently, and in all honor. But first see her. She may not please the king."

"I will see her, and that at once. Already you have cheered me, Matacas, and given me thoughts of hope. Go now, and Ormazd be kind to thee!"

As Matacas passed slowly down the corridor leading from the king's chamber, he appeared calm and grave as was his wont; yet the thoughts burning beneath his severe and tranquil exterior might have utterly

astonished the watchful courtiers who marked his departure with jealous or curious eyes.

A man in the gorgeous robes of a privy counselor attended by pages and slaves, before whom also many prostrated themselves in token of reverence, stopped short at sight of the preoccupied face and unbending figure of the scribe.

"Has the Jew, Matacas, become suddenly blind that he neglects the lawful obeisance to Haman, chief of the royal household?" he demanded, with a sneer.

The keeper of the seals lifted his eyes and fixed them calmly upon the arrogant figure of the man before him.

"Since Haman, son of Hammedatha, is aware of my nationality, he cannot be ignorant of the fact that a Jew may not abase himself before an Amalekite," he said, with scathing emphasis, and passed on.

The chief counselor, choking in his beard with rage, swore a great oath by the nine attributes of Ormazd that he would punish the insolent Jew, who, as a captive was little better than a slave. Then he swept on, followed by his servants, into the presence of his royal master, where he prostrated himself to kiss the floor at the feet of the king. For, unlike the Jewish scribe, he was exceedingly and increasingly afraid of Xerxes.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE STAR RISES

THE Hebrew woman, Abihail, bearing in both hands a great jar of rose-scented water, paused before the screened doorway leading to the smallest of the three apartments devoted to the use of her mistress. She had, without understanding the reason, grown almost afraid of the girl she had once chided and petted with impartial fondness. Hadassah—or Esther, as she was called always in these days—had grown very tall and stately, and her eyes, once like the wondering eyes of a little innocent child, had changed to the eyes of a woman who has thought deeply, and who has therefore suffered.

The old woman coughed discreetly. "May I enter with the water for your bath, Princess?" she asked humbly.

The girl herself drew the curtains to

one side. "Come in, good Abihail," she said. "I am glad it is morning, and that you have come. I have not slept since the dark hours of the night. I fancied I heard the sound of revelry, and a great stir of feet afar off, and I—was afraid."

"What could hurt you here, my lamb?" purred the woman, pouring water into a silver basin. "Come, let me lave your hands and face; then you will be refreshed and ready for what must come."

"What—will come, Abihail?"

"How should I know, beautiful one? Suppose it were a visit to a grand garden in which are great fountains, and wondrous plots of flowers and many singing birds? There are such in the palace, and you have been long a prisoner."

Esther turned very pale. "I have never rightly understood why Mordecai brought me to this place," she said, in a low, tremulous voice; "but—sometimes I have longed to be back in the house by the gate, with my pigeons to feed and the little brown birds flying about. You used to scold me then, Abihail, because I burned the cakes in the baking; I think I should like it to be scolded; and Mordecai—am I never to see him again, who was father and mother alike to one who was left alone in the world?"

"They call him Matacas here," said Abihail, drying the beautiful little hand of her mistress with soft pappings of the linen towel. "He is quite well; I see him often."

"But I do not see him—why?"

Abihail shook her head, eying the face of her charge with sly anxiety. "You have me always with you, and what more can you desire—eh?"

Esther made no reply, but surrendered herself to the skilled hands of the woman with a vague sigh.

"See now, Beautiful Princess, I am about to clothe you in the garments which the worshipful and excellent Hegé sent here for your use yesterday. You would not look at them then, because you were reading from one of your scrolls; but you must needs see them now. Come, will you wear the rose color, or this tissue of blue and silver?"

Esther looked coldly at the rich garments spread out for her inspection.

"I should like best to wear my kirtie of blue and white and the mantle of stuff you

fashioned for me long ago," she said dreamily. "The Prince of Edom thought me fair in them."

She leaned forward and touched the woman gently. "Nay, do not finger those foolish robes as if you loved them; no one here sees me save the birds, and they love me in whatever robe I wear, and—and tell me, dear, good Abihail, have you seen him ever? or have you—heard anything about him?"

Abihail pursed up her thin lips severely. "If you are speaking of Nathan, son of Asa," she said, "I can tell you that he has returned alive from the wars, which is not what I looked for."

"He has—returned? Oh, Abihail, did you—speak with him? Do you think——"

"I think nothing of that young man, and I should advise you, mistress, to do likewise. He is not for such as you. I saw him talking with a female slave named Dinora, and she gave him a letter, from some woman, I suppose. I saw it with my own eyes. He has forgotten you."

"Forgotten—me? That could not be, Abihail. Nathan could never forget—me. Does he—know I am here?"

The woman held up a sleeveless tunic of exquisite embroidered stuff. "Come, Sweet Princess, let me arrange your dress," she said, coaxingly. "I did not tell you at the first because I wished to see your surprise and joy; but it is true that to-day you are to visit that beautiful garden of which I spoke. Hegé himself will fetch you there, and—bring you back."

"Who—will be in that garden? I—I think you are keeping something from me, Abihail."

"Fear nothing, Princess," Abihail said, soothingly; "'tis but a mark of the privilege with which you are treated as the guest of the king."

"Am I the king's guest, Abihail? But why? I am no great person that the king should so honor me."

"You are a princess of Israel, hence worthy of all honor." Abihail clapped her hands. "Now your jewels, and all is finished!"

At the signal the seven maids who had been appointed to the service of the Babylonian princess—as Esther was called in the palace—appeared, carrying various articles of the toilet, and gathered about their mis-

tress with soft notes of affection and pleasure. A Greek, with languishing dark eyes and merry lips, threw a net of pearls over Esther's dark hair; another touched her lips and throat with rare perfume; a third knelt at her feet to fasten the dainty slippers with their high golden heels, while others stooped to arrange the diaphanous folds of her long open sleeves which half revealed the rounded arms beneath. Almost before she was aware of it, the girl stood robed with all the exquisite completeness of a Persian princess.

She turned a face of wistful sweetness upon her attendants, murmuring her thanks for their gentle offices; but her eyes hid a frightened look in their depths that pierced Abihail to the heart.

"Do not tremble so, my lamb," she whispered in the Hebrew tongue. "Jehovah will guard you from all evil."

The girl's face brightened as she drew her slender figure to its queenly height. "I am not afraid," she answered in the same tongue. "Elohim is with me; the God of my fathers will set me on high, because I have trusted in Him."

"There is but one thing wanting, and I will supply it," observed a purring voice from behind.

Esther turned her head and beheld Hegé, the chief chamberlain, standing at her side. Instinctively she feared and disliked this man; though in the perfect innocence of her heart she could not have explained the reasons for her feelings.

"The mantle," continued Hegé, bowing himself obsequiously in acknowledgment of the timid greeting of the girl—"let it be white, with faint bands of blue, like the sky overhead."

He shook out the folds of a silken garment and fastened it deftly to the girl's shoulders with clasps of pearl and gold. "Spread it out more upon the train—so," he spoke sharply to the maids. "And now replace the silken girdle with this one—pearl and gold, to match the shoulder clasps. Now a rose—half blown; only one, slave; give it to me; I will fasten it with the art which no other possesses.—Ah!"

The great master of toilets and expert in beauty stood off to observe the effect of the changes he had made in the exquisite picture before him.

"The necklace is too clumsy for that slender throat," he observed at length. "Nevertheless, I will not remove it, if you wish to wear it, Gracious Princess."

"I will wear whatever pleases you, good Hegé," said Esther, in her low, sweet-toned voice; "the necklace is heavy, but my maids put it on me."

"Take it off, and replace it with this," ordered Hegé.

Wonderingly the maids obeyed; their fingers trembling as they touched the great pear-shaped pearl depended from a single engraved emerald of untold value. The gems were held by a slender chain of Etruscan gold.

"You are to be honored by being permitted to visit the king's private gardens to-day, Princess," said the chamberlain, "but—ah—do not disturb yourself, I beg. The king will not be present. The great Xerxes bade me say to Esther, Princess of Babylon, that the gardens are hers for the day. You are at liberty to take any or all of your maids with you."

In the garden which had been built for Xerxes at the east of the royal house, one might forget the world of care and pain and poverty which lay far down in the city streets below and wander at ease, like a soul in Paradise, aware only of peace and beauty. All that the skill and art of world-famed architects, landscape gardeners, and florists could do to beautify the spot had been done at enormous cost. Slaves had toiled and died under the lash ere the great stones which formed its unseen foundation had been hewn out of the distant mountains; caravans bearing precious marbles and stuffs had made their way through scorching deserts in the teeth of the deadly sandstorm; travelers had penetrated poisonous swamps, and perished with fever on the banks of lonely rivers to gather the bright exotics and rare lilies that bloomed in many a pool and grotto; blood and treasure without stint had been poured out; groans, tears, the breath of the dying and the curses of the dead had gone to make a place so fragrant, so calm, so bright with sunshine, so cool with refreshing shadow, so filled with the whisper of green leaves and the murmur of many-voiced fountains, so radiant with the white sheen of lilies and the glory of roses that the girl who entered there cried out with delight and wonder.

"No one will question you or disturb you, Gracious Princess; you will go wherever it pleases you within the confines of the garden; refreshments will be served whenever you desire in the pavilion yonder," Hegé had said. "I will see that you are conveyed safely to your apartments at the hour of sunset. There is—a gardener at work yonder among the roses; but do not heed him. He is both deaf and blind to all save his flowers."

The girl scarcely heeded the parting words of the great official, who had discreetly withdrawn after obeying the commands of the king. She was intent only upon exploring the fascinating depths of the glorious garden which stretched away before her in alluring vistas.

"Oh, come!" she cried, to her chosen companions, two pretty Greeks of about her own age, "let us see whither this turfed path roofed with roses will lead us."

The gardener who worked among the roses lifted his bent shoulders and stared keenly after the girlish figures, as they passed down the green vista. After a little he picked up his tools and followed them, skirting the soft turf of the path by way of the garden beds across which he strode, ruthlessly crushing the blossoms in his way.

There was a fountain at the far end of the rose walk, throwing up myriad jets through golden-throated flowers wrought of pink marble, and about it were circular benches heaped with many soft cushions; but the girl did not pause to rest; after her long imprisonment, the bubbling life within leaped up joyously like the liberated waters of the fountains. She laughed; she sang; she even gathered up her long draperies and ran, light as a faun, across the velvet turf of a lawn shaded by blossoming trees.

"Let us rest here where we can see the blue of heaven through the trees," she said at last. "How kind of the great king to think of the pleasure of a lonely girl whom he has never seen, and cannot care for! How, suppose you, Rhodaguné, came the king to bethink him that I was weary—oh, so weary of the confines of my little garden, beautiful as it is?"

The Greek girl shook her head. "I cannot even imagine," she said. "But—perchance some one has spoken to the king

of the beautiful princess—some one who knows how kind, how good, how lovely she is."

Esther sighed. "Do you love me, Rhodagune?" she asked, gently, "and you, too, Eunice? I am glad, then; for it is better to be loved than to have jewels and beautiful dresses. Nay, there is nothing so sweet in all the world as—love."

"Everyone loves you," cooed Eunice, bending to kiss the hand of her mistress. "You never strike us, your servants, nor scream with rage when you are not pleased with your toilet or your food."

Esther turned her dark eyes upon the girl with a look full of astonishment. "Who could be so cruel as to do such things—surely not a woman?"

"The Princess of Thebes, whose apartments are near yours in the palace, Gracious Princess, is like a lioness in her displeasure. She struck one of her slaves yesterday with a silver mirror, and blinded the girl, because the slave had lost a jeweled hairpin which she prized. They say the Egyptian will be queen some day."

"You should not talk of such things, Eunice," Esther said, with gentle dignity.

"And wherefore not, Honorable Princess? Everyone in the palace is talking of the king, and of his choosing a queen. They say he has already rejected a score of maidens, and one can hear them weeping with rage and disappointment in the little palace beyond the marble lions. They go there to stay always unless their friends are permitted to take them away."

Esther trembled with the vague terror which of late had visited her whenever she turned her thoughts upon the baffling enigmas which surrounded her.

"Nevertheless, we will not speak of what does not concern us," she said, firmly. "See, we have a beautiful day, all ours, by the kindness of the great king, and we will not think of tears."

The Greek girls exchanged wondering glances. They feared to disobey their mistress, gentle as she was, for an impassable barrier appeared to exist between the beautiful girl and all base or ignoble thoughts. But was it possible that she did not understand her own position in the palace? Had no one told her? They wondered and held their peace.

They wondered yet more when at mid-

day noiseless slaves served a wonderful banquet in a marble pavilion hung with draperies of white and blue. The Greek girls stood on either side of their mistress while she ate daintily of the exquisite viands served in dishes of gold and crystal. It was all quite incomprehensible; yet they felt sure that something lay behind this show of kingly hospitality, which had not been tendered to any of the other beautiful women who were prisoners of the king's capricious will.

At the hour of sunset Hegé returned, but without the curtained litter. "It is the king's will," said this powerful individual, "that the Princess of Babylon shall henceforth reside in apartments better suited to her requirements. I am directed to conduct her to rooms communicating with this garden, which, for the present, will be reserved for her sole use. She will find all her attendants within; also other servants."

Esther fixed her large eyes on the chief chamberlain, the startled color fluttering in her soft cheeks.

"The great king overwhelms me with his gracious favor," she faltered. "I know not how to—thank him."

That night Esther slept in an ivory bed, in a room as fairylike in the beauty and luxuriousness of its appointments as the moonlit garden without, where the breath of myriads of roses swept by on every breeze and the haunting melody of the nightingale filled the night with sweetness and peace.

## CHAPTER VIII

### IN THE GARDEN OF THE KING

FOR many days Esther, Princess of Babylon, enjoyed the wonders of the king's garden and house in such peace and solitude as the increased number of her servants and the splendor of her toilets permitted, and always the silent gardener worked among the flower-beds and followed her movements, himself unobserved. As the days passed and the girl became somewhat more familiar with her surroundings, she discovered that new beauties, fresh surprises awaited her with every returning morning; one day, she discovered a flock of snowy doves, which fluttered down at her call to feed from her hand; another day, bands of



unseen musicians played ravishingly on stringed instruments; a third day, great stores of jewels were spread out for her choosing; and when she feared to touch them, she was told it was the king's pleasure that she select and wear such ornaments as pleased her best. At every turn she was made to feel the well-nigh illimitable power and wealth of the giver of all that she enjoyed; and it was hardly to be wondered at that the maiden's thoughts should turn with more and more wonder and gratitude toward the unseen king, who appeared so deeply interested in the welfare of a stranger.

On the seventh day, as she sat pensively watching the reflection of quivering green leaves in the placid pool of a fountain, she heard a step behind her, and started up in alarm at sight of a splendidly attired man. Her maids had dropped upon their knees with little cries of fear and amazement, for they had at once recognized the dark-bearded face and the peculiarly shaped head-dress with its spotted fillet of violet and white, worn only by the king.

"Do not be frightened, I entreat you, Princess," said the man, and his voice held a pleading note that touched the girl's heart in spite of her instinctive fear; "and do not kneel—to me. I forbid it."

For Esther had sunken to her knees before him, and would have touched his feet with her forehead. He lifted her and stood looking down at her with open anxiety.

"I wished to know—to ask you—as to whether my orders had been carried out. Are you happy here, Princess?"

Esther looked up, and meeting the troubled blue eyes bent so earnestly upon her, replied quite simply, as she would have answered Mordecai.

"I am very happy," she said in her low, sweet voice, "and very grateful to—the King."

A flood of clear color rushed into the girl's pale cheeks, as her eyes fell upon the frightened faces of her maids. "I am not—" she began, and stopped abashed. "I know not how to speak aright to the Great King. No one has taught me."

"I will teach you," said Xerxes, and smiled, as if well pleased. He motioned to the attendants, and they drew back, out of sight if not out of hearing.

"Come, sit here upon the bench, Princess, and do not be afraid of me. I could not bear that, and yet—it is natural."

He spoke as if more to himself than to the maiden.

"It is not usual for a woman of your rank to talk freely with a man," he said, after a silence, "but I desire above all things to be able to talk with you. I wish to know your thoughts. I wish to tell you mine."

To Esther with her Jewish training, this proposal did not in itself seem astonishing. She had been accustomed to associate freely with Mordecai and certain chosen ones of his friends in the modest freedom of home. To talk to a man, therefore, did not appear to her either strange or impossible.

"The King does me great honor," she said, simply.

"I wish to do you honor, Princess; and in return I beg of you the greatest of all honors, your—friendship."

The word was almost unknown in the Persian tongue when used to describe the relations between a man and a woman. But the king used it unhesitatingly. He was bent upon trying an experiment, and one that promised him a satisfaction he had not dreamed of.

"How may I be the King's friend?" asked Esther, her dark eyes filled with pure amazement. "But it is true that I, also, have no friends, and I—"

"You need a friend; I am sure of that; then be mine, Princess; for I, King of Persia and Media, have no—friends."

The king's voice held a sadness that his courtiers and counselors had never heard. His pride, they knew; his oftentimes despotic cruelty, they feared; but the lonely soul beneath the royal purple no man and certainly no woman had ever yet been permitted to approach.

Esther's quick sympathy was touched. For a moment she forgot that the man who spoke thus despondently was a king.

"I will be your friend, if you wish," she said, in a low voice; but her eyes shone with the beautiful sympathy she always felt for every creature that suffered.

"If we are to be friends we must henceforth drop all ceremony, dear Princess," he said, after a little silence. "You must not

“speak to me—or think of me even as the great king—nay, I am weary of the title; it means nothing any more, unless I can gain what to me is the whole world.”

Again he was silent, his blue eyes kindling with the unwonted thoughts which surged through his brain. He looked earnestly at the girl's beautiful face; but the mere loveliness of its color and outline meant little to him, who for the first time in his life sought the soul beneath.

“Do you think,” he went on, “that you can do this? I will see you only here—in this sweet spot, which truly seems a heaven of peace to me to-day. Will you try—Esther?”

At the sound of her new name on the king's lips the girl grew exceedingly pale. “I—I do not understand,” she faltered. “I cannot—think——”

“Do not hesitate to tell me what is in your mind,” he urged. “Remember you have promised to be my friend, and there can be no love where fear has first entered. See, Esther, this pretty pool that reflects the blue sky and the shining leaves and the white clouds that float far above; your eyes resemble the clear, translucent water, and they are telling me that you do not altogether—trust me.”

The girl's long lashes fell in startled amazement. “I will tell you the truth,” she said at last, her voice low and tremulous. “I wondered—I could not help wondering why—the King—should care to make me his friend. I am not great, nor rich, nor wise. I am only what you see—a foolish maid, with little wit and less learning.”

She bowed her head with a humility which became her as the dewdrop becomes the lily.

The king bent his head toward her with a smile. “I also will tell you the truth, Esther; I was ever sad and lonely; for in spite of all that my courtiers say, I have suffered great losses and defeats in the wars abroad. And here at home—” He stopped short, and gazed at the girl with piercing keenness. “You know, of course, that I have been obliged to put away my queen? You have, doubtless, spoken of it often.”

The girl shrank from him almost imperceptibly. “I do not talk of the King with my attendants,” she said, proudly; “and

I have seen no one else since I came to the palace.”

“True,” murmured Xerxes; “I gave orders that it should be so. Then your maids do not speak to you of what goes on in the palace when they brush your hair or arrange these wonderful toilets?” His eyes glanced at her magnificent dress with a gleam of humor.

Esther returned his look calmly. “The other day, for the first time, one of my maids spoke to me of an Egyptian princess, who, said they, would be queen.”

“And what more did they tell you of the Theban? She is very beautiful, is she not? And—very good?”

“I cannot answer the King; for I know not.”

“Then you think it nothing that she saw fit to blind a slave with a blow of her silver mirror? Would such a woman be fit mate for Xerxes, think you? Nay, if we are to be friends, why not tell me?”

“I could not—love such a woman,” hesitated the girl; “but——”

“But you think I might be able to; was that your thought?”

She shook her head. “I do not know whether kings and queens love like—like commoner folk. It was of that I was thinking.”

The king's brow grew dark as midnight. “What is a king, then, that he may not love like a man? And why should you as well as everyone else believe that I am incapable of a true and pure affection?” He sighed bitterly.

“I do not believe it,” faltered Esther, amazed at the effect her simple words had wrought. “I did not think it, even. I have never presumed to—to think about the—King and his private affairs.”

He turned suddenly and took the girl's hand in both of his. “As you hope for happiness, tell me the truth, girl; do you not know why you are here—in my palace? Has not Hegé—or one of your own slaves told you? And observe I do not even know where you came from. I know nothing of you save that a man whose words I value above most told me that you were worthy of my—of a king's friendship. And I—snatched at his words as a thirsting man snatches at a draught of clear water. I think I could not bear it to be disappointed—thwarted of my wishes—*now!*”



Great drops of sweat had started out on the king's forehead; his piercing gaze held the soft eyes of the girl as though he would read her inmost thoughts.

Esther trembled beneath the lightning of his eyes. And a wordless prayer ascended to the God of her fathers. She spoke after a little silence, and the words fell calmly from her beautiful lips.

"I will answer the King truly—as I hope for any happiness—and of late I have hungered sorely for—happiness. I do not know why I am in the King's palace. I was brought here many months ago. I have seen no one since—save Amytis, the daughter of the King."

He interrupted her with a startled exclamation. "Did the princess tell you nothing of the gossip of the palace?" he demanded peremptorily.

"It pleased the princess to ask me many questions; but we talked chiefly—then and afterwards, of the scrolls containing Persian poetry, and of the flowers that grew in the garden."

"Auramazda grant that you are telling me the truth," murmured the king, fingering his beard with bent brows.

Esther looked down, her eyes filling with tears.

"I think," she said, coldly, "that we cannot, after all, be friends. Will the King graciously permit that I be sent back to my—to the place from whence I came?" She looked at him fearlessly, her dark eyes brimmed with water, which presently

dropped off her lashes in two large shining tears.

"What are you saying?" demanded Xerxes, with a frown. "How dare you dictate to me in such bold fashion?"

Then he smote his knee with impatient wrath. "I perceive what you are thinking," he exclaimed; "you mean that you cannot endure to have me doubt your word or your truth. Is it not so?"

"It is true that I thought it. And it is of itself true," the girl answered proudly.

"And by the throne of Mithra you are right, Princess! If you could permit me to doubt you, you were no fit mate for a king who hates and despises a lie."

The girl's startled look recalled him to the significance of his impetuous words.

"I have frightened you by what I said just now," he said, gently. "I beg that you will not again think of it—though I spoke honestly, and out of the depths of my heart. But you will be my—friend?"

Esther's downcast face became slowly suffused with a glorious rose, while the loud beating of her heart sang in her ears and shook the silken tissues of her bodice. Of a sudden the fire in the imperious blue eyes of the king seemed to kindle an answering flame on the white altar of her soul.

"I will try to be," she said—and her voice held the solemn deeps of the ages that had been, that were and that were to be—"—always and most truly—the King's friend."

*(To be continued)*

## INTERVALS

By ALDIS DUNBAR

WITH firm-set will I faced this year  
Wherein Life sundered us, my dear.  
Of need, I forced the months to fly;  
Toiling, I drave the dull weeks by,  
Nor let one idle breath confess  
The measure of my loneliness.

Now that each day I look for you,  
How shall I drag these long hours through?

# THE CLOSED SEASON FOR MILLIONAIRES

By JAMES L. FORD



HE proposal to institute a closed season for millionaires, during which it shall be illegal for muck-rakers to operate their dredges in the financial district, aroused a bitter opposition among the literary toilers who inhabit the densely populated region about Washington Square; and it was to obtain their views on the matter that I climbed the narrow stairway of a tall, gloomy barrack in which no less than forty literary families are housed. Children passed me on the staircase, some carrying in the raw material for the next week's work, others hurrying to the great publishing offices with bundles of finished manuscript which must be weighed and checked by the receiving clerk before the scanty wage can be collected. On every hand I could hear the monotonous click of the typewriter, punctuated now and then by the hollow cough of some weary artisan as the dust from the emery wheels used in polishing the matter penetrated his lungs. A child who seemed scarcely ten but who told me that she was fifteen, climbing the steep stairs before me with feeble steps, slipped and fell. As I helped her to her feet I noticed that her face was drawn and pallid and that her breath came in quick gasps.

"This is a heavy load for a little girl to bear," I said as I helped her to her feet.

"I'm not so small that I can't be of some use," she replied bravely. "Poppa sent me to the factory for another gross of Pretty Safe Guesses and told me to hurry back. But this is our door. Won't you come in?"

I gladly accepted the child's invitation for I was curious to see what her Pretty Safe Guesses were, and my astonishment

may be imagined when I found myself in the home of my old friend and fellow laborer, Peleg Scanwell, once a popular magazine poet and now well known as a leader among the poorer class of literary toilers. He welcomed me cordially, and, dusting a chair with a corner of his checked apron, bade me sit down. I had last known Peleg as an industrious and prolific bard, dealing in a line of goods pertaining to the habits of the wild fowl, the moaning of the March winds and other natural phenomena. His case was a sad one, for, after years of unblemished poetic integrity, he had yielded to temptation and invented a wild bird with a name like a tooth wash and a sensitive, loving nature that gave way to every caprice the versifier could invent. He had landed this remarkable biped sobbing in the pages of one magazine, crooning to its mate in another, cooing to its young in a third, and moaning out its grief to the icy storm in a fourth, when the cry of "Nature Faking" was aroused and he was silenced by common editorial consent. Since then he had been living in great obscurity, not daring to sign his name and making a scanty living by turning out anonymous goods of different kinds.

"You see here a muck-raking sweat shop!" exclaimed Peleg mournfully when I had explained my mission. "It is in homes like this that nearly all the work of investigating trusts, probing financial crimes and exposing society is done. This is what comes of submitting to the thieving demands of the great Muck-Raking Syndicate, which now controls this important branch of the trade of letters. And so you have already visited the home of John Fairview? Well, I have known him for many years and esteemed him as an accomplished

craftsman, both in verse and in prose, and an honored member of our guild. I bear him no malice for the evil that he has unwittingly wrought to our trade—he was the first of the muck-rakers, you know—but nevertheless it is only right that he should share the suffering he has helped to bring about. It is true that he is now compelled to work hard for a living; but you must admit that his home is a palace in comparison with mine."

The room was indeed dark and the air close and unsavory. The windows of the one living room in which the family ate and cooked and worked and in which Peleg and his wife also slept, the gas range becoming a folding bed, looked out on a gloomy court into which no sunlight ever came. At a work bench facing the window sat Peleg's three children—the child whom I had met on the stairs was already at work with the others—all busy with their tasks. The poet's careworn face softened as he watched the little fingers fashioning "How the System Floated the Gowanus Canal Bonds," a job that had been promised for the coming Saturday night.

"Poor, innocent little babes!" he exclaimed with a deep sigh. "At their age they should be in the nursery writing 'Books that have Helped me' or 'The Lincoln that I Knew' for the *Outlook* or *Independent*."

"And what do you think of this proposal to protect millionaires during six months in the year?"

A black look of hatred came into the poet's face as he smote the table with his clenched fist and cried: "It is infamous!"

"But," I continued, "are you not afraid that this constant muck-raking, month after month, year in and year out, will eventually exterminate the millionaires, together with their various forms of luxury and iniquity, and leave the entire financial district as bare of game as a North River picnic grove? Remember the fate of the buffalo! Consider also the terrapin, once as plentiful in Chesapeake Bay as grafters in the City Hall."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Peleg angrily. "Those arguments have been advanced by the muck-raking barons for the purpose of spoiling our trade during six months in the year and getting us still more completely in their power. I have read their proposed

law and noted well the crafty manner in which it has been framed. It not only makes it illegal to snare millionaires or muck-rake them in any manner during the closed season, but it provides a penalty for anyone found with any millionaire muck-raking in his possession during that period of the year. How would this law work were it passed? I will tell you. It would enable the barons to get their muck-raking at half price during the closed season and keep it in cold storage until the law allowed its publication. There is enough material in Wall Street to last till the end of the century, if not longer; and now that we have found that the Pretty Safe Guess is a perfectly satisfactory substitute for the Undeniable Fact, which, under the old laws of our union, we were obliged to weave into all goods that bore the union label, there's absolutely no danger of the field becoming exhausted."

"Will you kindly explain to me what you mean by the Undeniable Fact and the Pretty Safe Guess and what relation the one bears to the other?"

"The Pretty Safe Guess," said Peleg thoughtfully, "bears about the same relation to the Undeniable Fact that oleomargarine does to butter, mud turtle to terrapin, or near-silk to the real article. At a very short distance you cannot tell the difference between the two. Either one can be used in our trade and a combination of the two produces the Amazing Revelation, a most popular feature of fashionable muck-raking. Do you follow me?"

I was obliged to confess that I did not; so, by way of explanation, he pointed to a large wooden bowl which stood on the work bench and from which from time to time the children took Pretty Safe Guesses, which with much dexterity they wove into their muck-raking of the Gowanus Canal deal. Then he continued his tale:

"For example, it is an Undeniable Fact that a great many millionaires live on Long Island, transact business in Wall Street and journey daily between these two places by automobile. It is also an Undeniable Fact that dogs delight to bark and bite in front of these automobiles and that the rubber-tired wheels possess for them a fascination that frequently proves fatal. These things considered, it is a Pretty Safe Guess that the poor whose faces have been ground by

the millionaires will also snarl at the approaching auto and be run over."

"Poppa," said one of the little ones interrupting at this moment, "what name shall we stamp on our financial article?"

"Better sign it 'One in the Know,'" said Peleg; then turning to me he went on. "It is an Undeniable Fact that there are fifty-two cards in the pack and it is a Pretty Safe Guess that the game of bridge is played with those cards for money. Just think of the Amazing Revelations that a skilled craftsman, working conscientiously under the rules of our union, can weave from this simple material. If the magazines would only continue to buy all that I, with the assistance of my family, could produce on this subject alone, we could support ourselves in affluence for the rest of our lives. It used to be poker and the gambling 'hell' or 'den,' as those comfortable, well-furnished card rooms are termed in our vernacular, that did the deadly trick, but nowadays the game of bridge is an absolute essential in all hair-raising exposés. Why, I actually had my eldest child learn the rules of the game so that our goods should bear the stamp of authority, whereas in the old poker stories of the semireligious brand that we used to turn out, the rules never bothered us, as nobody who was man enough to sit in a game was ever known to read one."

As he spoke, he took a dusty and yellow clipping from a pigeon hole and began to read:

"'You're afraid to play cards,'" sneered Jake Flashman. "Come! be a good fellow for once in your life and sit down to a game of poker."

"Henry Peewee hesitated for a moment and then sat down. The bully dealt him five cards and took five himself. Hearts were trumps, but before Henry could play Flashman with a terrible oath threw down three of his cards and declared that he would have others in their place. He took them and a deadly light came into his eye as he trumped the first trick. One after another, Henry Peewee placed his cards face upward on the table, only to have each one swept from him by his oppo-

nent. At the end of the game he had lost not only all his money but the gold watch given him by his Uncle Reuben."

"I often sigh for the old simple and happy days when we could get money for that sort of thing," said Peleg as he replaced the clipping and took a sheet of manuscript from the work bench. "Now listen to this," he said:

"As the embossed silver motor tore swiftly down the smooth tortoise-shell road, the lodge keeper, watching for its approach, hastened to throw open the huge bronze gates through which the machine glided, with but a slight slackening of its speed, and then sped on into the deep recesses of the forest. The lodge keeper stood watching it until it was out of sight; then, with a heavy sigh on his lips, he trudged sullenly into his hut and seated himself before the stove. His shirt of blue flannel was in Marked Contrast—note the Marked Contrast," explained Peleg, "it is a special feature of our goods—to the fur-lined overcoat of the wealthy broker. There were no diamond buttons on his waistcoat, his shoes were not fastened with gold braid but with simple strips of leather. Despite the fact that many of the city's poor were shivering with cold, he was warmly dressed and wore on his head a silk hat with a diamond badge. *Where did he get that hat?* It was a question that the master mind of Wall Street had for many years steadfastly refused to answer. He said it was no business of the public. Once he had tried to belittle the efforts of the investigators by claiming that he had bought it at Callahan's."

"One question more," I said. "It is an Undeniable Fact that potatoes are frequently sold for less than a quarter of a dollar a half a peck, and it is a Pretty Safe Guess that at that price they will be freely purchased by the butcher, baker, or small coal dealer. Have we not now an Amazing Revelation?"

"My dear friend," said the poet compassionately, "in such vulgar households as those such refinements as the Undeniable Fact, the Pretty Safe Guess, and the Amazing Revelation are absolutely unknown."

# MADE IN HEAVEN

BY MYRA KELLY



O heathen of the wilds could have resisted conversion more persistently and with more spirit than Elizabeth Alvord displayed when Professor Blaisdell saw it in the light of his duty to turn her from her ways of frivolity and cheer into the narrow path of the perfect student. All the college saw and wondered at his perseverance. All the college saw and sympathized with his frequent disappointments, but gradually and surely he made his effect, and gradually and slowly Elizabeth Alvord yielded to his influence, and we who loved her in her native high-spirited mischievous state could do nothing.

The apartment which she and I shared grew to be a cheerless spot, and our old Margaret, housekeeper, maid, chaperon, and cook, fell into a dreary routine of French chops and scrambled eggs. Without the inspiration of Elizabeth's nonsense and gay badinage she could not manage even a cake or a *soufflé* for us. Like poor Mr. William in the Bab Ballads: "Our spirits, once so buoyant, grew uncomfortably low."

Even the general atmosphere of the lecture rooms and studios felt the change, and the male student body—ours was a co-educational college—languished lifeless in the background and glared, as Blaisdell suppressed, kindly and leniently but with deadly certainty, every one of Elizabeth's little flares of gayety. Things went with a horrible regularity. Blaisdell glowed—or rather he was gently suffused—with satisfaction and high purpose. We drew, we painted, we learned history of Art, of Education, of the United States, or the pre-Raphaelite movement with the same un-

broken calm. Visitors came and marveled at us. Other professors heard and wondered how long the thing would last.

The member of the faculty whose views mattered most to me was, of course, my own *fiancé*, John Wentworth, Assistant Professor in Philosophy. He and I agreed perfectly upon every subject, save this one. He had long known and admired Blaisdell, and he considered him a most desirable *parti* for Elizabeth. Now I had long known and admired Elizabeth, and I didn't consider Blaisdell one tenth good enough for her. She was gay and young and clever; he was serious, middle-aged and learned. At his first coming to college I had for a time hoped that, by adaptations and concessions on both sides, John's idea might work out, and it would have been heavenly for me to have Elizabeth also a faculty wife. I always rather dreaded that part of my future life which was to be spent among the wives of John's colleagues.

But when Blaisdell had made himself responsible for Elizabeth's mental and moral uplift, and she had tamely submitted to being uplifted, I began to see that she never could be happy with him; that all the adaptation and all the concession would be done by her, and that she would change—as she was already beginning to show signs of changing—into an insufferable prig.

It was as much fear of him as anything else which changed her, and she had ample cause for fear. We lived, she, Marthana and I, in the tangled web of which Dr. Watts speaks, and it was a web whose unweaving would not be at all calculated to amuse Blaisdell. Elizabeth began to weave it at the very beginning of the college year when he, then freshly added to the faculty, had asked for the names and addresses of some relative with whom he could con-





*"The most really Elizabethan laughter I had heard for many a day."*

fer. Elizabeth is the orphan ward of three benevolent old uncles—all bachelors and all devoted to her. She has no other relatives. But for correspondence with Blaisdell she suppressed the uncles and invented an Aunt Elizabeth. Then with the connivance of one or two of us whom she trusted, she, her own unregenerate self, wrote a wonderful series of letters about her own unregenerate conduct and the sorrow it caused the writer, her aunt. She kept it up until Blaisdell insisted upon meeting his so charming correspondent, and then she committed bloodless murder and slew her aunt with pneumonia. But first she wrote the swan song of all the forgeries: a sort of valedictory affair in which Aunt Elizabeth intrusted niece Elizabeth to the care and guidance of Professor Blaisdell. It was the worst, the most serious of all her pranks, and, after she had killed her aunt and considered the incident closed it was really only just beginning. For he persisted in carrying out his dear friend's last wishes and upon seeing a great deal of his sacred charge. Elizabeth lived in daily

horror of his coming in contact with one of her uncles or with some friend who would enlighten him.

I now think that she never had the slightest idea of marrying him, and she insists that he never had the slightest idea of marrying her, but he certainly was attentive to her and developed a habit of calling upon her an evening or two every week, and though they never discussed anything more personal or interesting than his lectures, past or future, they yet saw a great deal of each other, and gave palpable grounds for John's hope and Margaret's fear. Margaret was all for the young Lochinvar type of suitor. Even John, though she liked him, she considered a little staid and settled for the rôle, but for Blaisdell's supposed pretensions she felt nothing but scorn and fear.

I was reading up some history of Art references in the little drawing-room of our little flat one February afternoon. The late silence was broken only by the sound of Margaret's heavy footfall and heavier dirge. "She was preparing our French-chop,

boiled-potato, green-peas dinner, and as she vacillated between dining room and kitchen she demanded, in a horrid minor croon, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

Suddenly Elizabeth's key clicked in the door and presently she was perched on the arm of my Morris chair.

"I'm going to marry Professor Blaisdell," she announced.

"You are not!" said I. "Never, so long as I have strength to forbid the banns. I shall tell him that your Aunt Elizabeth appeared to me in a vision and objected to it."

At this she fell away in helpless laughter, the most really Elizabethan laughter I had heard for many and many a day. Margaret paddled in from the kitchen in a wreath of smiles, and I rose up out of my Morris chair and cast myself upon my friend.

"I'm not going to marry him," she managed at last to assure me, "in the way you mean, at least. Such a thought never entered his well-informed and logical head. I mean that I shall choose a suitable bride for him. And soon. For if the idea of marrying me ever *should* occur to him, I don't know what would happen. He has a way of expecting me to do just as he thinks best. And all because of his admiration for my Aunt Elizabeth."

When the full scope of Elizabeth's plan of escape filtered into my "fringe of consciousness," as the psychology man used to say, I saw at once its manifold perfections and its one insuperable difficulty.

"*Cherchez la femme*," said I.

"I'll get her," cried Elizabeth, with a palpable flash of her old spirit: "I'll get her if I have to invent her. Didn't I invent an aunt? A bride is no more difficult. And didn't he fall in love with the aunt? He didn't, of course, recognize the symptoms, but some of his later letters troubled themselves not overmuch about me. If she had lived——"

"I'm beginning to think," I interrupted, "that you believe in her."

"You'll all believe in the bride," she promised. "How old should you advise me to have her?" and she spent the next half hour in choosing the attributes most suitable to a helpmate for Blaisdell. None of them sparkled very ostentatiously in her own diadem, but I noticed that she treated

him most generously. She seemed to have a sincere liking for him and a keen idea of how he could be made happy.

She was thoughtful through the early and familiar stages of our dinner, but when Margaret appeared with a cherry-speckled *mousse* she found inspiration.

"That special student in 'General Method!'" she announced: "She's the very thing for him."

"What do you know about her?" I asked with some surprise, for the woman had only just begun to attend lectures, and was a source of deep but ungratified curiosity to all of us. She always came in her motor car, and Marthana Carruth, who once helped her with her jacket, told us that it bore a Doucet label. She could read French and German authorities in the original—thus much we saw—and she was in mourning. She never took part in the discussions which often followed a lecture, never waited for a last confidential word with Professor Edwards, and never addressed more than the most formal of greetings to her nearest neighbors.

We guessed her to be the widow or the sister of a trustee. Bereaved ladies often sought to bury sorrow under learning in our midst, though never before had we enjoyed quite so perfect a specimen of the lady of leisure trying to interest herself in a subject which puzzled and bored her, but to which she gave the courteous attention proper to sermons and to "talks" by distinguished political strangers.

"She is gentle," Elizabeth pointed out; "presumably well off and unattached. Extremely well turned out and good looking, and not too intellectual to be admiring."

"And she's a good listener," I contributed. "But how are you going to bring them together?"

"I can't imagine," she answered. "That's the beauty of it."

Now if there is one possible fault in Elizabeth Alvord, considered in the light of friend and companion on the way to the Pierian spring, it is a tendency to assume at times the Sherlock Holmes attitude, and to force one to act Watson to her Sherlock. It is a most disagreeable trick, and when I see that she is playing it I always refuse to ask the ridiculous leading questions proper to my rôle, or to betray any amaze-



ment at the evidence and deductions she lays before me.

In this matter of Blaisdell's happy marriage, Elizabeth was soon forced to abandon her mysterious ways and to take me into her confidence, because I, a promised faculty bride, had a certain social standing which she lacked, and it was necessary that Miss Morton—we soon discovered that to be the special student's name—should be invited to tea. She came, and she was

so for years and years to come. He was not an old man!" she pointed out; "he was only eighty, and the doctor said that with the care I was giving him he might easily have lived to be a hundred."

"Of course he might," Elizabeth acquiesced heartily, "a grandfather of mine lived to be ninety-two without any particular care at all."

"And now," Miss Morton went on, "the days seem so long and so empty!



*"She always came in her motor car."*

charming; she was good enough also to say that she was charmed, and to ask us to dine with her.

"Just we three," she explained. "Since my dear grandfather's death I entertain very little. You read perhaps of his death last September. He was motoring up from Long Island with a party of friends, and there was a collision."

We assured her that we had read of it. There had been automobile and train collisions in every Monday morning's paper from June to June, so we felt safe in saying that we remembered.

"I had taken care of him and of his house," she went on, "for fifteen years, and had been looking forward to doing

There is nothing, absolutely nothing, for me to do, and I thought of studying a little about teaching, so that I might be useful in a mission which our church supports, but I don't," she explained, "seem to be getting on very rapidly, nor to understand very well."

"When I'm troubled," said Elizabeth, fixing a warning eye on me, "I find nothing so consoling and absorbing as painting or drawing," and she who in the days of her strength never went to a sketching class, unless dragged there in chains, launched forth into a panegyric upon the consolation to be found in color and form. A panegyric more eloquent than any Blaisdell had ever delivered.



*"And now," Miss Morton went on, "the days seem so long and so empty!"*

Elizabeth and I went with our guest to the elevator, and when her beautiful glossy black hat had sunk out of sight we executed a triumphant war dance.

"She's the very thing!" cried Elizabeth, and I heartily agreed with her; "she has all the qualities which his wife must have, and added to them she has a passion for taking care of people."

"Bring them together now," said I.

Three days were to intervene between Miss Morton's having tea with us and our dining with her, and I devoted the afternoon of one of them to a reconnoitring tour. I was prepared for something solid and respectable in brownstone and high stoop, but I found instead a white marble affair with potted evergreens lavishly set forth upon its steps and glimpses of hot-house plants behind its lace-curtained windows. I hope Miss Morton was out at the time, for surprise transfixed me upon the opposite sidewalk. It was very evident that the late lamented grandfather had taken care of the granddaughter who had taken care of him. The Doucet gowns, the motor, the travels, and the friends to whom she had casually referred had all

conveyed an impression of affluence, but the house said more than that.

Now it so chanced that we were asked to dine on Thursday, and Thursday is the night upon which Professor Blaisdell was wont to call upon Elizabeth. She had intended to ask him to come on Friday instead, but when I described the white marble house she decided to waste no time and further maneuvering, but to bring her two characters together at once.

It seemed difficult enough in prospect, but in reality it worked out quite simply. John was going to some German lecture on his hobby, metaphysics, and he was easily cajoled into asking Blaisdell to act as his substitute, and to call for us at Miss Morton's house at about ten o'clock.

"Not that I have any idea," Elizabeth explained to me, "of leaving the scenes of revelry at such an early hour, but between seven o'clock and ten will give us lots of time to prepare Miss Morton's mind. And when Blaisdell arrives we can then and there arrange the drawing lessons."

The plan worked quite simply and beautifully. Miss Morton was prepared. The Professor was introduced. The ar-

rangement was made and Elizabeth was jubilant.

On the succeeding Monday morning a new drawing board, paint box, palette, and jar of brushes appeared upon the easel beside mine, and Miss Morton presently began some very creditable half-hour studies under the suave instruction of Professor Blaisdell, while Elizabeth, relieved from his persistent care, enjoyed Huyler's

"Aunt Elizabeth's were just like that, large, dark and full of feeling. Don't you think she has beautiful eyes?"

Blaisdell did.

"And then," Elizabeth would continue, "she looks at things in so much the way that Aunt Elizabeth did, the same high standards, you know; the same passion for the ideal."

Elizabeth used to repeat these conversa-



*"She began some studies under Professor Blaisdell."*

chocolates and the admiration of the undergraduates.

Thereafter when Blaisdell called, as he still conscientiously did, there was no talk of "perspective," "hieroglyphics," "atmosphere," or "brush work." The only art technicality remaining to him seemed to be "feeling," and the feelings most discussed were those of Elizabeth for Miss Morton. "She reminds me," that dutiful niece would remark with tears in her eyes and a quiver in her voice, "in so many ways of my dear Aunt Elizabeth. Have you noticed her eyes?"

Blaisdell had.

tions to me as soon as Blaisdell had left, but one night she went straight to her own room and I saw nothing of her until two or three hours later, when I awoke to find her sitting on the end of my bed in a flame-colored Japanese kimono with her hair all hanging about her.

"Go away," said I, hospitably. "Can't you see that I am asleep?"

"I have that to tell," said she, "which will awake you. Professor Blaisdell has proposed for my lily-white hand."

"No!" I cried aghast and awake, "it isn't possible."

"It's true," said she, "for all you know

I may be now the affianced bride of a man"—and she dropped into sudden seriousness—"entirely too good for me. For he is good, Marion, good through and through."

"But not good for *you*," I parried.

"No," she admitted, "I know that, and I remembered it. I refused him."

"Did he take it well?"

"He took it," she was obliged to admit, "with a noble cheerfulness. He said that he would always think of me most kindly, and would always stand ready to fulfill the wishes of his dead friend, my aunt. That circumstances lately entering into his life had turned his mind toward marriage, and had made him see that others—perhaps I myself—had placed some serious interpretation upon the very great pleasure which he had evinced in my society. He said that if such were the case he should be honored and happy to make my happiness the object of his life. Now isn't he the darling," she ended, "and can't you see what he means?"

"He has fallen in love with Miss Morton," I cried, "and he wanted to be sure that your welfare was in no way concerned. My dear, I like him better than I ever thought it possible I should."

"So do I," said Elizabeth as she kissed me. "He *will* be happier with Miss Morton, won't he?" she insisted a little wistfully. "You think so?"

"Oh, infinitely!" I answered.

At the door she halted. "Do you mind," she asked, "if I sleep in here with you to-night?"

Whatever doubts and regrets Elizabeth Alvord may have had that night—and we talked over a good many before she at last fell asleep—she had conquered them all next morning, and at noontime when we brought Miss Morton home to lunch with us—for Margaret was by this time quite herself again, and our *menus* were worthy even of Miss Morton's attention—Elizabeth was ready to make use of the event which had caused her so much perturbation.

"I wish very much," said she to our guest when we had reached the time of conversation and salted almonds, "that you knew Professor Blaisdell better," and she threw a confidential glance at me, "we, who know him well, are very unhappy

about him. Have you noticed how ill he is looking?"

Now he hadn't been looking in the least ill, but the old care-taking spirit awakened in Miss Morton, and she said that she had noticed it for a week.

"He is ill," Elizabeth maintained, "absolutely ill. He is losing flesh rapidly, working entirely too hard, and yet not even to Professor Wentworth"—my John is Professor Wentworth—"will he explain his trouble, or even admit that he is troubled. Now, if you were nearer, if you saw him oftener and more informally than you can in the studios or lecture room, you might be able to help us about him. You have had so much experience."

Of course Miss Morton swallowed it—bait, hook, sinker, float, line and rod.

"Has he no one," she asked, "to take care of him?"

"No one at all," I answered. "He lives quite alone in his apartment: goes out to all his meals and is 'done for' by the janitor's wife. He was Professor Wentworth's friend years ago at Yale. He knows no one as well as he does us. I don't think," I added, wishing to show Elizabeth that I could coöperate when I would, "I don't think that he gets fresh air enough or change enough."

As we sat in silence waiting for this last suggestion to percolate to Miss Morton's kindly heart there sounded through our windows the honk of her motor's horn.

"I shall insist," said she, as she put on her gloves, "upon Professor Blaisdell coming out into the country with me this afternoon. There is nothing so important as health, and when my grandfather was quite young, only about seventy-five, he got himself to the point of nervous prostration by overwork. So you see I know all the symptoms, and just what to do, and I am old enough," she added, with a triumphant flush, for which I could have kissed her, "I'm old enough to take care of this young man and to do what I can to help him. My dears, I want to thank you for letting me help."

Again she vanished down the elevator shaft, and again Elizabeth and I were left jubilant.

"Isn't she a darling?" I broke out, and I suspected there were tears in my eyes.

"Aren't they a pair of darlings?" cried

Elizabeth, and there was no doubt at all that there were tears in hers.

Now there are few things so sure as that a man will believe he is ill if he is told sufficiently often that he is looking so, and by the end of the week Miss Morton, Elizabeth, and I had produced something like panic in Professor Blaisdell. He cut down his hours of work, so that he could go for motor trips in the afternoon; he went on a diet and he bought a Whitely exerciser. He believed implicitly that he was upon the verge of a nervous collapse, and the belief, naturally, made him very nervous.

The wedding occurred during the Easter recess. Elizabeth and I were bridesmaids, John was best man, and we, with the principals, comprised the bridal party of five. It was a very pretty, simple, and touching wedding, and did not at all seem to require the amount of explanation which has arisen round it. The first version is the bride's. She confided in me—you will notice in this story that nearly everyone confides in me; it's a way they have adopted since my engagement—that most of the courting had been on her side.

"I saw the chance for happiness," she explained, "and I took it, and I intend to make him as happy as he can make me."

Then came John with his account of how all the faculty had banded together to drive Blaisdell into matrimony. He and John were the only two marriageable bachelors among the professors, and the others, knowing John to be provided for, entered enthusiastically into a scheme to finish off Blaisdell. They taught his classes, they listened to, nay, they even insisted upon his confidences, and at all times and seasons they extolled the lady of his choice, and wished him joy. Perhaps they were not all selfless in this enthusiasm, for one or two of them, invited to a casual dinner at Miss Morton's, felt and inspired a very enthusiastic welcome for this addition to the faculty circle. The Dean, in all seriousness, told John that they and their colleagues were largely responsible for the wedding.

Blaisdell's ideas contradicted both of

these. He expressed them at the faculty dinner given in his honor on the night before the wedding, and John repeated them to us as he, Elizabeth, and I drove to the church. "It was the best speech," said John, "that any of us ever made, and that some of us ever heard. Everybody had been more or less joshing him, and he had been taking it like a lamb. He had only really made one speech before, and certainly the roars that greeted him when it was his turn might have upset a stump orator. 'Friends and fellow travelers,' said he, 'I'm setting out upon the road by which you all have gone, but before this halo which has lassoed me becomes permanently affixed—I wish you could have heard the fellows yell!' cried John. "Did you ever hear anything more neat?"

"When at last we were quiet again he went on quite undisturbed. 'I have noticed, appreciated, and now I wish to thank you, for your efforts on my behalf during the last few months, but I want you to know'—here he stood very straight and looked very stern—'I want you to know that I had a good deal more to do with what's going to happen to-morrow than you fellows seem to think.' Then he sat down and then we went wild. Think of it! Blaisdell!"

"I'm thinking of it," said Elizabeth, and she didn't say much more before we reached the church.

The fourth responsibility was explained to me when Elizabeth and I, very tired, were having a cup of tea at the Grand Central Station, just after bidding adieu to the bridal pair. Elizabeth drew off her gloves and looked a little wistfully—or was it ruefully?—at me.

"You'll never *say* anything to me," she pleaded, "if this day's work turns out ill, or if they do not 'live happy as you and I may'? I know that it was all my doing. I brought them together, I even selected them for one another, and whatever happens will be my fault, but you'll never *say* so to me, will you, Marion?"

"I won't," I promised blithely, "because I won't think so. I think that the only responsible person in this affair was your Aunt Elizabeth."



# THE SALVATION OF CHRISTIANITY

BY THE REV. CHARLES F. AKED, D.D.

## VII. THE PROBLEM OF PAIN AND THE MYSTERY OF EVIL



HE difficulties of belief are great. The difficulties of unbelief are immeasurably greater. The burden which faith imposes is hard to bear. The burden imposed by denial is intolerable.

Virile minds have frequently taken refuge in agnosticism. There is a cheap agnosticism which one finds it easy to ridicule because it makes itself ridiculous. But there is an agnosticism, earnest, sane, even reverent, an agnosticism which is a very high expression of Christian morality, an agnosticism which is a religion. Professor Huxley, who invented the word, has described the thing:

"Tolerably early in life I discovered that one of the unpardonable sins in the eyes of most people is for a man to presume to go about unlabeled. The world regards such a person as the police do an unmuzzled dog not under proper control. I could find no label that would suit me, so, in my desire to range myself and be respectable, I invented one; and, as the chief thing I was sure of was that I did not know a great many things that the —ists and —ites about me profess to be familiar with, I called myself an Agnostic. Surely no denomination could be more modest or more appropriate." On another occasion he described the agnostic position in words which define, not agnosticism merely, but common honesty:

"We have not the slightest objection to

believe anything you like, if you will give us good grounds for belief; but, if you cannot, we must respectfully refuse, even if that refusal should wreck morality and insure our own damnation several times over. We are quite content to leave that to the decision of the future. The course of the past has impressed us with the firm conviction that no good ever comes of falsehood, and we feel warranted in refusing even to experiment in that direction."

We must all of us be agnostics sometime and somewhere, if only we will put our agnosticism in the right place. A great and increasing number of serious people have in this day concluded that, in Huxley's words, "they know nothing and hope to know nothing" about the origin of evil and of pain upon this earth. They know that against the bars of this mystery men have been beating their brains for twice two thousand years. And they believe that as little is known now as when "Job" bowed himself to the dust, humiliated and silenced, but not one whit wiser than when he dared to storm the battlements of heaven with his protests. They believe that the existence of suffering and sin constitutes an insoluble problem. They ask how pain, misery, and guilt can be reconciled with the rule of a God all-powerful, all-wise, and all-loving. If God knew how to save us from them, but could not, how could He be all-powerful? If He could not find a way, how can He be all-wise? If He knew how and could have

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saved His creatures from sin and suffering, but would not, how can we call Him a God of love? To these questions the man for whom these articles are written is of opinion that no reply is forthcoming on behalf of the Churches. Certainly he has failed to formulate a reply for himself. Some few persons multiply intellectual difficulties upon themselves, colossal difficulties, insuperable difficulties, by asserting the atheist position in good set terms. The majority, less rash and irresponsible, take refuge in agnosticism. They "give it up." The "mystery of evil" becomes a phrase of current coinage—and there it ends, except for the uneasy feeling that religion has no reply to make and must remain under suspicion in consequence.

Such a refuge is to be condemned, not because it is agnosticism, for it has been admitted that agnosticism may be a distinctly moral state of mind and soul; but because it is not warranted by the facts of the case. The man who says he does not know ought to know. He could know if he would. It is simply not true, that religion has no answer to give to his questions. Religion has answers, informed, helpful, and, if not complete, at least full enough for a working hypothesis of life. It is not the religious thinker and teacher who talks hopelessly about the "mystery of evil." It is not the educated preacher who has justified the man on the cars in his opinion that he is facing an insoluble problem. The fault is with the man himself, who cannot or will not read the books in which Christian thinkers have given their answers to his questions. Such a man is, generally, a very busy man. He has his living to get. His place is with the crowd who struggle for bread or fame. The battle of the streets leaves him little leisure for connected reading of a "heavy" kind, and, it may be said without offense, little inclination and even capacity for abstract thinking. He will not read—of many such a man it might be said he could not read—such a book as, to name only one, Dr. Fairbairn's "Philosophy of the Christian Religion," a work of monumental learning, infinite suggestion, and marvelous power and charm. In such a book he would find answers to his questions, answers with which the world of thinkers and scholars is familiar. What he wants

is an answer in a few lines of one-syllable words, at the most a few pages of easy reading, which shall resolve for him all questions in the earth and out of it. The demand is unreasonable. The deepest things of man and God are not so easily discussed. But one step at least is gained when a person can be made to believe that there is no need for agnosticism, not even of a reverent sort. These difficulties have been thought out, and he himself has brains enough to think his way through them if only he will give himself time and go the right way about it.

There is something very curious in the experience of a preacher in a large city church, curious and, if he should happen to be an impatient man, not a little trying. He sets himself to deal, in some carefully prepared sermon, with one of the great outstanding themes with which, as he knows, the minds of some of his friends are troubled. To the extent of his ability, seeking enlightening from the best spirits of all the ages, sitting at the feet of scholars, seers, and prophets, then saturating his thought and theirs, which he has made his own, in prayer, he preaches his sermon. In the course of a day or two, or a few weeks, perhaps, somebody comes to him or writes to him asking some superficial, unintelligent question about this very thing, betraying a mind absolutely blank of all knowledge of the sermon specially prepared for such as he!

It may be that this particular inquirer did not happen to be in church when the sermon was preached. Indeed, people seldom are present when the sermons addressed to them are spoken. They are only there when the sermons are preached to other people. Or it may be that, although in church at the time, this particular difficulty had not then presented itself to him, so that he did not listen with any very great care, did not really grasp anything in the argument or appeal, and quickly forgot the little that he only carelessly heard. Then something happened in his own life, some shock or sorrow brought him face to face with this very perplexity, and he began to seek for light. Or it may be that he is quite incapable of following a discussion like this when introduced in the form of a sermon. In the nature of the case,

perhaps, it is not possible for men and women whose hard-working life has not encouraged continuous thought to follow point by point a spoken argument and carry it all away, to think about it afterwards and appropriate its teaching. These are possible explanations. But it is curious, all the same.

The experience has a twofold suggestion. It affords an excuse for the attempt to discuss these high themes in a magazine article, and it justifies a plea that the reader will, by his own alert and interested thought, seek to make up what is lacking in the writer's ability to state the case with convincing lucidity.

The problem is: How can pain, misery, and sin exist under the rule of a God all-wise, all-powerful, and all-loving?

Step by step we shall have to make our way to an answer. And the journey begins with a recognition of the truth that a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time. It sounds absurd, though the student knows that the apparent absurdity is one of the primary laws of thought. The value of it as a formula begins to appear when it is made to read more fully: A thing cannot both be and not be at the same time. And God Himself cannot make it so!

An English preacher, now dead, once described to the present writer how as a boy he tried to understand how "God could do everything." He had been taught that, and his child's mind busied itself with facts that seemed to controvert the statement. He tried to understand how God could make a window to be open and shut at the same time. For hours together the child, left alone in a room, occupied himself in opening and closing a window, moving it slowly, swiftly, a little open, wide open, shut—and all the time trying, not himself to make it open and closed at the same time, for he knew he could not do it, but trying to understand how it could be done by a God who "could do everything." Well, his friend's remembrance of the intellectual troubles of his childhood has brought back to the writer his own. Traveling by train morning and evening, six days a week, that same intellectual problem presented itself to the juvenile philosopher in his early teens; and he tried to understand how God could move

backward and forward at the same time. For while the train was going forward, in the confined space open to experiment the boy moved backward, and so tried to work out an explanation of God being able to move in two opposite directions at the same time, for God "could do everything."

If these illustrations seem childish, peculiar even, one has only to cast the reflection into more philosophical phrases. There are intellectual and moral impossibilities to God. The intellectual impossibility is stated in the phrase: God cannot conceive the false as if it were true. The moral impossibility is stated in the well-known line: It is impossible for God to lie. And certain physical impossibilities are obvious: God cannot make two parallel lines of hills without a valley between: He cannot make a part equal to the whole: He cannot make a stick without two ends: He cannot make two and two other than four: He cannot make a circle square. And God Himself could not make a free, conscious being who should *start* as though he had a long experience behind him and an acquired character.

"Could not," God "could not"—it will be said that this is to give the whole case away at the outset, and that anybody could "defend" a position by surrendering it to the enemy at the first shot and quietly leaving him in possession. "You have abandoned everything," it will be said, "as soon as you admit that there are things God cannot do. You have conceded, to begin with, that He is not all-powerful." Yet it might occur to a modest critic that the "fallacy" is so very patent that, if it were really a fallacy, the writer would have seen it as quickly as anybody else. These "impossibilities" do not represent any limitation of God's power. They represent only the limitation of human thought and of our capacity for putting thought into words. We have been using phrases each one of which is a contradiction in terms. We are not thinking at all when we use them. We are juggling with sentences. We are playing sleight-of-hand tricks with words. We have not been thinking, for thought bases itself upon a primary law that a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time. We have been talking as though a thing could be

and not be. For "stick" means a small piece of wood having two ends; and "valley" means a depression between two lines of hills; and "part" means something smaller than the whole; and "four" expresses a number made up of the sum total of two and two. There is no limitation of God's power in saying this. The limitation is in our power of seeing that we are not seeing at all.

If this does but seem, to one unaccustomed to such a way of looking at things, to make confusion worse confounded, let it be accepted that there is something which we call "the nature of things" which appears to our minds to impose a limitation upon Omnipotence. With the reservation that the limit is in reality upon human thought, the truth may be stated in another way: "Almighty," as used by the Christian thinker does not mean that God can do everything. It means that God can do everything that can be done. And to ask that God should be able to make a door to be both open and shut at the same time is not philosophy: It is sheer muddle-headedness.

The conclusion can be stated in advance. The reasoning by which it is sustained may follow. Man is a being produced under the condition we call "pain, misery, and sin." In the "nature of things" he could not have been "caused" without the "cause," he could not have been "produced" without that which produces. If for the reason stated it is no limitation of God's almightiness to say that He could not make two straight lines inclose a square, so neither is it any limitation of His almightiness to say that He could not make man, the product of certain conditions, without the conditions which have produced him. Those conditions, properly considered, represent to the finite mind all that the finite mind can conceive of infinite wisdom and infinite love. For—

We suffer at the hands of nature through her destructive forces. But these forces have been among the best of the educative agencies of our life. They have educated us in the arts and they have educated us in humanity:

We suffer at the hands of death. But death has brought tenderness, pathos, care, love, grandeur, dignity, and eternity into our life.

We suffer through the workings of what we call heredity; but blessings come to us through the workings of these same forces. Blessings have come; more will come; and in proportion as we live wisely and purely we shall accumulate the blessings and eliminate the curse.

We suffer as the result of sin. The sinful suffer, and we are thankful that they do, and we count it for good. The innocent suffer through the ties of love; but it is good for us that those ties exist, and we would rather have the solidarity, with the suffering, than escape the suffering and lose the solidarity with all its sweetness.

And sin itself was a necessity, was not to be avoided or averted or commanded not to be, if man was to be free, and without freedom man would not be man. There could not, therefore, be placed upon this earth such a creature as man without such a thing as the possibility of man's sin.

From this anticipation of the result of the argument we turn back to justify it more in detail.

We generalize too freely. We are always too ready to "lump" things. An examination of the facts that we describe as "pain, misery, and sin" will clear our vision and help our thinking. Let us make some classification of the "evil" conditions to which we are subject.

There are the sufferings which we endure at the hands of nature herself. The volcano horrors of Martinique and St. Vincent, the earthquakes and the fires of San Francisco, and every January gale that rages round our Eastern coast are sufficient cases in point. Fire and flood, earthquake and tempest, and all the terrific forces of nature loosed for destruction—what a group these make! Then there are the sufferings which result from nature's failure to respond to man's industry—drought, famine, and the like. And there are those which come from man's own failure to comply with nature's demands, her penalties for the violation of her laws, namely, disease, pestilence, and plague.

But now, these forces have been, they are, among the supremely great and supremely blessed of the educative agencies of life. By conflict with them man has found his manhood. Where nature is prodigal of her bounty, where a suit of

clothes grows on every tree, and a dinner is found under every bush, the animal man lolls stupid in the sun, and the soul of man slumbers and sleeps. Where this old earth enters into conflict with man and bids him try conclusions with her barren soil and stormy seas he finds himself. He issues from the conflict a wiser man, a stronger man, a greater man than the world had before.

These forces have educated man morally as well as intellectually. Man has become not only a stronger man but a better man through conflict with them. He has learned pity. He has grown into compassion. He is educated by adversity, and his heart is educated not less than his head. He has come to feel the oneness of the human race. He has learned philanthropy. The shipwreck launches the lifeboat. The physician is bred of the pestilence. Living men on the land hasten to die that dying men on the sea may live. The plague has stopped because the bacteriologist has lived and loved and died. Sufferings bind man to man, link race with race, supply that touch of nature which makes man-kin into man-kind.

And if it is asked: "Yes; but why was all this necessary? Why need man enter into such a conflict with such forces so capable of destroying him? Why could not God have made him the great, wise, strong, good man without the conflict and without the exposure?" The answer has been stated: God could not. He could not make a man start fresh as though he had a long experience behind him and an acquired character within. The strength, greatness, wisdom, goodness is the result. We cannot have the result without the cause.

In any tabulation of sufferings death must take a prominent place.

But death must not be thought of as an evil, in our darkest hours must not be thought of as an evil unredeemed by blessing. It seems so to us, especially when our hearts are pierced by some unspeakable loss, when our souls are torn by the tragedy of bereavement, when we follow into the valley of the shadow of death one whose love has brought us all the best joy we have known on earth, and whose loss has darkened for us the very light of heaven. Yet it is the shadow of death

which sets life in radiance. It touches all life with pathos, with tenderness, with beauty. Consciously or unconsciously, working through the thought of the individual or through the mind of the race, the sense of death brings meaning, solicitude, yearning into our deepest, purest affections. Whether we know it or not, it is the reality of death which has made life most worth living.

Another group of sufferings is that comprehended by the word heredity.

Perhaps there is no single fact on which our minds can dwell which comes to us with such an absolutely overwhelming horror as this fact of heredity. We have it in our power to shape the life of the unborn, to hand down to them a heritage of disease, of passion, of misery. How frightful all this is the ordinary person is only just beginning to know. Perhaps we preachers ought to enlighten our hearers more than we do. Yet there are reticences and reserves which are proper and inevitable, and we would not break through them if we could. Here again, however, we find ourselves meshed in our own admissions. Nature punishes with terrible punishment all sins of ignorance. And the world is cursed by want of knowledge equally as by want of heart. The broad fact stands out somber, unrelieved. We have it in our power by sheer carelessness, by self-indulgence, by thoughtless wrong-doing as well as by vicious and criminal wrong-doing, to inflict injuries upon ourselves and upon our fellow-creatures which shall lap over to the next generation, and destroy and doom the unborn child.

All this is true, and its truth must not be minimized. But we must bear in mind as well the blessings which come to the race through the working of these same laws of heredity. Such blessings are as truly, as imperiously, as inevitably hereditary, as these elements of woe. We travel over roads we have not made, cross rivers by bridges we did not build and mountains we never tunneled. We are the heirs of a civilization we have not helped to create. We enjoy a liberty for which others fought and bled. Others have labored and we are entered into their labors. They died that we might live, and might live free men upon this earth. Just in pro-



portion as we grow wiser and purer and better, to that extent precisely we shall empty heredity of its curse and fill it with blessing; we shall cease from handing down weakness, sickness, vice, and wrong, and hand down instead an ever accumulating heritage of health, knowledge, happiness, wisdom, and power. If God, according to the Hebrew formula, is a "jealous God," visiting the sins of the parents upon the children to the third and fourth generation, yet He is a God of infinite kindness, showing mercy unto the thousandth generation (not unto thousands) of them that love Him and keep His commandments.

And if the objector asks with wearisome reiteration: "Why could not God have made it so that the blessing flowed down from generation to generation without exposing the innocent unborn child to the hereditary curse?" The answer is as before: The primary law of human thought demands that we should recognize that a thing cannot both be and not be at the same time. We cannot have heredity and not have heredity. In the "nature of things" the constitution of man could not be capable of receiving from ancestry and incapable of receiving at one and the same time.

We come to the greatest, most formidable group of all, that which seems quite infinitely greater than the others, the sufferings which flow from moral wrong. It is the "mystery of evil," so much more dreadful than the problem of pain. Take out of human life the sufferings caused by sin, and the problem, if not soluble at the first glance, is at least bearable.

We must recognize first of all and very clearly that it is good for us to suffer when we sin. It is a good thing for us and not a bad that retribution follows guilt. It is good of God and kind of God, good to us and kind to us, to punish us when we go wrong. All punishment is of grace, not of justice. All chastisement is mercy. Hell itself is an expression of God's love. Such suffering, the suffering that comes to us from our own sin and as the retribution of our own sin, is no evil, and must not be accounted evil.

The innocent suffer for the sins of the guilty. Can this be reconciled with the rule of a God all-powerful, all-wise, and all-loving? It can. Is there any human

being who would prefer to have life so constituted that nobody cares two straws about anybody else on earth? Who would care for a world in which ties of home and kin and love did not exist? Who wants a race of men and women solitary, self-content, independent each of the other, with no mother-passion stronger than death and hell; no throbbing, flaming love within us binding man to woman and woman to man, and uniting us with God Himself? The weariest and most loathed worldly life that age, ache, penury, and imprisonment can lay on nature becomes less weary and less loathly because God in His tenderness has not withdrawn from the despised and rejected among us the last spark of capacity for loving and being loved.

And you cannot have these ties, these bonds of home and kin and love without the exposure of innocent and loving hearts to the woes that come from the sin of a loved one. A door must be either open or shut. Either we are bound to our kind or we are not.

The question remains: "Why should there be, in this God's world, such a thing as sin at all? Granted that if sin exists it is good that suffering should follow. Granted, even, that although the strong ties of human affection expose the innocent to suffering along with the guilty, it is still better that these ties should exist and that retribution should follow guilt as burning follows flame. Granted all this, but why should sin exist? Why the necessity for retribution and for suffering?"

What sort of beings were to be made, if God was to endow beings with life upon this planet? Shall we ask for a world of life without feeling, without capacity for pain or pleasure, without aspiration, really without that which we call "life"? Then such a world is ready to our hands, and a great unmeasured world it is: The whole vegetable world is there answering the description. Would a man prefer to be a cabbage?

What sort of beings were to be made, if God was to endow beings with life upon this planet? Shall we ask for a world of life with capacity for pain and pleasure, with senses and instincts and feelings, but without capacity for sin? Then such a world is ready to our hands: The whole

animal world is there answering the description. Does a man choose to change places with a horse or a dog?

What sort of beings were to be made? Creatures self-directing, self-regulating, with aspiration, will, freedom; creatures capable of thought, looking before and after, conscious persons upon this earth, of rational and emotional parts and passions, independent, sovereign, free! Then, in the "nature of the case," this involves the possibility of going wrong. Choice is choice of two or more possibilities. Freedom is freedom to choose. But if we were to be free, free to choose, then there must be the possibility of moral evil, and God could not make it not to be so. And as it is not a limitation of God's almightiness to say that He could not make a part to be greater than the whole, so it is not a limitation of God's almightiness to say that He could not make a moral being, under moral law, a creature like Himself, destined to share His beatitude, without the power of choice and so exposed to the risk of a wrong choice and of all that follows for himself and the race. *We may sin because we must be free.*

A popular magazine, even though the editor so courteously invites a discussion of these great themes, is not the place for

sermonizing. But the writer may be permitted to add in a word his own deep conviction that this world is not the only one which the children of earth are to know. It is a world of tumult and tempest, of temptation and trial, of fighting without and fears within, of conflict which no mortal can escape. It is a world in which strong men are beaten down and proud ones humbled, where human hearts are crushed and love lies bleeding, where Rachel mourns for her children and will not be comforted because they are not. It is a world where God seems deaf to our cry and blind to our needs. Yes; but it is a world which God Himself has prepared for His children, a world into which we are cast as into an alembic to be cleansed, purified, saved by strife and suffering, by service and sacrifice, where God reigns in love, controls, guides, brings order out of chaos, light out of darkness, peace out of pain, and doeth all things well. It is a world which fits us for larger service, with ampler powers, in a grander universe. And the strong man realizes his strength when he feels with Fra Lippo Lippi, or with Browning for him—

This world's no blot for us,  
Nor blank; it means intensely and means good:  
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

## THE CAPTURED DREAM

By ALFRED E. WILKINSON

SWEET Love—that set a halo of romance  
Upon the brow of any casual maid  
To whom the wandering fancy lightly strayed,  
When any object of our careless glance,  
A woman and unknown, might somehow chance  
To be the long expected, long delayed,  
Elusive guest for whom the banquet stayed—  
The dreams are ended. With what countenance  
Comest thou to rest within the household arms  
As daily comrade? Will the rainbow wing  
Not soil, defaced by contact? Verily,  
Strangest and sweetest this of all thy charms,  
Thou canst retain, though grown a common thing,  
The grace of marvel and of mystery.

# THE LITTLE BLUE CONVENT AT VAL

BY LIDA C. SCHEM



ONE fair morning in spring, when all the world was so glorified by the radiance of its rejuvenation that the tiny specks of downy cloud appeared to be islands of joy afloat in a sea of delight, and sadness and grief seemed alien and incredible things, by some ironical destiny it happened that a great sorrow befell the good sisters of the little Blue Convent at Val.

Monsieur le Maire knocked at their gate and demanded admittance in the name of the Law, so that he and the underlings who accompanied him might inventory the goods and chattels of which the Order stood possessed.

The Sisters interposed no obstacles,—how dared they, when the Holy Father at Rome had himself commanded meekness and submission?—but they summoned the Abbé Sebastian, who lived little more than a stone's throw away, as though he, poor man, could have warded off the blow he and they had feared so long, and which had now fallen!

The gentle old priest, looking very white and much sterner than those who knew him best would have believed possible, voiced his protest in one broken-hearted little sentence:

"Will you not spare them?"

To which Monsieur le Maire replied tartly: "I would have been more courteous to phrase that query with a *can* and not with a *will*. Moreover, I beg Monsieur l'Abbé to remember this is merely an inventory taking,—not an expulsion. No need, therefore, as yet, to speak of 'sparing.'"

Monsieur l'Abbé had not the heart to question how soon the final act would fol-

low in the wake of the present. At a gesture from him, Sister Agatha, who was in her novitiate and the youngest member of the Convent, led away the Reverend Mother, who was over eighty, so that the old woman, who had lived in the Convent since her fourteenth year, might not be forced to witness the profanation of the sacred treasures by sordid, possibly covetous hands. They made an affecting picture as they walked slowly from the room,—these two extremes: the girl, with a face like the petal of a white water lily tinged by the blush of dawn, whose every movement was so informed with the grace and the elasticity of youth, that even the shapeless garments which swathed her could not obliterate her charm; the Reverend Mother, walking heavily and with the hesitancy of age, her face yellow as the ivory beads of her own rosary.

Monsieur le Maire signified his pleasure to begin with the "linen closet," as he called it. So they spread out before him the priceless altar laces, worked, some of them, in the fifteenth century, by Henrietta, that Princess of the Blood, who in her widowhood had sought refuge in the Convent from a rough suitor. It was to her largess the Order owed its ability to purchase the matchless altar service, wrought by no less a master than Benvenuto Cellini, and the exquisite stained-glass windows, semicircular in form, reared on a diameter of four meters, in six shades of blue, which had given the Convent its popular name, and each of which illustrated one Station of the Cross.

The quick young ears of Sister Agatha, leaving the Mother Superior's room, caught an irreverent remark concerning "useless lengths of lace," made by Monsieur le Maire in his arrogant fashion.

Indignation pulsed hotly through her blood at that, and she stood with burning cheeks and clenched hands clasped firmly over her bosom, as though to restrain the anger of her heart.

The two officials next appraised the stained-glass windows, and bickered over their intrinsic value as though at an auction; then the altar service, and the Christ on the Cross, a genuine Fra Angelico; and finally they climbed up the spiral stairs that led to the room in the Tower which had been occupied by the Lady Henrietta, and which held all her relics. Here hung the flags, brought back from the Third Crusade by the Chevalier d'Estagnac, and presented by him to the Princess, whose kinsman he was. Here stood the ebony prie-dieu, upholstered in scarlet velvet and powdered with tiny golden lilies of France; here, on the black velvet reposed the wonderful ivory crucifix, which was one of the Convent's most dearly prized treasures.

Jealously the young novitiate's eyes followed every movement of the two men as they walked about the apartment, in which, until that hour, no man had set foot, excepting the Bishop who, in those far-away days, had administered extreme unction to the Lady Henrietta in the hour of death.

Sister Agatha's heart beat so wildly that she thought it must burst through the vestments of the body, when Monsieur le Maire took up this crucifix, which she had dared kiss upon the feet only when cleansed from sin by the Sacrament, handled it as if it were some common, mundane thing, and in his fat, unhallowed, cynical voice said: "A great pity this,—that so many fine bits of ivory are marred by this morbidly grewsome subject."

When, finally, they had gone from the room, the young girl threw herself upon the gold and red prie-dieu and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. With all the ardor of youth combined with a vital faith, her heart cried that this hateful thing could never come to pass, would never come to pass. Their treasures to be taken from them, the sacred edifice to be despoiled, and they to be thrust out into the world, exiled from Val, as though their mere presence there carried pollution with it! And worst of all, ah, yes, worst of all, never to see the little Tower room again, *her* little room, which, as long as she could remem-

ber, she had loved as her very own. As a child, her unruly spirit had been kept in check by permission, as a reward for good conduct, to bring her needlework to this room; and here, among the wonderful old tapestries, the curiously carved furniture, behind the barred and grated window, she had dreamed the golden dreams of maidenhood.

Sister Agatha was the human legacy left the Convent by a beautiful young mother, who, one black winter's night, had been picked up by Monsieur l'Abbé a half mile from the village. The stranger ultimately perished from the results of the exposure, after giving birth to a child. And her identity remained a mystery, excepting to the Curé, to whom, before the last absolution was granted, she had told her story. The little girl, left to the good Sisters, was cherished as a thing very sweet and sacred,—sweet because of her babyhood, sacred, because at her birth a great sorrow was wiped out.

The child grew to be a beautiful little creature, of flamelike, evanescent loveliness, with winsome, willful ways, on whom the excellent Sisters lavished an exuberant love, glimmerings of that maternal instinct which no nun's mummery or vows of celibacy can wholly expunge in the heart of a good woman.

Theirs was an active Order—to nurse the sick, to sew for the poor, to teach the lowly; and, their income being but small, they were very poor. In summer the hardest of the Sisters tilled the soil, garnered the grain, and hoed the potatoes; and sometimes, when the harvest was poor, they fasted on days that should have been feast days. Yet no matter how poorly the larder was stocked, how worn their shoes, how shabby their garments, little Guilberte,—such was Sister Agatha's baptismal name,—was well shod and well clad and had her caraway cake with pink frosting on every saint's day, and a real layer cake on her birthday and Christmas and Easter. They loved her, these good Sisters, with all the tenderness and devotion which only childless women, into whose path a child has dropped as a benediction and a miracle, can bestow.

The girl thought of all this, and more, as she knelt gustfully weeping in the Tower room, and her selfish sorrow was merged

in the nobler grief for the excellent women who had nurtured and bred her. Finally she arose, and going to the window, drank in the sweet, pure spring air. Below she saw the figure of the Curé walking slowly along the path that led through the woods to his house.

Gathering her ungainly raiment about her, and fleet-footed like a young gazelle, the girl sped down the stairs, three steps at a time, and shot out of the door, past the wondering Sister on duty. Two minutes later she was beside the Abbé, and slipping her hand into his arm, walked beside him mutely.

The old man gently patted her hand, and said:

"If it is indeed the will of *le bon Dieu* that this expulsion take place, it must be borne."

"But it is insufferable!" cried the young girl, the tears starting afresh to her eyes.

"Nothing is insufferable, my daughter," said the Abbé softly, "if the Spirit of God abides in the heart. Remember the persecutions endured by the early Christians, how they were burned at the stake, and endured it."

"I would rather be burned at the stake than suffer this ignominy," burst from Sister Agatha's lips. "And if they expel us, when they expel us, shall we even then not attempt to resist?"

"You shall do as the Holy Father has commanded: Submit, and meekly bear the cross laid upon your shoulders."

Sister Agatha's indignation rose and overswelled her discretion.

"The Holy Father in Rome is in no danger of being turned out of the Vatican," she said bitterly.

"Hush, my child, hush," said the gentle old Abbé.

They had reached his house by this time, and turning back, they saw the Convent, not fifty yards away. Its exterior of gray-stone, overgrown with mosses and ivy and dappled on this spring morning with the bloom of the apple trees, rose softly from the swelling crest of the hillock on which it stood. Sister Agatha's tears, as she looked, flowed unchecked.

The good Abbé Sebastian tried to console her with sweet, strong words, but the old man, in truth, stood greatly in need of consolation himself. In the sixty odd years

of his life, his faith in *le bon Dieu*, in His infallible wisdom and inalterable goodness had never wavered for one moment, but he felt now, as if that faith, unless speedily reinforced by prayer, might yet be shaken.

When he was alone, he sought the fragrant seclusion of his trellised arbor, overgrown with wild vines and wistarias, and here he knelt down. In the moist grass, with all the soft, luscious, young things pressing upward out of the brown, sweet-scented earth, it seemed to him that he achieved almost a physical nearness to God.

"Divine Father," he prayed, "if it be indeed necessary to so scourge those excellent women, forgive my unworthy appeal. If there be some secret sin to be atoned, accept my atonement in lieu of theirs. Let the chastisement be meted to me. Smite me with blindness, remove from my vision all the beauties and the undying wonder of Thy handiwork, than contemplating which Thou knowest I have no greater joy on earth, save to do Thy will. Push me out into darkness, into hunger and cold if Thou seest fit, but spare them"; and at the end of a long pause, "Yet not my will be done, but Thine."

When he went into the house, he found something to make him forget his grief for a moment. Jeanette, his housekeeper, rosy and rotund, pointed out to him a vase filled with blossoms, and said:

"Monsieur le Curé, the cherries are in bloom."

Then the good Abbé smiled, for his mind harked back some twenty years or more, when, one day at dusk, in the cherry season, a little boy of twelve or thirteen had wandered in at the open door. He had strayed away from his people who were picnicking at Preny St. Pierre, and had lost himself in the woods, finally striking Val. He was a bright little chap, and the name he gave was a well-known one. The Curé had dispatched a messenger to Chamigneux, where the lad lived, and had put him up in the guest chamber for the night, after feasting him royally on cold pigeon pie and cherries.

In the night there had arisen a great tumult in the guest chamber, and the Abbé had hastened there in his night clothes, with Jeanette, in curl papers and great agitation, lighting the way with the first candle she had been able to lay hands upon.



To the Curé's disgust, this candle subsequently proved to be a communion taper which had been left the day before for his inspection.

When they had approached the room which harbored the strange lad, they heard unearthly moans proceeding therefrom, and on opening the door, they had found the visitor, groaning horribly, and rolling about on his bed, quite evidently in the throes of death. Jeanette, seeing bits of red on the snowy counterpane, had ejaculated:

"He is spitting blood!"

The excellent Abbé Sebastian's eyes were none too good, and he did not wait to corroborate his housekeeper's statement, but commanded, "Run for the doctor."

The doctor, on entering the alleged death chamber a half hour later, found the good Abbé on his knees, praying fervently, and on the table were candles, wafers, and whatever else was necessary for extreme unction. And truly, the sight of the patient was appalling. But the doctor was young and brisk, and his sight was excellent, and one quick glance sent him into a fit of laughter.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," he cried, when he recovered from his merriment, "your dying penitent has eaten too many cherries! He will be as well as you and I to-morrow morning."

And so, every year after that, the Abbé Sebastian, being apprised that the cherry trees were in bloom, smiled in recollection of the episode, or sometimes, when the mood was upon him, he laughed.

Yet another significance attached to the cherry season. Once a year, at this time, Jeanette, faithful servant, received a week's vacation to enable her to visit her home village, some thirty miles away. Accordingly, before break of day one morning, she set off on foot for her destination, leaving Sister Agatha in charge of the modest household.

Sister Agatha was in jubilant mood. First of all, she dearly loved to cook and do for the Curé, because she loved him, and in the second place, news had come that morning to the Convent that Monsieur le Maire was ill with a fever, from which it would take him many months to recover, if at all. That meant indefinite postponement of their expulsion, and the young girl's heart sang a blithe song of

thanksgiving at the respite thus granted, as she went about her homely duties.

It so happened that the Abbé was called away, a few mornings after this, to a sick peasant who lived some miles beyond the outskirts of the village, and his going hither and returning would consume all day.

The afternoon of that day was well under way when Sister Agatha, sitting with her prayer book upon the tessellated porch, heard a strange gritting sound and became aware of flying particles of dust and a strange general commotion, she knew not where. A second later a large touring car stopped at the gate, and a young man jumped briskly from it. He walked quickly up the narrow path between the high walls of roses and sunflowers, and, removing his cap, and remaining uncovered, he said:

"Does the Abbé Sebastian still live here?"

"Yes," said Sister Agatha, "but he is from home. He is not expected before night."

"I am sorry," said the young man, and as Sister Agatha looked up into the candid gray eyes that beamed down into her own, she became aware of a sudden flurry.

"Will you not wait?" she said timidly, for want of something better.

"I cannot. It is a long way to Paris, and I must be there before nightfall." He stood and pondered. Suddenly, with a sort of quaint abruptness, "May I ask for a glass of water?—I am very thirsty."

She brought it, and tried to keep her eyes away from him while he drank. As he set down the glass, he said:

"Do you keep house now for Monsieur l'Abbé?"

"Not always, his housekeeper is from home."

"Ah,—Jeanette! She still visits her family every spring?"

Sister Agatha made a movement of surprise, and the young man asked:

"Have you known Father Sebastian long?"

"Always," said Sister Agatha. "He baptized me."

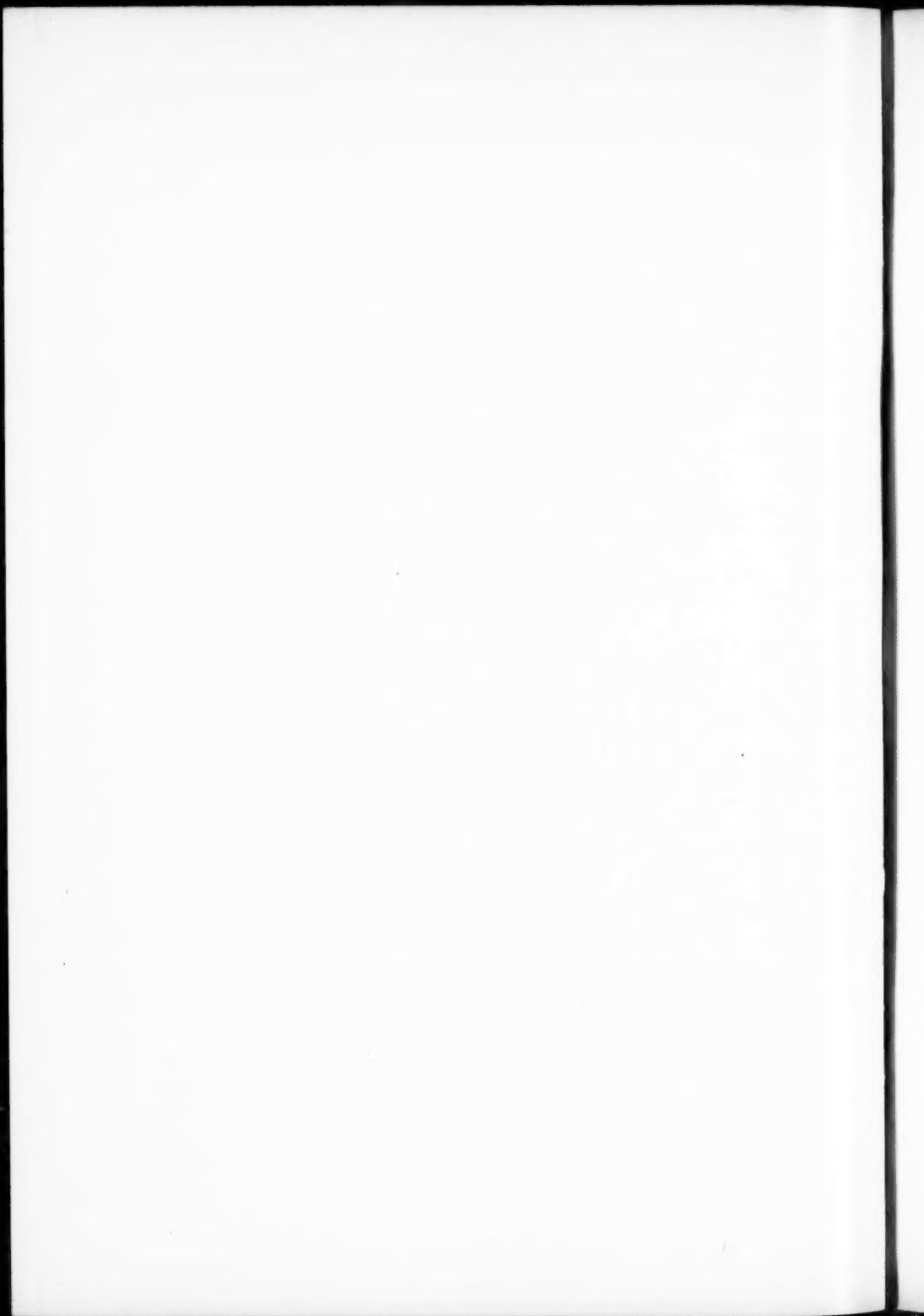
"Then you have heard, yes, undoubtedly you have heard, of the adventure to which I owe my acquaintance with him. I am the boy of the cherries."

"You?" Sister Agatha struggled to suppress her smiles, for, when she smiled, her



*Drawn by George Brehm.*

*"Her eyes . . . drew him toward her like a magnet."*



dimples showed, and she had a strong suspicion that these dimples ill became the dignity of her habit. "You?" she repeated incredulously.

"Ah, and such fun as it was! I shall never forget Jeanette, holding the church taper over a meter long above her head, as though she were sent to illuminate the Catacombs. And *le cher Abbé!* You should have heard him pray, as if my ghost had already departed from my body!"

"It is wrong to laugh at such things," said Sister Agatha primly, trying hard to show that she was shocked and to disguise that she was much entertained.

"Why, then, do you laugh?" said the young man audaciously, and Sister Agatha had a sudden sense of conviction that her dimples were shamelessly betraying her amusement. "And you," he added suddenly, "you are really a Sister?"

That brought back Sister Agatha's vanishing dignity. "I belong yonder," she said, "to the Little Blue Convent. So long, at least, as it belongs to us."

The young man became serious quite suddenly. When he spoke again, she noticed that his voice had dropped several notes, and that there was a soft, ingratiating inflection in his voice that she had not perceived before.

"Do they speak of expelling you?" he asked.

"They have taken the inventory, but now Monsieur le Maire is ill. He is not *un bon Chrétien*, this Monsieur le Maire, so you may imagine the hourly torment in which we live. Of course while he is ill—" she broke off suddenly, and then resumed: "I have committed a grievous sin, but Monsieur l'Abbé, I trust, will not refuse to absolve me. I have wished that Monsieur le Maire may not recover."

The young man bit his lips. "Do you repent your sin?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No," she said softly, "I do not." There followed a recital of the grief and the anxiety which had agitated her so deeply for months. Unconsciously the little Sister revealed herself—all the pristine, almost childlike purity of her heart, her little pleasures, her little woes. Unconsciously, too, through a half-suppressed word, a syllable, a gesture, a phrase checked, she let him look in upon the strange, mystic childhood, fed by that

wonderful inner flame that had drawn its sustenance almost wholly from the hours lived in the Tower room. And he listened, and marveled, and—adored.

"A Madonna," he summarized the impression to himself, "but not one of the early masters. They were all flesh and blood, physical mothers merely. It remained for the moderns to conceive the spiritual creature such as we love to picture to ourselves the Mother of Christ,—the flesh merely a vehicle for the soul, a beautiful, flexible, tangible, corporeal but never gross instrument for the spirit to do with as it pleases."

His eyes told her as much, not boldly, but with infinite tenderness, with infinite humility and reverence. His were the first eyes that repeated to her the never-heeded testimony of the mirror, and their mute eloquence moved her more profoundly than spoken words could have done. A mysterious joyousness ran through her blood, such as she had never felt before, and to which, in the white holiness of her innocence, she opened her being. The hour to her was as sweet as any dream. The world seemed a rose leaf, and the spirits compounded of dew and light.

She paid for it in days to come, when the young man did not return, as he had promised to do the following week to see Monsieur le Curé. But she did not know that she was paying a penalty. The sharp and poignant pain, as sharp and poignant as her joy had been supreme and fine, conveyed no message to her—at least at first—as to its meaning, its birth, and its cause. She suffered dumbly, and wondered blindly what might be the origin of this unrest that had risen out of the night to flagellate and tease her. Many golden days and silver nights passed before she knew.

Spring droned into summer, summer into autumn, October had scattered its promiscuous gold, when the news came that Monsieur le Maire, who had recovered at last, had effected the sale of the Convent, complete with all its vessels, furniture, and equipments.

A cry of horror arose when the further intelligence came that an American had made the purchase. An American! Their altar laces, their Fra Angelico, their wonderful service, their windows even, which

had filtered their light to blue, symbol of absolute purity, before it penetrated into their Holy of Holies, mayhap to adorn some savage palace beyond the sea!

In mournful procession they went to their Chapel, and knelt about the altar, two and twenty funereally drooped figures, in silent devotion. Suddenly a heartbroken sob broke from Sister Agatha's throat, and one by one the other Sisters gave way under the burden of their intolerable grief, and wept. All but one. The Reverend Mother alone did not weep, but lifting her voice, the brittle, dry voice of fourscore years, prayed aloud that *le bon Dieu* might give her younger sisters strength to bear whatever it pleased Him they should, and to restore the faith that unquestioningly says, "It is for the best."

October's gold had turned to sable at November's touch, and yet no notice of expulsion came. The Convent wondered, Monsieur l'Abbé wondered, Monsieur le Maire wondered, and the village wondered. And still the American purchaser seemed in no haste to take possession and to vandalize the sacred edifice.

There fell in December the day on which the vows of the nuns must be renewed and the novitiates take their perpetual vows.

Monsieur le Curé, regarding the three novitiates, exhorted them earnestly and at length seriously to consider the step they were about to take, which, ordinarily, might have been dismissed without further thought or reflection by pious novitiates, such as they had proven themselves to be. But the unsettled affairs of the Convent, the probability of an early expulsion, justified them in considering the worldly advantages that would accrue to them should they reject the perpetual vows.

The excellent old priest felt it incumbent to say that much. Sister Celestine and Sister Teresa were sturdy, matter-of-fact young women of peasant stock. The Curé took an interest in them, of course, but compared with his absorbing interest in Sister Agatha, it was colorless and flaccid indeed. Should they now take the vows, he would rejoice greatly for the sake of their souls; should they reject them, he would rejoice for the sake of their healthy young bodies. But Guilberte, his godchild, his favorite, caused him uneasiness. There was no self-seeking there; everything was fineness and

exaltation. No need to ask what *she* would do. And the thought of what would become of her when the expulsion finally took place troubled him greatly.

When he asked for the decision of the novitiates, Sister Celestine and Sister Teresa came up to him, blushing lightly, and kneeling before him, asked his benediction. They would willingly forego possible worldly benefits and adhere to their projected plan of conduct. They would take the vows. This was a great happiness indeed for the Curé, for, in his heart of hearts, he had doubted the steadfastness of the two Sisters. He blessed them, and then stretched out his hands to Guilberte.

She came to him, trembling a little and very white, and with the flowerlike grace which was all her own, knelt down. The Abbé smiled upon her. "Your decision, my child?" he asked, as a matter of form.

"Monsieur le Curé," the young voice was almost inaudible, "I cannot take the perpetual vows." A murmur of unbelief swept the ranks of the nuns. Their adored darling, the apple of their eye, rejecting the vows!

"It is not because of worldly advantages," continued the girl, her voice waxing stronger, "I would not have you think that, Father Sebastian, or you, Reverend Mother, but—but,—ah, well, the sin is great no doubt, yet not as unfathomable as if I had taken the habit for life. I—there is,—how shall I tell you? The image of God is not the only image graven upon my heart. It is obscured, darkened, veiled by the image of a man."

There was compassion, unbelief, disappointment in the look with which the Curé regarded the girl at his feet. Then slowly, gradually, a look of admiration shot through the other expressions, as a ray of sunlight pierces a cloud. When Guilberte finally looked up, and her eyes encountered the gaze of the Abbé Sebastian, she knew she was forgiven.

It required some little penetration to guess who he was who had diverted the girl's thoughts from the Church. The Curé did much thinking that winter, but said little.

The pendulum of time swung on, and placed spring on the dial once more. Once more, also, the cherry trees were in bloom, and Jeanette away on her visit, and Guil-



berte, no longer in nun's habit, cooking gruel and making pasties for the Abbé.

One afternoon, as Father Sebastian sat upon his bench, on the tessellated porch, there came a great swirling of dust and a strange commotion, and presently there stood before him a young man who grasped him by the hand, and said:

"I have come back to you at last, Father Sebastian."

"Have you indeed?" There was a note of nettled irony in the old priest's voice. He recognized at once in the handsome young stranger the little boy of twelve who had made himself sick eating cherries, some twenty years ago.

"It was a muddled winter," said Philippe, "and I have been very ill."

"They took me away to Italy, where I recovered slowly, very slowly, yet rapidly enough, thank Heaven, to buy the little Blue Convent in good time for *les chères sœurs*."

"It was you!" cried the astonished Curé. "And they said it was an American."

"A trick," laughed Philippe. "I inherited my uncle's fortune, more millions than I will ever use. And he was an American. So, likewise, is his lawyer. I retained him, and as a matter of prudence, he suggested the feint. The authorities might otherwise have suspected the reason of the purchase."

The Abbé Sebastian regarded the young man with open-mouthed amazement.

"My son," he said gently, "you have done a noble deed, a wonderfully noble deed. But, forgive me,—am I to understand that you did all this for my sake?"

At that Philippe became very red, and laughed nervously.

"I will not lie to you, Father Sebastian, since possibly you have guessed part of the truth. I did it for you partially, but principally, chiefly, almost wholly, I did it for the sake of the little nun whom I saw here last year, when Jeanette was away,—Sister Agatha, with the face of a Madonna and the eyes of an angel. She was too seductively beautiful, too alluringly lovely, to be thrust out into a world in which human wolves abound."

The young man lowered his eyes and they sat in silence for a few minutes, the Abbé Sebastian and Philippe. Then the young man said, still with downcast eyes,

without passion, in a voice blending tenderness, reverence, and such abnegation that it lingered forever in the Curé's memory:

"Her beauty has troubled me greatly."

The Abbé regarded the young man placidly.

"What," he said, "would you think, if I were to tell you that the little maid is not a nun at all?"

"Not a nun?"

"No—she refused to take the perpetual vows. A man, it seems, had intervened between herself and God."

But Philippe had risen, and stood, his body bent forward, leaning rigidly with his hand upon the small table. "Then she is married," he gasped.

"Not yet," said the Abbé smilingly. "But will be, soon."

Philippe became metamorphosed. There was no vestige of immolation in his manner now.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," he cried almost menacingly. "You torture me. Who is the man?"

Father Sebastian smiled his inscrutable, calm smile. "Perhaps, my son," he said placidly, "perhaps, you had better ask her that yourself. If I mistake not, she has just entered the room. Look through the window, or the door."

"I cannot meet her now," cried poor Philippe, but he looked in at the door nevertheless, and when he saw her, her eyes held him as limpid pools of water hold the moonlight, and the mahogany-tinted hair, surrounding her white face like a halo, drew him toward her like a magnet. He found he could not run away.

Presently he stood beside her, her hands, which were numb and still, in his.

"Sister Agatha," he said, for as yet he knew her by no other name, "who is the man?"

Tears filled her eyes, but she could not speak. Neither could she remove her gaze from his face. Then he understood.

Father Sebastian, sitting on the small tessellated porch, placidly matched the fingers of his two hands. Nor did he turn to look at what passed within the little room, for he knew, without seeing, that the gates of Paradise had swung wide at that moment to make a home for two loving young hearts.

# MAINE FACES BITTER FACTS

BY HOLMAN DAY

*IN three successive numbers last summer, APPLETON'S MAGAZINE considered the question "Does Prohibition Pay?" four authors contributing articles on various phases of the subject. The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked and Mr. George C. Lawrence discussed the matter as bearing upon man's obligations to his neighbor—the moral question—and to himself—the economic question—and either expressed or implied clearly affirmative replies to the inquiry. The articles by Mr. Holman Day, writing of Maine, "The State that has Persisted," and Mr. Trumbull White, of Iowa, "The State that Recanted," were narrative rather than argumentative, telling the story of what has happened, as they saw it, and frankly recognizing certain perplexities. For his frankness and honesty, Mr. Day achieved for his article the distinction of being a campaign issue in Maine, with the accompanying charge that he was paid, or APPLETON'S was paid, by the liquor interests to put the material into print. This in spite of the fact that the editor of APPLETON'S had himself sought Mr. Day to write on the subject, neither knowing nor caring what his conclusions might be, but certain that the article would be honest and illuminating. Impressed by the interest aroused by what he wrote, we have asked Mr. Day for another contribution on the liquor question in Maine, and the resulting material follows here. With more recent facts at command, and written in the same spirit that impels him to face conditions frankly, this article, like its predecessor, is apt to win more controversy for Mr. Day. But the honest student of the situation will be edified by a perusal of his statement of things as they are.—THE EDITOR.*



FOR four years the principle of enforced prohibition—prohibition enforced State-wide by central authority, and with the governor himself acting as our grand high sheriff—has been on trial in the State of Maine. At the end of that four years the honest men of Maine confess the bitter, humiliating truth that enforced prohibition has failed miserably. Our political sincerity has not met the test. It is hateful to be compelled to say that. The allegation invites more of that senseless vituperation from the impractical radicals who seem to believe that by glossing or misrepresenting conditions in Maine they can convince themselves and the outside world that we have really throttled Demon Rum up this way.

I say that honest men in Maine, ex-

amining candidly this attempt at State-wide enforcement, are ashamed as they view the results of the trial. For more than half a century we have had prohibition—in declaration—in our State; for the past four years, for the first time, we have made a serious and general attempt to enforce it. The law that provided for this enforcement is to be repealed by the new Maine Legislature. That fact tells the whole story of our failure to be honest with ourselves. At this writing I cannot state what will be offered as a substitute. The incoming governor tells me that he will suggest another mode of enforcement.

He says frankly that he doesn't know whether his suggestions will meet with popular or political favor. The significant feature is that he does not believe that the responsibility for securing enforcement should be saddled upon the governor. The

painful experiences of his predecessor are not for him, apparently, if he can avoid them. There is only one conclusion to be drawn from events as they are shaping themselves in Maine at this time: the dominant political party, having found that making the people obey their own liquor laws has nearly wrecked the party, has decided to "ease up." It's the familiar old resource! We know what this means, such of us as dare to be honest in thought and expression. It means that Maine is going back to that wicked, hypocritical, party-policy toleration of rum-selling.

This statement is blunt and unpleasant. I realize it. Truth is not pleasant—especially truth about our methods of handling the rum question in Maine. Maine doesn't like to talk about it. The political managers don't want the question stirred up. The liquor question never can be settled, anyway—at least not by political parties or sumptuary legislation forced on a great mass of the people by reformers who want to make good by law those who are inclined to be a little wicked by taste and election.

Like others of my friends and neighbors I have resented the flippant writings of men who have come into the State, have struck a few of the high places and have made fun of Maine's prohibitory law, viewing us merely with the cynical observation of the outsider. If we were now doing our best and honestest in Maine to achieve the suppression of the liquor traffic I would not be writing this. But as one who loves his State above mere question of party policy or expediency, when those subterfuges are employed to our discredit and our hurt as a people, I am going to say my say.

Governor Cobb, now retiring from office after four years, has been the only governor who has taken the prohibitory declarations of the Republican party seriously enough to ask for power of his own to enforce the liquor law, and, that power granted, is the only governor in a generation who has used personal and prerogative efforts to enforce it. He insisted that the principle of enforced prohibition be put upon trial. The plain and dreadful truth is, that after being honest in his intentions and performing to the best of his ability, he goes out of office politically discredited.

Understand that I do not say personally discredited, and it is in this respect that Maine's present shame exists. I will admit that a few politicians are so angry that they accuse the governor of all sorts of ulterior motives because he was quixotically honest enough to take his platform seriously. But the great mass of the people commend the governor's honesty of intention and then proceed to damn him for his political unwisdom. There you put your finger right on the whole trouble in Maine! Prohibition is first in party, first in politics, first in policy—but second in the hearts of the populace.

Interesting indeed in this connection is the fact that Governor Cobb is not a temperance fanatic. He is a teetotaler himself, but on many occasions has declared his liberality of views regarding the proper use of liquor by the individual. He is not even a radical on the prohibitory question. But he is a good business man and came into office with a business man's clean-cut ideas of the responsibility of promises, the value of laws and the moral obligations involved when he took his oath of office and promised the people to faithfully and impartially perform the duties incumbent on him.

The legislature put into his hands a law that allowed him to be practically the chief of the high sheriffs of Maine. In fact, he *was the high sheriff* of Maine.

Now without arguing with our illogical and uncomfortable friends, the politicians, or with our equally uncomfortable and illogical friends, the prohibition radicals, and thereby obscuring the main question which is whether or not Maine has come with credit through her test of the principle of *enforced* prohibition, let us take facts and view what happened!

Governor Cobb was elected in 1904 by a plurality of about 27,000, which was quite as gratifying as that granted to his *laissez faire* predecessors—but the people of Maine had not then tested the sincerity of his promises to enforce the liquor laws. When, at the end of two years, they had tested them and found their respectable barrooms closed—if there is any such thing as a respectable barroom (I am using the phraseology I hear every day in discussions of the question, and there are people in Maine who insist that many barrooms under the old plan were respectable)—when the bars

at hotels and the bars sanctioned by the nullification régime were put out of business and the liquor traffic of Maine was driven to the dives and haunts, to the pocket-peddlers and the State liquor agencies—legalized barrooms whose conditions have grown so ridiculously shameful that a special legislative commission has been investigating them—when all this had happened and Governor Cobb was renominated by a sullen party, he found his plurality cut from over 27,000 to about 7,000. I am ashamed to put down here what prominent party managers said about Governor Cobb's political wisdom. In telling other truths I have been accused of defaming my own State. Having more respect for my State than the radicals and the hypocrites that are ruining us by folly and falsehood, I refrain from telling all the bitter truth.

Even the figures of that amazing slump do not tell all the story. Only those who were on the inside of things in the campaign of 1906 understand by what narrow touch-and-go was Governor Cobb elected at all. The test of enforced prohibition failed. The legislature now in session is to repeal the so-called "Sturgis law," that brought into being an enforcement commission acting for the whole State under the constitutional amendment and headed by the governor. The governor who manfully led that attempt to make Maine honest, who took his platform seriously, who looked to see his party get behind him loyally, has no political future. The damning he has received has doomed him.

I say again, enforced prohibition has failed in its most vital respect.

The radicals who make a fetish of the prohibitory amendment will promptly retort that during the past four years the more conspicuous barrooms have been closed, and that the system of recognized nullification has been broken up. That is true in a measure. But here is something else that is true: in Lewiston, the second largest city in Maine, from figures furnished to me by the mayor, I find that arrests for intoxication during the past four years have steadily increased from something like six hundred annually to over one thousand for the past twelve months. Yet Lewiston is the only city in Maine where a large force of enforcement deputies has

been on the job day in and day out, all the time. The object of all laws of prohibition is to prevent the misuse of liquor. On the main question of temperance—its economic, social, and moral value to the community—I do not argue with the prohibitionists. There is no argument. As to the *practical* results of prohibition in Lewiston—our best sample of enforced prohibition—well, if there is any argument to comfort a radical it certainly cannot be produced from statistics. The same facts prevail elsewhere, but Lewiston's example will answer for all the other cities.

I repeat that the test of enforced prohibition, as it has worked out, ought to make us ashamed in Maine!

We might even excuse the party betrayal of the enforcement governor as shown by that slump in the party vote, if the party now proposed to stand pat on the question about which its platform is so explicit and so enthusiastic. But the only State enforcement law we have ever had is to be repealed, because the party sees that enforcing what its platform declares for will wreck the party. I refrain from expressing any opinions. That would lead this writing into too wide a field. I am simply picturing conditions. I am tempted to plead on behalf of myself and many loyal Republicans that attempts to read us out of our party because we refuse to stultify ourselves by playing politics with prohibition and cheating the gods of decency, are attempts that reflect no credit on those who make them. But as even those who decry the plain truth are aware of their own insincerity I'll not waste time.

All this present uproar in Maine regarding the liquor question has arisen purely on account of the recent attempt to enforce the constitutional law. It had become so comfortably easy that we had almost forgotten that we had a prohibitory law.

The country towns did not bother their heads with it, for no one therein wanted or would tolerate liquor selling even under high license or free rum. They were getting along then just as they are getting along to-day—and as they will continue to get along. The countryman either has his liquor come by express or controls his thirst until he gets down to the city. And to be sure there is the cider barrel!

The cities in the old days did not real-

ize that there was a prohibitory law, for in such cities as demanded such indulgence by popular sentiment the sheriff pursued the nullification programme, assisted by the county attorney, who secured the imposition of fines twice a year or thereabouts—a practical though illegal system of low license. I have discussed that system at some length in a preceding article, and pointed out the abuses that grew up when a sheriff was venal and sold privileges to liquor dealers. There are stories enough in that connection to damn the prohibitory law as a practical system of sumptuary legislation—and those stories would be pat at this time, for the discerning Maine man foresees that we are coming right back to that old system inside of a few months. In Maine the pendulum always swings high toward the wet side of the clock after our human nature gives it an impatient thrust from the dry side. But I don't care to rake up old yarns. For that matter, there'll be plenty of new ones coming along after the enforcement law is off the books.

By the time this article appears, Governor Fernald will have announced to the people of Maine his new policy. At this writing, on account of the exigencies of magazine preparation, I am not able in December to state exactly what the governor will say to the people in his inaugural address in January. But he informs me that he has a new scheme to advocate. He says that it looks to better enforcement by making the regularly elected officers do their duty. But he also states that he does not believe it is up to the governor of the State to play policeman or sheriff. However, as we all know in Maine, the moment the governor gives up that enforcement commission, that moment the State returns to the system of local option, practiced illegally under the prohibitory law.

When he was on the stump Mr. Fernald did not state what he thought of the enforcement law. He merely declared his belief in prohibition and said he would stand for enforcement.

I recollect certain interesting incidents that occurred when, acting under the ancient dispensation of the practical politicians, Governor Llewellyn Powers met up with the situation when he was seated in the gubernatorial chair—reelected, by the way, by a plurality of more than thirty

thousand! Governor Powers truly must have suited the people of Maine in his handling of all matters of party policy—including the liquor question, of course. He always unhesitatingly declared for prohibition.

At that time, twelve years ago, the liquor business flourished in Maine almost without concealment. Hotels had bars quite as open and ornate as those in license States. Saloons were sprinkled thickly along the streets of Maine cities. The country towns were dry, even as they are now, and probably always will be. The spasms of enforcement and the iniquities of "let-ups" have never bothered the country towns, and let me state, the country towns cast two thirds of the vote of Maine and blandly constitute themselves the mentors of the morals of the wicked cities.

The Maine Christian Civic League, noting the prevalence of saloons, started a crusade consisting of indignation meetings and the preparation of an immense petition calling upon Governor Powers to issue a proclamation directing the officers of the State to gird themselves and do their duty. Thousands of names were secured. Even saloon keepers signed. It was courteous and didn't cost anything. I went to Governor Powers and asked him to give me a statement of his attitude regarding the petition. This is what he gave me:

"There are certain contingencies that may arise whereby the governor, after a complaint and a hearing on specific charges, may remove an officer of the executive department of the State. So far I have received no such complaint against any officer, either sheriff or county attorney. If any such complaint does come before me I assure the temperance people of the State of Maine that I shall endeavor to do my entire duty in the premises, in so far as I am empowered by the statutes. Beyond doubt the liquor interests in the State are at the present time too brazenly assertive. The traffic is too open. All my sympathies are with the prohibitory law, notwithstanding this temporary nullification. I see no good whatever in the suggested compromise of high license. Did I know that there would be a third more drunkenness under prohibition than under a license system I would still insist that Maine can better serve the interests of temperance by keeping



rum under the ban of the law than in having it sold according to law and made a recognized business. It is apparent that the proper and the legal move needs to be made at the present time. The temperance people no doubt are sincere in the matter of this petition. But I want to ask them and the people of the State of Maine this question: May there not be other citizens besides the governor of the State who have duties and responsibilities in regard to the better enforcement of the law? And have these citizens a right to call upon the governor to make an extraordinary move in the matter until they themselves have used the weapons that the law has placed in their hands and expects them to use honestly before they make appeals to the executive?"

"How about calling on sheriffs and other officers to enforce the law energetically as the temperance people through their petition propose to demand of you?"

"I cannot say exactly what I shall be able to do as a governor. I haven't examined the statutes. If the governor has official knowledge that officers are derelict he can call upon them to do their duty, but the law does not give him power to oblige them to do it. He can dismiss public servants who are objectionable, after charges are filed and the council acts on the matter. But it must be understood that the sheriffs and the county attorneys of Maine are elected by the people and are accountable to the people. It is for the people to secure evidence against unfaithful officers. We, the governor and council, are ready at all times to listen to the complaints of the people and to act on suitable testimony. But I trust the people of Maine do not expect me to start out and be general high sheriff of the State. The people will do well to recollect that they have elected enforcement officers who are receiving salaries for their services. And I have not learned officially that the officers are not doing their duty."

That was all that Governor Powers could do for the people and their petitions. With the present enforcement law out of the way that will be all that Governor Fernald can do. The people themselves will have the enforcement matter in their own hands, along with the punishment of derelict officers. But no sheriff has been

impeached, indicted, or removed in Maine for neglect of duty.

The present enforcement law allows the governor to create in any county a special attorney for the State to handle prosecutions for liquor selling in case the regularly elected county attorney has neglected, in the opinion of the governor, to be properly diligent and uncompromising. In Somerset County such a special attorney was appointed, superseding the man chosen by the people. The latter has taken the case to the high court of the State, in order to test its constitutionality. There is no suggestion that similar power will be vested in the new governor, in case the enforcement law is repealed in 1909.

When Powers was governor, and was visiting the Bangor State Fair, a zealous prohibitionist came hunting him up.

"I have been over this city on a tour of inspection, governor," stated the earnest gentleman. "I find scores of saloons running wide open and jammed with customers. I want to know whether you, as chief executive of this State, are going to allow this to continue? I demand that you put your foot down hard. You are the man to stop this brazen rum traffic, and now is your time."

Governor Powers plowed his hand through his hair and shrewdly narrowed his eyes.

"My dear sir, I suppose you have heard the fable of the cat, the mice and the bell, haven't you? Ah, I thought so! Well, you're a pretty good-sized mouse in this State, yourself. Why don't you exercise your prerogative as a citizen and put the bell on? If you know where the saloons are, complain, and warrants will be issued."

"But you're the man to do it," persisted the other.

"That's what the mice in the fable told each other," quoth the governor.

"Now look here, my friend," he continued, "I am elected to execute the laws—all the laws, it is true. But the governor of a State is neither an autocrat nor is he omnipotent. He must move in certain official grooves. All matters must come before him in certain shape before he can take effective action. Others must have their say and do their part. When a governor attempts to step outside his official bounds, and take the initiative and starts

a crusade, he isn't considered by his friends and his enemies as purely patriotic. He is reckoned quixotic, and people back away from him as they would from a broncho. They can't tell exactly where he is likely to kick next."

In the light of present events in Maine, as stated above, this shrewd sizing-up of the conditions is not merely wisdom, as politicians view wisdom, but it is prophecy by a skillful politician fully qualified to prophesy. That was twelve years ago!

Governor Powers continued: "I believe in prohibition and in the prohibitory law, and I would like to see it strictly and thoroughly enforced as long as it is on our statute books. It isn't news to me to hear that liquor is sold freely in Bangor, or, for that matter, in other Maine cities. If you and the other prohibitionists don't like this why don't you go to work on your officers elected to enforce the law? If they don't enforce, bring their cases before the governor and the council and we will act in accordance with the statutes. We are your servants. We will execute the laws. But you want to understand that the governor and council are not high sheriffs, liquor spotters or special constables." The advice was not taken by the zealot. Governor Powers finished his four years as executive, being reelected triumphantly by one of the largest pluralities ever given a governor in Maine, was immediately elected to Congress, and served there without opposition until his death in 1908.

Any one who fails to see any political significance in this, in the light of succeeding events in Maine, or claims to see any political honesty in the manner in which this great question has been handled in Maine, must be fond of argument for argument's sake.

Governor Cobb, having decided after studying the prohibitory plank of his party and reading the prohibitory resolutions passed by every district and county convention in Maine, that Maine people really wanted the law enforced, was called upon after a year of enforcement to defend his policy. In the spring election of 1906 Maine cities and towns were going Democratic in that "Hell-bent for Governor Kent" fashion that the old song has celebrated. In its municipal elections Maine was already giving surly promise of how it

meant to slap an executive who took its prohibitory protestations too seriously.

Governor Cobb opened his campaign for reelection by a speech before the Deering Republican Club, in which he said that he had insisted on enforcement because he believed his party meant what they said when party leaders had urged him in every county to state that if elected he would enforce the prohibitory law. He did not make any apologies for his action in that speech. He said:

"Prior to the passage of the Sturgis law (the enforcement law) there was no provision whereby the executive could attempt to enforce the prohibitory laws. . . . Some of the oldest and most sagacious leaders of the Republican party, while believing in prohibition and enforcement, questioned the wisdom of passing the Sturgis bill. They predicted just such difficulties as have followed. They may have been right, but I could not agree with them then and do not agree with them now.

"No sooner had the enforcement commission begun its work in some of the localities where the law was openly defied, than certain counties were in an uproar, and the downfall of the Republican party was freely predicted.—Faint-hearted Republicans forgot their platforms and began to question the wisdom of putting avowed political principles into practice. The feeling of doubt and uncertainty spread all over the State, and naturally enough the Sturgis law was held to be the scapegoat for all the woes of the Republican party. So far as actual and known results are concerned, the dissatisfaction culminated in the spring elections and almost every man, who for one cause or another cherished a resentment against the party, masked himself behind the Sturgis law and contributed to Republican defeat. The issue must not be confounded, however, and while our opponents call it the Sturgis law, yet, as a matter of fact, it is the principle of enforced prohibition that is on trial, and every thinking, fair-minded man knows this to be the truth. Has the Republican party been sincere or insincere in its professions of belief in that principle? Has it used the principle in its platforms only as a meaningless declaration to catch votes or did it mean what it said and does it propose to stand by it? Has a few months of at-

tempted real enforcement so pricked the hollowness of its convictions that they vanish at the first sight of possible disaster?—Nullification of the law and all the corruption that follows in its train has made the situation what it is.—The Sturgis law is only a means to the end, and that end is to prevent nullification.—The fundamental question of enforced prohibition versus local option and license is altogether too important to be treated in a narrow spirit or in a spirit colored by party prejudice alone. There are many who honestly believe that the evils growing out of the use and abuse of liquor can be regulated best by some form of license and it is wrong and absurd to question their sincerity. I had hoped, however, that the Republican party, having been committed to the principle of prohibition for so many years, would not be so cowardly as to abandon that principle upon being confronted for the first time with an enforcement that meant the downfall of nullification, but would stand firm as a rock for party unity in giving enforcement a fairer trial than can be secured in a year's time under present excited conditions."

In passing it may be stated that the legislature a few months after that speech was made passed a bill to repeal the Sturgis law, the governor vetoed the bill, the senate passed it over his veto, but the house, after a hot fight, failed to secure votes enough to agree with the senate. So the enforcement law continued on the books, but with what regard from the people, as a whole, can be estimated.

"I am a Republican," declared the governor in his speech, "but my own political faith is not measured by the standard of prohibition alone. Are our opportunities for public good and service to be jeopardized and thrown away because a dominant party, brought to test by a law of its own making, lacks courage to defend its own? If so it not only invites but deserves defeat."

From the foregoing an outsider may judge what a stirring up the prohibitory principle, nullified until it was moribund, has been having in the State that was first of all the States to enact a prohibitory law.

In Maine we felt that one of three things must result from this stand by the governor, this enforcement, this uproar, this

sharp division of sentiment at last accomplished after years of that peculiar amity between the saloon lion and the prohibition lamb.

Either we felt that the party would listen to the governor's call, would feel its responsibilities and get behind him at the polls with a majority that would settle matters for the rum element.

Or, we felt that the party would see that the regularly elected officers, sheriffs, and others, got on to their jobs so as to take the hateful enforcement commission with its expensive horde of deputies out of politics.

Or, we felt that the State, having decided that strict enforcement in city and country alike had been proved to be obnoxious to the sentiment that allows to municipalities regulation of police matters—in fact, admitting that prohibition is not feasible—would resubmit the matter to the people for a vote.

None of these three contingencies has happened.

As far as the principle of prohibition itself is concerned it is admittedly more firmly entrenched than ever. It is the fetish of the radicals. They scoff at suggestions of compromise. They assert that any kind of prohibition is better than "licensing the crime of crimes." I will frankly confess that I do not like the idea of high license or any kind of license, *per se*. Speaking broadly, from the standpoint of the best interests of the community, and for the moment admitting that human nature is really better than what we know it to be, the admission of a legalized saloon, a retail shop to pick up the nickles and dimes of unfortunates who are paying a retailer immense profits on goods that really harm the purchaser—the establishment of such a resort is to be deplored. From the plane of best general interests we see no good in the saloon.

But on the other hand! Men are going to procure liquor, and men are going to drink it. If education could precede reformation and men would view liquor—if they must needs drink it in any form—as an article of diet, and employ it temperately and as little to their own harm as possible, a portion of the great question that has vexed mankind during all the ages, and will always continue to vex it, would be set-

tled. But this is asking too much of human nature. The great majority of men who drink are possessed of the spirit of gregariousness and flock to some resort to do their drinking. This fact puts the rumseller in business. In Maine, under prohibition, as we have had it through all the years, rumsellers are under no moral or legal obligation nor, what is most essential of all in regulating the traffic, are they under financial restraint of any sort. Any blackleg in Maine who has money enough to buy a keg of liquor—fiery, unspeakable poison, for he will not risk investing in good, and is sure of customers if he has anything that passes for liquor—this person can run his chances and set up in business. He can and he does sell to any one who has the price. He pits his craft against the vigilance of the officers. Raid after raid may be unsuccessful. Once the law breaker is caught, conviction is long delayed, by the natural dilatoriness of justice—and in the meantime most of the incorrigible sort of rumsellers keep on selling, trusting to get off with a fine at the general round-up of rumsellers at court sitting.

The case of Mrs. Partington sweeping out the Atlantic Ocean is paralleled by Mother Maine trying to keep the tide of rum from running in over her doorsill. It's discouraging work—for to tell the truth and sum up the big difficulty, there isn't real, moral resolution behind the enforcement law, either in people or executives.

In those communities where there is a sentiment against rumselling no one tries to sell rum. In the city of Auburn, even in the most wide-open times of sheriff-made law, no one has opened a liquor shop, though it might naturally be supposed that with fifteen thousand population there would be a call for liquor. There was. There still is. But right across the river from Auburn is the larger city of Lewiston with saloons in the open times and dives in the tight times, and club rooms all the time. The thirsty citizens of Auburn merely walk across the bridge.

In Maine we all know that were the moral sense of the community behind the Maine law in good, sincere earnest, the police of any city, the constables of any town, would be all the enforcement power we need. But just now we have three

sets of officers to deal with the liquor question. The police don't bother at all. They say it's up to the county sheriffs with their special liquor deputies. In five counties in Maine the sheriffs are now calmly sitting back and saying that it's up to the Sturgis deputies.

It must not be supposed that these Sturgis deputies are in their work out of any moral interest in the thing. They are expolicemen or men of that sort, and are earning their per diem and expenses in quite a matter-of-fact way by chasing the liquor traffic into the dog holes to which it has retreated and from which it is putting out a big amount of villainous liquor. An army could not stop this kind of traffic, which is the worst phase of the rum business because so conscienceless and so wholly unregulated. In four years the State has paid upward of \$75,000 to the Sturgis deputies and the commission that is directing their activities, and considering the fact that these men are doing the work that sheriffs are elected and paid to do, the taxpayers are restive.

But cost what it has, and as inefficient as the enforcement law has proved in many respects, we do not face with equanimity the prospective "loosening up" and the old *régime* of toleration revived. In the past, sheriffs and politicians have used that spirit of municipal or county toleration in order to manage the rumsellers, forming a close corporation and selling indulgences to the great advantages of the sheriff's pocket. Under that *régime* we saw even rumsellers advocating prohibition, because cheap men were allowed to enter the business with the sheriff's permission and protection, who never would have secured the right to sell under a high license system. And the fines paid the court, amounting in most cases to less than three hundred dollars a year per rumseller, produced from nullification a low license system that was very attractive to the men who wanted to sell rum.

But there is no hope in Maine that by vote the people will dispense with the constitutional amendment that spreads its ægis over such shameful partnership.

There is another partnership that is nigh as shameful, as we are enabled to view the way in which its affairs have been administered in the past dozen years. The State legalizes municipal liquor agencies that may

be established on vote of the people of a town or city. The State through its State agent, appointed by the governor, sells liquors to these agencies that in turn dispose of them to citizens who are supposed to buy liquors only when they are needed for medicine, for mechanical purposes, or for use in the arts. These agencies have been doing a rushing business during the past four years of tight times, and conditions surrounding some of them have been so flagrant that a special legislative committee has been investigating each agency and will report findings to the legislature. Over some of the evidence already disclosed a Maine man of discriminating mind doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Leading physicians have testified at these hearings that they do not find it necessary to prescribe for actual illness twenty gallons of whisky in a lifetime of practice. No prescriptions are needed by an applicant at the agency. More than one hundred thousand dollars' worth of liquor was sold through town agencies last year at an average profit to towns and cities, so the hearings have disclosed, of forty per cent. The little town of Randolph pays half its annual town bills by profits from the liquor agency. The town is near the National Soldiers' Home at Togus. The veterans have been deprived of the canteen that once satisfied their thirst with beer. Now they patronize the Randolph town agency and buy hard liquors. That is to say, after a wise and beneficent government, acceding to the requests of the temperance societies of the land, has estopped the dispensing of liquors under the government sanction, the prohibition State of Maine, through a legalized town rumshop, continues the business! The Lewiston agency in a city of less than thirty thousand population did over \$10,000 worth of business in a year.

At the last election the State voted on the adoption of the initiative and referen-

dum and adopted that policy by a decisive majority. I have been interested and somewhat amused to discover since election how many men in the State admit that they voted for the adoption of the popular initiative because they supposed that this measure, when in operation, would give them a chance at the constitutional amendment prohibiting the sale of liquors in Maine. Few of the voters studied the measure to see what it did say. However, it expressly provides that the initiative and referendum does not apply to constitutional provisions. Resubmission of the great question that has vexed Maine can come to the people only by a two-thirds vote of the legislature, allowing a popular ballot—and that will never be accomplished in our generation.

In the meantime the situation remains thus in Maine:

The radical prohibitionists and the liberal "personal-liberty" element are just as far apart as they can get and are calling each other nasty names and fighting each other spiritedly. They will not admit that there is any common ground of compromise on which both elements might meet and arrange matters so that the really best interests of the State would be served. The radicals, making a fetish of the principle of prohibition without regard to real efficacy of the measure, impugn the motives of every man who disagrees with them as to policy; even those who tell the truth about conditions in Maine with a view of performing a little moral surgery that may help while it hurts, are accused of being bribed by the liquor trusts. So long as we remain in this state of mind it is useless for us to discuss possible remedies. And the politicians stand straddling from one party to the other and make us crawl under—and grin while we are doing it. It is not a pleasant prospect—but there you have it!





# THE YOU-DREAM

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM



LISA stooped to pick another mushroom. Her skirt flapped about her ankles, her hair went streaming forth over her forehead, her blue tie flung out like a flag. She got up breathless.

"Hey!" she shouted, hand at mouth, to the young man beside her, "Hey there—look at this one!" She raised her voice, and shrieked, "*Beauty!*"

The young man with the sad face came round between her and the ripping gale.

"Don't try to talk. Come home."

He watched her effort to be heard against the wind, but only little explosions of words like "splendid"—"storm"—"kid"—"I am"—came to him. He laughed sadly at the fresh lovely girlish face. He loved every bit of golden hair that foamed out toward him; he loved the gray eyes that seemed like a crackling grate fire full of sparks and flame and burning life; he loved the soft tanned cheeks, and the tanned hands and rounded arms. In fact, he loved Elisa.

Presently she laughed and swung about to windward. Then her words hit him like a moon-lit torrent.

"Corey, why don't you answer me! Here I'm screaming my lungs out, and you say, 'Come home, come home!' Is that all you can say! I tell you it's splendid!" She sang out, quoting Shelley:

"O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's  
being,  
Thou, from whose unseen presence, the  
leaves dead  
Are driven——"

She stopped, laughing gloriously, then flung out her arms, and gazed upward in

the whirlpool of slashing clouds, and cried:

"Be thou, Spirit fierce,  
My spirit: be thou me, impetuous one!"

"Corey, this is my time of the year! I wish a gale would blow me out to the moon! Just look!"

He gazed sadly into her face. She met his gaze, and her lips quivered.

"Up there!" she cried, "Up there! And feel—the dry leaves!"

A great shower of maple leaves blew against them, flapping in their faces, on their hands, and swirling up and around.

"Corey!" she exulted, "Corey! But look up!"

He finally did. They stood on the slope of a low hill; about them, in the distance, sparse woodlands tossed and shrieked, and farther away the pine-clad foothills of mist-lost mountains showed black. The low skies were yellow, and moved with incredible rapidity. Earth was dying, and yet the world seemed to be at the moment of birth. It was the weirdest day of the year.

Corey said something, not what he felt. His feeling was infinitely sad. He seemed on the brink of losing her—of seeing her swirled up into that vault of vapor and drowned in the wreck of the dying world. To him, the weather was overpowering in its suggestion of death.

The blowing girl came very close to hear him. So close that foam lashed his cheek.

"Can't hear—the wind is scattering your thoughts over the field!" She laughed. "Think of a crop of Corey-thoughts next year!"

He worked round to windward.

"It'll be a crop of You-dreams," he said sadly.

"You-dreams?" she shrieked.

"Dreams about *you*!"

"Oh!"

"Would you like it?"

"Like what?"

"A crop of You-dreams?"

"Are they red, or green, or melancholy purple?"

"They're white—I mean white petals—golden stamens—there's a dab of gray at the tip of the petals."

"Can't hear, Corey!" She lifted her arms again. "'Be thou me, impetuous one!'"

Suddenly the yellow of the sky went black; the earth seemed to howl; some strong belated bird was blown by the wind up through a white crack between clouds. The world seemed to be crashing to pieces. Corey grasped her arm.

"Home, Elisa!" he whispered.

"What!" she called, "stop our doors and windows, stuff them—shut out this glorious weather? Domestic animal!"

"Home with me!" he cried.

She laughed, and then let go her footing that the gale might hurry her along. It did. She went blowing down the slope, over the road, under the pines, and up the little hill. Corey ran quickly to keep pace with her. They clambered through the blackness of the sudden night onto the black porch of the house—the house which, these last six months, he had haunted like an inmate, to the amazement of his mother who lived with him over the hillside.

"I'll strike a light," he shouted.

He pulled back the door with all his power, and strode into the empty blackness. The door slammed behind him, and he stood suddenly in the heart of quiet. He found the matches, struck one, and lit the lamp on the center table. A weird low golden radiance filled the lower half of the room. The door was pulled back; he looked up, and watched Elisa's face take the lamp-glow as it entered. Her hair was wild, her cheeks ruddy; she throbbed with exultation. The door slammed her in.

"Well!" she cried, and then laughed, "I forgot not to shriek! My, how dead in here!"

"This is home-weather," he whispered. "This is the time of year the heart turns toward home!"

She came up, breathless.

"Get the fire started. Logs—pine logs

—pile 'em on! Let's get a roaring blaze in the hearth! Let's get the skies and the wind and the red woods into a grate fire! Come, Corey!"

She knelt at the fireplace, and placed the pine logs herself. Shavings and paper were already in the grate. He leaned over and applied the match, and they sank back upon the soft white bear rug and silently watched the running flame and listened to the swift sharp crackling.

"I'm beginning to like it here," she murmured. "I'm beginning to catch your fever, Corey!"

"You mean—" He looked at her shaded face with the soft splashing light dancing over it.

"I mean," she whispered, "I'm beginning to get the home feeling—the homey feeling! Here's our blazing hearth, here's our house, and outside the lonely world is singing itself to death! Listen!"

The crackling inside came in strange contrast to the howling without—the rattling windows, the roar down the chimney.

"I'm so glad," he said at last, "that your mother and father went to Wickcliff today. It's a bad night for them to come back, and it's selfish to be glad about it! But, think, Elisa, you and I will have our first supper alone together!"

She looked at him slyly.

"Shall we play house?" she lisped, dropping fifteen years from her age.

"Oh, let's!" he cried fervently.

She jumped up.

"Remember!" she cried, "Corey, we're *playing*—we're *playing*! The first foolish sober word, and I won't play any more! So there!" She stamped her foot.

"Well—" he gulped, "dreaming is better than emptiness! It'll be a You-dream anyway!" He smiled sadly.

"Then first I must go marketing!" she murmured.

"Mayn't I come?" he asked.

"No—you're the man of the house. You must stay home and read the paper and toast your feet! Give me the matches!"

He handed her the safety matches. She rushed out of the side door toward the kitchen. He sat, poker in hand, prodding the logs and watching the great leaping flames—the blood-red under the gold, the sparks that dashed upward.

"Corey!" came a clear voice.

He jumped up, and rushed into the little kitchen. A fire was burning the stove red, a lamp on the kitchen table threw a weak luster through the cozy place. Elisa was clapping her hands.

"See what I've got!" she cried.

On the table was a wild assortment of sliced cold meats, eggs, carrots, mushrooms and pie.

"Well," he said gayly, "that's a feast for an army!"

"It's for us!" she laughed. "You and me! Oh, I'm getting to like this—*much!* The wild west wind may blow into the Pacific for all I care! I'm home!"

He was going to say something strong and sufficing, but he remembered her warning. He bit his lips.

"Shall I help you, Mother?" he asked.

"I guess not!" she laughed. "I'm going to surprise my man! *You're* to set the table. Set it fancy, please! Surprise me!—Now, go 'long, sonny, I'm busy!"

"But really," he began seriously, "I can scramble eggs, make toast, boil meat, get up stunning coffee—and you"—he paused, and tried to put it without indelicacy—"you've never had to do that sort of work, have you?"

"Don't care!" she broke in, "I want a surprise supper! Go 'long, sonny, don't bother me!"

He lingered at the door. She shook a saucepan at him.

"Go 'long, now, go 'long!"

He disappeared.

For a few minutes he toiled busily—putting the lamp on the mantel, pushing two armchairs at opposite sides of the table, laying the cloth, the silver and the plates. Then he sat down, took out his fountain pen and a scrap of paper, wrote something, folded the paper, inscribed on the outside, "To be opened after supper," and put it under her plate. He surveyed his work with much satisfaction.

Then at last she came laughing in. In one hand was a jug of cider, in the other a plate of bread.

"Oh!" she cried, "where's my surprise!"

"Coming!" he grinned. "Here—let me help you!"

"No, sir!" she cried fiercely. "You're

to sit down, and close your eyes! Quick, now!"

He smiled, and sat with his back to the fire. He heard her moving about. Once he felt instinctively that she was hovering over him, that her lips were near. He put out a hand suddenly and it touched her arm.

"Corey!" she cried sharply. "Don't stir!"

His heart beat violently. He heard her feet pattering away to the kitchen. He waited in darkness for a long age. Again came the patter; something heavy was put down on the table near him. Again he felt her hovering over him, her lips near. He sat breathless, not daring to stir. And then it came—a quick light kiss on his forehead, a brush of fluttering hair, a soft soblike laugh.

"Look!" she whispered.

"Elisa!" he cried out.

"Remember!" she warned. "It's only ceremony! Look!"

He looked. Before him was a big silver punch bowl, and a steam rose from it.

"What in thunder—" he began.

"Surprise!" she cried.

"Well, well, is that our supper?"

"All but the pie and the cider," she laughed. "It's stunning, let me tell you!"

She sat opposite, and leaned her head on her hand. The far red light of the hearth fire softened her face into a dreamy loveliness. He had to look at her before he plunged the ladle. Her eyes were weird with tenderness, expectation—something deeper. He felt dizzy, and scooped as if he were asleep.

"It's a You-dream coming true!" he murmured.

Then he noticed what he had fished up and put on a plate. It was vari-colored and of varied bulk and hardness.

"What's this?" he cried, feeling suddenly the demon of hysterical guffaws pounding his ribs. "What's this?"

"Surprise!" she said wildly.

He held down the explosion as best he could, and worked rapidly, handing her a plateful, and setting another before him. He looked. A whole mushroom peered at him from a blob of boiled steak; an egg yolk stared out at a corner; a whole carrot lay buried beneath. He tried to talk sanely.

"What's 't flavored with, anyway?"

"Flavored?" she laughed. "Taste it!"

He dared not delay another instant. Desperately he lifted a spoonful. He tasted of it. It was weird and uncanny. He was suddenly lost forever and loosed a wild howl.

"Corey!" she cried. "There! After all my trouble!"

"But it's whisky," he roared, "it's whisky, Elisa—whisky and carrots and boiled steak and boiled eggs and—and—goodness!" He smacked his lips. "Is it vanilla flavoring too?"

Her face had a look of inexpressible pain.

"Goodness!" he went on, explosively. "Did you just dump everything you could find into a tub of water and boil it?"

She gave one weak sob.

"Corey! Corey! How can you! All my dream broken!"

Down went the golden head.

He sobered to the point of remorse.

"Elisa!"

"Don't talk to me!" she sobbed. "I just—just—I—of course it's flavored—it makes it piquant——"

"Piquant?" He doubled up, and howled. "Piquant?"

She lifted her tear-stained, bruised face. It was pitiful.

"So," she cried, "you're just an ordinary fellow—you don't—don't—care—you're as cruel as a ruffian—it's cowardly to laugh at a girl—all along I thought you were so chivalrous—so knightly—I won't play house any more—I wish Mother would come! I wish Mother would come home!"

"But, Elisa," he broke out, "was ever a man chivalrous when it came to eating things? Aren't you woman enough to understand that? The way to a man's heart——"

"Oh!" she cried sharply. "There! Now I know you! Now you reveal your true nature! Just an ordinary animal—like any man! And all our dream broken up—all this wild afternoon, with the west wind and the world dying—all the homey feelings—and after I kissed you, too!"

He felt his guilt; he bowed his head.

"Forgive me," he whispered.

"Never!"

"Really," he murmured, his eyes clouding up, "really, I was laughing at the com-

bination. It may taste splendidly after all. I may acquire a taste for it!"

She looked at him with silent accusation.

"Elisa," he whispered, "listen to the gale roaring in the chimney—hear the windows clank and clatter—and look at the hearth—the hearth! It's like a dream to be in here with you—to sit here, in our own little home—all the world shut out and dying—and we two alone together in the storm!"

Her face saddened.

"That's the way I felt," she murmured, "before. Now—it's too late!"

"Even if I eat my Elisa porridge?"

She shook her head.

"Even if you eat it!"

"But, Elisa——"

"Don't talk to me!" she muttered.

He bravely dug his spoon in, lifted it, and consumed a burning mouthful of the unsavory mess. He did it three times, courageously smiling and nodding. Tears came to her eyes again. She whispered faintly:

"You're really a little sorry, aren't you, Corey?"

"Yes," he said.

She took a spoon, drove it through what was on her plate, lifted it to her lips and tasted. Her hand shook; her body vibrated. She clattered the spoon down and shrieked with laughter.

"Oh, Corey, Corey, you poor fellow!" she cried. "My poor, poor sonny! And you ate three spoonfuls! Oh, how dreadful I have been!"

He laughed brokenly.

"So I'm forgiven, am I?"

She sat back, and suddenly they laughed at each other across the table. Elisa's heart melted. She lifted her plate:

"Daddy, gim'me some pie!"

Then she noticed the note, snatched it up and read the inscription.

"Oh, mayn't I open it now?"

"No!" he commanded, "cider and pie first!"

"All right!" She put it down obediently.

They had the cider and the pie.

She looked up at last, and smiled on him:

"I'm homey again, very homey!"

"It's wonderful!" he murmured, gaz-

ing at her. Her eyes went down. "Just you and I and the hearth fire and our supper and the storm!"

He was silent a moment.

"It's a You-dream come true!"

"What particular one?" she breathed.

"Oh, the loneliest one! The one I always dream when I'm away from you—the dream of a home, and one little woman there making it golden and miraculous!" He looked at her; she had turned her face away. "The magic dream, that! And tonight I get the feel of it—the glory of it—it's so real, you and I sitting opposite each other under our own rafters and beside our own fire! I can imagine how men in foreign lands go insane with desire to get back to their homes—some one opening the door for them—some one holding out arms—some one kissing them—on—the—lips——"

"Don't! don't!" she murmured, trembling. "It's against the rules!"

"And," he went on, ignoring her, "some one to take a tired man to the fire, and make him sit down—some one to sit on the arm of the chair and fondle him and say things to him——"

"Corey!" she cried, tearfully, "it's against the rules!"

"Then read the note!" he cried.

She arose—trembling from head to foot—took the slip of paper and went to the mantel, turning her back to him. The lamplight fell golden on the golden head. He could see the supple body quiver. He could imagine the strange face, with eyes blinded with tears and lips shaking.

She read:

"You didn't say I couldn't write to you. Why do your lips deny what your eyes and actions betray? You love me: you've kept me waiting six months. I'm coming over to kiss you. Corey."

She stumbled to the window and pressed her face against the cold pane and the blackness. He rose and went to her.

"Elisa!"

There was a silence; and the psychological moment began to slip away; he made as if to touch her, but withdrew.

"Sweetheart!"

She did not stir.

"Won't you say a word to me?"

Then came her voice, faint and far away.

"Earth is dying—the demons are sailing past on broomsticks—the dead are riding their white horses to Valhalla! Do you hear them, Corey?"

"No!" he cried, "I hear you, see you—you, in our home!"

"But listen," she went on, "the Valkyries are chanting their death hymns on the gale—they are carrying away the slain warriors—the young warriors——"

"Do you like them to do that?"

"No, the warriors—they—they ought to carry away the Valkyries!"

"I hear them now," he cried, "I hear them! I'll be your warrior, Elisa!"

He seized her hand and drew her round. He seized the other hand and bound them together. He took his free arm and girdled her and drew her close.

"Elisa!"

"Corey!"

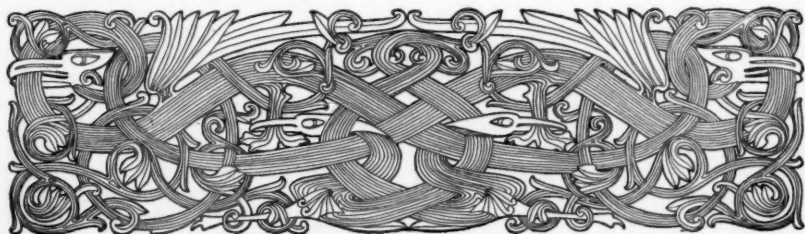
"And you *do* love me?"

She lifted her face.

"Oh, you stupid," she cried, "haven't I forever?"

He softly drew her to the rug at the fire, and they sat down, arms round each other, their hearts singing wonderful melodies.

"It's the You-dream come true!" he murmured.





# THE PROBLEM BEFORE WOMEN

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER



HAVE long been struck with the analogy between the situation of the enfranchised negroes and that of the women of to-day. I have often wondered that no one has pointed it out. Although I should be the last person to speak of our grandmothers as slaves, yet for all the nonsense that masquerades under the term "the enfranchisement of women," it is impossible to deny to it a certain measure of truth. Certainly if we refer to the Higher Education, to professions, and industrial occupations, the denial to the women of a half century ago was scarcely less peremptory than to the negro. In 1882, when the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was organized, sixty-five graduates of eight colleges were present. The Quarter-Centennial meeting of the Association was attended by two hundred and eighty-one graduates of twenty colleges. The total membership amounted to over thirty-five hundred. It is the easiest thing in the world to gather statistics showing the great changes in the occupations and interests of women that have taken place very largely in the past twenty-five years. It will doubtless surprise many to learn that there are one hundred women architects in the country, three thousand ministers, five hundred carpenters, forty civil engineers, and so on. It is claimed that women are to be found in all but eight of the gainful occupations that are noted in the census of 1900.

Clearly the women have been busy proving that they could do innumerable things that had *once* been considered impossible—from translating Homer and Horace to hammering in a nail without mashing a finger. Clearly, too, the negroes have been

busy proving that they could do many things that had been considered impossible. It is pleasant to read every now and then of distinguished lawyers, of eloquent orators, of excellent dentists and physicians among them. When one considers the handicap under which both women and negroes have gained their ends, one cannot but sympathize with a very natural desire to show what they have accomplished in the face of serious difficulties. Indeed, one would be inclined to forgive in Dr. Johnson's dog a certain pride in its two-legged performance. But the question is, not what kind of architects or carpenters do some women make, not what kind of lawyers or dentists do some negroes make, but does this professional training make for the progress of the sex or race on the whole?

However one may be inclined to smile indulgently at the pride of a sex or race which has accomplished much in the face of doubt and disapproval, is it not high time that this phase of progress, this very natural "stage of the game" should make way for another? The issue of to-day for women is no longer *can* they do thus and so, nor *may* they do thus and so, but *should* they? It is no longer the moment to chase after the already crowded professions in order to be indifferent seconds, it is no longer the part of wisdom to endeavor to prove the Past wrong by doing all sort of things the Past denied them. Rather it is for women to address themselves to the problem of their sex as Booker Washington did to the problem of his race, to *render themselves through training capable of performing more effectively the tasks of the Past*—yes, even those same tasks of their unenfranchised grandmothers!

Of the many services rendered to the people of his race by Booker Washington, none was more important than his insistence upon this principle and this ideal. And of them all, surely none was more difficult of accomplishment. As he puts it himself:

"Just after the Civil War, the negro lad was strongly influenced by two beliefs: one that freedom from slavery brought with it freedom from hand work, the other that education of the head would bring even more sweeping emancipation from work with the hands."

The enfranchised negro strongly resented any attempt to train him to do better the tasks he had performed in slavery; he turned longing eyes toward the professions to which entrance had formerly been denied him. Whether there was any crying need for him in these professions, whether they were already crowded, or whether they were best fitted to his peculiar capacity, he ignored. His argument ran somewhat in this way: The white man entered these professions, these professions had been denied the colored man, now he would enter them and prove he was as good as the white man. Nothing could be more natural, more inevitable. On the other hand, nothing could be more unfortunate for the negro. Well, indeed, for him that a leader arose wise enough and brave enough (for the courage can scarcely be overestimated) to tell the colored people their salvation lay, not in running second in the professional race, but in fitting themselves to do better and best the work that lay nearest to them, the work the white men were glad to have them do, yes even that same work their enslaved ancestors had performed from time immemorial.

"The great lesson which the race needed," he declared vehemently, "was to learn to work in freedom. . . . As a slave the negro was worked, as a freeman he must learn to work. . . . Being worked means degradation; working means civilization."

Without belittling the services of some exceptional professional colored men to their own people, the head of Tuskegee put first in importance that the plain people, the bulk of the race, should have the right attitude toward work with the hands. It was largely a question of Moral values against

those of the Intellect. And however there may be a group of colored "intellectuals" who oppose the Ideals of Tuskegee, it is pretty certain that the truest friends of the colored people applaud the wise leadership of Dr. Washington.

There are certain industries in the South best fitted to the negroes, industries which their enslaved ancestors had carried on, and to which the wise head of Tuskegee had at first the greatest difficulty to turn them again. The beginnings of Tuskegee were hampered by the negro's reluctance to do anything that had not been forbidden him in the Past. It was slow work to build up a recognition that it was not other work that would raise up the race, but better work. The students resented any attempt to lift the old work to a new plane. When the teachers tried to put work in the fields upon a scientific basis, they encountered endless difficulties and prejudices. "It was surprising," says Dr. Washington, "to note how many of the students believed that farm labor must from its very nature be hard, and that it is not quite the proper thing to use much labor-saving machinery." It was the same thing with work in the homes. It was almost impossible "to free colored girls of the idea that it was degrading to study those household duties which are connected with one's life every day in the year."

"I could not escape the conviction," he continues, "that the more abstract the education was, and the further removed from the life of the people, the more stress seemed to be placed upon it!"

There was another prejudice against learning scientific methods in farming:

"The most serious obstacle was the argument that, since they and their parents for generations back had tilled the soil, they knew all there was to be known about farming, and did not need to be taught any more."

The wonderful results obtained at Tuskegee in dignifying Labor need not here be rehearsed, as it is inconceivable that an intelligent person to-day in America is ignorant of the superb work which is an inspiration and a guide to all educators, white and black.

Is not the analogy perfectly carried out in the needs of woman's training? Are

there not certain industries best fitted to women, which their grandmothers carried on, and to which there is an increasing difficulty to turn the "enfranchised" women of to-day? Is there not a certain disdain—at times veiled, at times outspoken—toward all work which was not forbidden in the Past? Is there not a pride out of all proportion to actual results taken in all kinds of work, any kind so long as it is something different from what our grandmothers did? Is not one of the most pressing problems of modern Industrialism how to turn wage-earning women into domestic service without loss of self-respect or independence? Is not one of the most serious problems of modern Society how to inculcate into women a scientific knowledge of Home-Making, together with a recognition of its dignity and the intellectual demands made by it?

No truer word was ever spoken than when President Eliot told the Association of Collegiate Alumnae that the refusal to recognize Child-Rearing as an intellectual occupation is *one of the greatest mistakes civilized men and women have ever committed*. "The one great occupation of women," he declared, "is the most intellectual occupation there is in the world. It calls, and calls loudly, and often calls in vain, for carefully trained mental powers, as well as great moral powers."

It takes but little thought to conclude that the two occupations, Home-Making and Child-Rearing are in reality one. For in its completest sense one cannot but presuppose the other.

It does not look as if civilization is waking up to the seriousness of the mistake pointed out by President Eliot when one sees the almost endless references in magazines and speeches to the "triviality of women's lot," "their narrow and unimportant details of life," "their small areas of action," their "not having their rightful share in life's burdens," and so on through endless changes rung on the same theme. It is particularly discouraging when so admirable a leader as Mrs. Richards of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology speaks before a large gathering of college graduates of "the home being swept bare of its interesting occupations," and alludes to "the fascinating problems the world offers"; and yet I am convinced that here

and there serious women are awakening all over the country to the fact that the work of sex enfranchisement is not to take up new duties, is not to assume new obligations, but to take up the old duties, to assume the old obligations in a new way. Whatever perverted enthusiasms and abnormal ambitions are still rampant among women, I cannot but feel that a slight change is beginning to creep over the horizon. I seem to see the enfranchised woman like Ibsen's *Lady of the Sea*, once convinced of her freedom, once given the right to choose her own path, putting her hand firmly into that of her spouse, denying the call of the *Stranger*.

If read aright, no greater sign of encouragement could be had than the very dissatisfaction expressed here and there against the Higher Education of women. The kind of criticism now aimed at the woman's college proves that a new era has come, an important stage in its history has passed on, never to return. The task of the woman's college of twenty-five years ago was to set the masculine standard for the feminine intellect. That this has been accomplished is too well known to need proving here. It may be mentioned, however, in passing, that of the thirteen best known State Universities, seven have more women than men students. No fact is more significant than that already women are beginning to dare to create a standard for themselves. Having proven that an A.B. may be attached at will to man or woman, the next step is to prove that a woman can afford to dictate what her A.B. will mean to her. Whatever differentiation comes in the future in the education of women, no man will dare to say it is because of any failure to live up to the masculine standards. That battle has been won, once for all.

I think that the problem of the future will be how best to fit women for more effective service in the tasks that have never been denied them. They will have to be led back gently but firmly from following false gods. They have to discard the notion that, because something was denied them in the Past, it must necessarily be just what they want. There will be difficulties and discouragements in plenty. It does sometimes seem an all but hopeless task to make the women who stay at home take

their work as seriously, as scientifically, as the men. Why is it that a man who saves a fraction of a cent in the manufacture of some article is considered a genius and makes a fortune, while a woman who saves many a cent in her household is considered narrow and penurious? Why is it that the implements of housekeeping have lagged so far behind the implements of manufacturing or of agriculture? Why is it that the home is so comparatively little a creation of scientific progress, and the store, the factory, the office, the club, the hotel, are quick to take advantage of every slightest advance? Above all, why is the Home with its power, its influences, its human interest, considered narrow, while the countinghouse with its greater routine, its duller details is considered "broad"? Why is a man who plods all day over columns of figures supposed to be doing so much more interesting work than the woman who hangs over the cradle? Finally, why is pounding a typewriter more intellectual than beating an omelet? These are questions that are beginning to be asked, that must be answered before there can take place any real social progress.

My hope, which amounts almost to a belief, is that twenty-five years from now it will be impossible to launch these questions, for they would have no meaning. As women adjust themselves to the conditions of a comparatively new "enfranchisement," the despised Home will take on a new dignity and meaning. Slowly, by degrees, through wiser and more extended Industrial Education, through scientific Training for Home-Making and Child-Rearing, the old, old duties of womanhood, the scorned, belittled duties, will be enthroned in their rightful place. The cry to "enfranchise the home" will come to connote something quite different from what it now implies. It will not be brought about by dragging the Home to the polls, but by consecrating to the Home the accumulated result of Scientific Knowledge and Moral Progress. Then, and then only, will women find the direction of the Home—to quote the President of the University of Wisconsin: "A high intellectual pleasure, rather than a wearisome routine." Then, and then only, will enfranchised woman come fully and freely into "her own."

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## ANY POET

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I HAVE learned the golden Summer's secret lore,  
 I have heard the language of the violet;  
 I have gathered in new beauty missed before—  
 But I cannot tell it yet.

All the meaning of one morning I have read  
 (Do not ask me, O young world, to tell you how);  
 Silver lyrics to my heart the Night has said—  
 But I cannot sing them now.

Unimagined joy and wonder now are mine,  
 (O the singing heart within me knows its power!)  
 Like a mother, I await the Day divine—  
 I must bide my golden hour!

# AN EXPLORER SUCCUMBS

BY WILLIAM BEVIER ASHLEY



R. PETER JOHNSON stamps harder than is necessary to dislodge the snow from his shoes, throws open and vigorously shakes his coat, and strikes his hat so violently against the vestibule as to rid it not only of snow, but also of a patch of its silk. Rattling the keys with stiff fingers, he finds the right one at the sixth try, and pushes in from the windy darkness to the cheery quiet of the hall.

"Home again, dear?" chirps a voice from the gas-log side. "Isn't it a wretched night?"

"Why under the sun, Grace," growls her usually merry lord, "hasn't some of this horrible snow been cleared off the walk and steps?"

"Oh, Peter, did you fall?" hurries the voice in consternation, and white hands are at his throat and warm lips on his cold, cross ones in an instant.

"No," says the appeased one, "but I completely lost my way, and ran right into the hitching post. But why hasn't some of the snow been cleared off?" he repeats, more mildly.

"Mercedes had her hands full with the ironing, Peter, and not a man has shown up for the job. It is such a heavy fall I suppose the shovelers will be longer in getting around."

"But where was Fred? Why did you not have that boy do some useful work when he got home from school?"

"He returned from the hill only a few minutes ago, dear. He said he couldn't wait until to-morrow to try that new 'flier' you bought him."

"Umph!" says Mr. Johnson, from the turn of the stairs.

Fred had not supposed he could tackle such a fall of snow, he explains, when the subject is finally reached at the table. "Why not?" demands Mr. Johnson. "Weren't you twelve years old last month?" His grandfather is not inquiring, but Fred admits the implication. "When I was twelve years old," goes on the strenuous gentleman, after thoroughly masticating what he had placed in his mouth while it was still open after his previous remark, "I had to clear off the walks after every storm, and some of those storms would make this one look like down floating in the sunshine. We don't have them any more like we used to."

"Peter," interposes Mrs. Johnson, extending her hand for his cup, "that comparison of the storms was sublime."

But Mr. Johnson is somewhat wrought up. "I can remember," he says, stirring his cup as though digging for clams, "the year I was eleven a storm came that lasted four days. The wind blew so it packed the snow as high and nearly as hard as our neighbor's brick toolhouse." Mrs. Johnson looks up in surprise. "This boy's great grandfather on my side," Mr. Johnson replies to the look, "was down with an extra bad attack of rheumatism, and we had no help. I had to shovel a path all around the house through drifts higher than my head. It required six-horse teams to break a way through the streets," he adds, as he places his cup to his lips. "And I think, my son," Mr. Johnson concludes, impressively, setting his empty cup aside as though he were dismissing a temptation, "that you and I will have to earn our breakfast for once, to-morrow morning!"

It is inevitable that Mr. Peter Johnson shall tell more about that four days' storm



before the family retires, particularly as his wife, who, at that distant time, belonged in the toolhouse family, protests she has no recollection of the event. Yet there were features connected with it that he does not recount. He would have found it difficult to do so, though they are thronging his memory; but after his good-night reminder about the tall hustling to take place in the morning, he stretches out before the undying gas log and secretly renews his strength for the coming demonstration by quaffing of the fountain of youth.

Early on the morning following the four days' storm which had lasted twenty-four hours, Sir Peter Johnson (the only American ever knighted by the British sovereign), sent by the United States to discover the North Pole, left the Hudson's Bay Company Post with some feeling of reluctance; but, having finished the simple though hearty breakfast of fried buckwheat and pig oil, the Chief Factor thought he had best not delay, and thereupon Sir Peter had departed with little ceremony.

The previous evening, just before crawling into his sleeping bags, he had remarked to the Factor's little girl that he'd bet there would be dandy sledding the next day; at which the Chief Factor had observed that by the same token there would be a good chance to try that new snow shovel. Which signified, in the mixed language of the Post, that in the morning the expedition would take its leave of the Company's cordial, if preoccupied, hospitality and push its way through as far north as possible while the weather favored. As Sir Peter came up from the cellar with his stanch new ship over his shoulder, a final word of advice was handed him from the Chief Factor.

"Father says to begin at the back stoop, Peter."

And so, instead of making full sail along the hall channel and plunging into the floe by way of the front door, he gathered his Company and stepped glumly out on the deck of the kitchen stoop to find an ice-bound sea before them, leaving no choice but to disembark and proceed by sledge. It was, come to think of it, a sledge, not a ship, that had been routed out of the cellar.

Sir Peter carefully studied the situation, as the two members of his party tightened their scarfs and stowed the ends inside their peajackets. The Explorer's exact position was this: He stood with his back to a high mountain, which effectively disputed his direct progress north, and he faced, therefore, due south. To the west a long ridge fenced him in, but south and east possible routes of travel presented themselves. This was not his first attempt to reach the Pole, so the landscape here was familiar to him. Far to the south quite a range of white-capped mountains stretched across the snowy waste. Between them and Sir Peter were scattered several isolated hills, notably one previously named by him "Woodshed Mountain." To the southeast, but nearer, a glacier lifted its chained-up waters into the sunlight creeping around the end of Mount Grace, which somewhat overshadowed Sir Peter's background.

"We will have to force our way," explained the impatient leader, "to that glacier, then wear around toward the north by east till we get to the base of Mount Grace."

Both men slapped him sharply on the shoulder in token of approval, and, laying hold of the sledge, drove it sharply into the drift directly before. The snow was less firmly packed than it appeared to be, and as a result all hands were suddenly floundering in its depths. Setting aside this mishap, it was comparatively pleasant going right up to the glacier, but the prospect north from there was too unpromising, and the party decided to retrace its steps to the starting point, and then head directly east until they reached the pass between the two mountains.

"We'll make believe we have reached the open sea, and must work our way along-shore," ordered Sir Peter, turning back, and the sledge slid easily over the cleared track until caught by some unseen projection and pitched sharply forward, wrenching the upright out of the crew's hands. Instantly Sir Peter ordered, "Halt!" for there was no trusting these crevasses. "That's the very place I tripped with the water last night," he suggested to his men, dancing up and down in exasperation at the delay; "I'll bet there's a board off there. Sugar! but my feet's getting cold," he complained, bitterly, and then, making



one of his famous leaps across the gap, hurried along to the starting point, dragging the sledge behind. The party was without dogs, chiefly because the singular ones at the Post refused to budge from behind the great stove.

Again close to the mountain, he nearly allowed himself the childish wish that a door might open in its side and let him through to the warmth and gladness of some magical scene within. But it didn't, and, repressing this dangerous symptom of homesickness, he turned his face eastward. Here, too, the going was unexpectedly good, and in record time the party found itself around the turn and well along the pass between the two inhospitable mountains. There he called a halt to breathe the men, and also to straighten out a kink in his back, which for a moment threatened to tangle up things fatally.

"She's a beaut," he confided to one of his men, indicating the sledge, with its broad, curved front and strong, shapely upright. "Got an edge like a knife!" This observation seemed to give him an idea. Why not abandon the sledge and take to his stanch little ship, the *George Washington*, especially fitted with an iron prow for just such work?

With Sir Peter Johnson, to have a no-

tion was to put it into action. In this lay the secret of his many adventures. And he now perceived, even as he laid hold of the wheel, that the floating snow and ice were beginning to pack and might at any moment crush him like an egg. Also, looking back along his track, he saw with dismay that here and there detached masses of snow had already toppled back upon it, threatening to cut off return by land, or, worse still, make him do the whole blamed job over again. At that thought a look of grim determination settled in his face, and he lifted his vessel out of the position in which the recent lull in the wind had left her as only a trained seaman can, and brought her head on to the drifting floes.

Sir Peter could handle an Arctic ship with much dexterity. Altering her course and giving her a heavy list to port, he could dig out a great chunk with her iron prow, and, by a sudden twist on the wheel, throw the mass clear out of his way. He could force her nose down under a cake until it actually slid on deck, and then bring her up so suddenly as to throw the cake off again to one side. And he could slow her down in front of an extra big floe, lift her bow out of the water, and cause her to ride up and over



the obstacle without disturbing it. As he worked her, the *George Washington*, in and out of the tortuous passage, he glanced constantly through clear, blue eyes upon the dreary prospect, taking mental notes of the distance yet to be traversed. Nothing was visible but an endless vista of snow, and at last the appalling danger of snow blindness began to menace Sir Peter. He had persisted thus far only by the exercise of every fiber in the strongest muscles in the United States, and recollecting the Chief Factor's warning against turning back. But now, as the first symptoms of snow blindness crept upon him, he cast his eyes longingly toward Mount Grace, on the near eastern shore of the limitless sea.

Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands.

Sir Peter now recalled those lines, read hours before, when he was but a youth; for, as he turned his weary eyeballs toward the gabled mountain that bore Her Name, he fancied he saw a vision of a round face framed in black hair, and illuminated with two glowing brown eyes. Only a moment the vision lasted, and then the face disappeared, as though a misty curtain had dropped between. But it was enough.

With one of the swift changes of mood

characteristic of him, Sir Peter at once abandoned his ship and crew for a huge cake of ice just then grinding against her side, and upon this last refuge, resolute and alone, he still faced his allotted task. Armed only with an especially contrived ice tool having a broad, curved end, shod with iron, he pushed forward, determined that he would yet reach that farthest north, kneel on its soil, and raise that weapon cross-like in air, taking possession of the region for his king; and then, single-handed, he would nail the Stars and Stripes to the halyards of the Pole, and, at the point of his revolver, would compel the British expedition, which would just be getting there, to run up the colors.

Yet, as he thrust the opposing hummocks this way and that way, Sir Peter raved in his madness as though he were attended by invisible companions. "Wish I hadn't wanted the old shovel so bad; might 'ave known I'd have to do all the work when I got it, just like with that ax. No, I won't go in; what of it if my fingers are frozen off? Oh, keep still; I ain't half cold yet. Why, when they go to the North Pole, they freeze solid all over. Yes, I could stand it, too, if I wanted to; and I'm going to some day. I am the sole survivor of the expedition, and I must not turn back. When I do



get back, with my sightless eyes, and all the people line Main Street, I'll bow all of a sudden very low, and everyone will look to see who she is."

One mile; five miles; twelve miles, and still the vision of the face, discovered by a furtive look over his right shoulder, nerved him onward. The sound of bells grew clearer and seemed to increase his madness. Then, suddenly, he was out of the sheltering Pass and into the full strength of the keen wind, laden with the siftings from sweeps of snow-covered landscape, from shifting floes and moving drifts.

Creeping up from the west appeared an Italian expedition; from beneath the eastern horizon appeared the bobbing heads of a crew of hurrying Germans; the colors of Britain flapped into view beyond the corner of Mount Grace, wrapped around the throat of another lone figure. Sir Peter ground his teeth, and leaped from the cake of ice to the upright of his iron-edged sledge. His men, whom he had given up for lost, were with him again, slapping their chests and shouting encouraging words. Then he gave his brief orders for the final dash:

"I'll only make it as wide as the shovel the rest of the way till to-morrow," he said, and paused while the sled was got into position by the men. Sir Peter then uttered his final word: "The front stoop

is the North Pole; I've got to reach it before that Italian gets to the horse chestnut, and before the kids get to *their* front stoop, and before Ned gets to the third post. If I do, the United States has won!"

Yes, the vision was still there, and with the sound of bells now coming from many directions was commingled what seemed to be weird yells. The last unfriendly hummock stretched across his path. Against it he drove his sledge with such fury of strength its nose dug deep in, and the upright was jerked out of his hands. Enraged, Sir Peter speedily recovered it, and kicked it, scarcely smothering his cries. Then, luckily recalling his great trick in overcoming snow banks, he backed away a dozen strides, overturned the sledge, so that it presented the convexity of its curve to the drift, pressed the handle well against his stomach, and dashed swiftly at the pile.

Late that day Sir Peter lay in one of the clean, white beds of the Hudson's Bay Company Post, and in his delirium heard voices of his boyhood talking in glee of the great coasting on the schoolhouse hill. He seemed to be submerged in waves of arnica, and in his fevered hand he clutched the victor's crown—a new half dollar!

Mr. Peter Johnson at last rises from his comfortable chair, goes to his room, notes



with satisfaction that the liniment has taken away all signs of his collision with the hitching post, and goes to bed to laugh out loud in his sleep. He awakes in the morning later than usual, and abandons his intention to get at the snow before breakfast. Immediately after, however, he and Fred descend to the cellar, and presently reappear, with one wooden snow shovel, carried by Fred, and one long-handled iron coal scoop, carried by Johnson.

"Now, Fred," explains Johnson, "you can start at the front door, and I will begin at the back, and we'll see which will beat to the corner. Your strong young body against my gray hairs, eh? And to the victor will belong great spoils." So the members of the expedition separate, and Johnson steps out of the cook's galley and surveys the situation.

He has his back up, and chuckles to think of Fred's confusion when the old man appears around the corner of the house and lets the youngster have a shovelful down his back.

The first effort clears a space for him to stand, on a shiny film of ice that he does not perceive nor guess at, not knowing all the ways of modern "help." Johnson does not, however, stand on the ice overlong, and he assures himself, by a furtive

glance over his shoulder, that no face is in the window, before uttering his orders while regaining his feet. After securing the shovel again, he returns to the starting point, and heads grimly for the distant corner. Johnson once knew how to handle a snow shovel with *some* dexterity. He had one trick of making three deep cuts in a drift, and then lifting the piece in its entirety, thus getting a much bigger load than by the straight in and up method. The present situation prompts him to try it on, and a great cube of snow comes up with the scoop, but, being in a melting mood, continues to cling at the close of Johnson's terrific heave; as the shovel swings back by reaction, its handle twisting around in Johnson's hands, the lump falls dully out on his feet.

Johnson is subject to change of moods, and the impulse seizes him, when he gets through dancing on the pile, to merely push the shovel like a plow as far as the corner, and then dash around with his surprise. His good humor returns with this resolve, and remains because of the seeming success of the maneuver, until a sound of bells rushing past him, commingled with weird yells, leaves a sensation of stinging blows in his ears. Instantly changing his mood again, he raises the coal scoop like a cross in the air, and



what was on it descends, exactly like a real avalanche would, regardless of human beings in its path.

Through his partial snow blindness, Johnson, still lifting his cross, beholds, veering around the corner from the east, an Italian expedition industrially earning the half dollar Fred's grandmother had that morning offered to her idol. And the Italian is not looking out where his snow lands. From between the curtains rings out suddenly the merriest of laughs.

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands ;  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands ;  
A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee ;  
The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

When, late that evening, the last bandage is readjusted, and Johnson prepares to sleep, his nurse says she hopes he is no longer angry with Fred. "Boys will be boys, Peter, dearest," she argues.

"I forgave the scamp at once, Grace," says Johnson, not meaning the Italian; "it isn't that that has been grieving me; it isn't that . . ." Mr. Peter Johnson's lips quiver a little. "It is because, Grace, for the first time I heard you laugh at me."

"Laughing at you, Peter, dear! Why, *never!* I did not know then that you were angry, and I was laughing with you, for I supposed you were delightedly renewing your youth once more."

Johnson sighs deeply, and, turning guiltily away, smiles. And his nurse, leaning over to kiss him, sees again the face that looked up at her years before from the drifting Arctic ice.

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## THE HILLS

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

OH, my Soul, have you wearied of the hills?  
We were native to them one day, you and I—  
Less dwellers of the earth than of the sky,  
Where the holy sense of silence stays and stills  
Like a hand of benediction lifted high.

We have stayed in this market place too long;  
We have bartered with the birthright in our breast;  
We have shared us with buffoonery and jest,  
Nor raised our eyes to where our hills were strong  
Above this petty region of unrest.

Oh, my Soul, let us go unto our hills,  
To their wonderful, high silence and their might  
Where the old dreams shall whisper us at night  
Till the sullen heart within us stirs and thrills,  
And wakes to weep and wonder and delight.  
Oh, my Soul, let us go unto our hills!

# HYSTERIA AND FAITH CURES

BY PEARCE BAILEY, M.D.



NUMBER of years ago, there was read at a learned Society a paper which bore the title "Psychic Infection: What are the Evidences of a Mental Contagion?" The writer, impressed by the contagious quality of ideas, proposed to account for it on the theory of a germ. The germ is still among the undiscovered, but that no contagion could be more rapidly communicated all know who have witnessed panics on the Stock Exchange or seen the dark gleams of a school of startled fish.

It is not the ideas of greatest value that are the most catching. One never heard of a multitude going mad over the binomial theorem; the discovery of the circulation of the blood waited long for popular approval. In fact, prompt and universal consideration of a new proposition is almost a guaranty that the proposition will be short lived.

History plainly teaches that great movements require time for their foundation, and that thoughts really great spread slowly.

We are to-day in the midst of this popular contagion, not only with notions which perish in a night, but with bizarre systems of thought and behavior which spring up suddenly and persist for years, so that some begin to ask if mushrooms are at last immortal—if truth finds the light more promptly now than it did when Christianity was becoming a world force or during the centuries of endeavor which won for medicine its place among the sciences. Times change and we with them, but basic springs of human action are the same. As we look back at the record of men's doings, we find prototypes of our own experiences.

No country and no time has been free from its contagious ideas and psychopathic epidemics, and from movements which to-day are meaningless. Prophets with large followings have come and gone; the fanciful theories which created impossible religions have also done away with them; the Crusades, which cost Europe between 2,000,000 and 7,000,000 lives, spread nervous instability in their train; the manias for certain flowers, for certain clothes, for certain manners, have swept all countries.

In searching for the sources of these overflowed emotions, past and present, psychologists have run across many of the elements of a sly disease known to the ancient Greeks and which they named hysteria.

This term, lately ceded to the public, has had, as often happens with misnomers, a great success. It has become one of the resources of our vocabulary. To predicate hysteria or hysterical for some matter with which the speaker has no sympathy, is the simplest way to eject it from the argument. But in spite of some misuse, it stands for a fundamental principle in psychology which accounts for many of the vagaries of the human race. As physicians know it, hysteria is a peculiar frame of mind—or illness, if you like—which people fall into from a variety of causes. Its salient characteristic is suggestibility and suggestion, traceable in all human conduct, becomes the keynote in hysteria.

A man once believed a clergyman had invaded the sanctity of his home. The evidence was totally inadequate and almost unbelievable, but he believed it. For several days he grieved and brooded, took no one into his confidence, and lost his sleep. About five days after the supposed discovery he attended a meeting of workmen. The orator of the evening talked of the

sacredness of the marriage tie. Warming to his theme, he at last exclaimed: "Who would not avenge the honor of his home? Who would not exterminate the betrayer? And what jury in the land would convict him?" In the mind of one listener in the crowded hall the words sunk deep. Unable before to decide what he should do, he had no further doubts. He bought a pistol and in six and thirty hours the deed was done.

He had acted on suggestion. He had let another decide for him and did an act that he would not have done without suggestion. He did not investigate the true value of what he acted on, and suffered for it, for the jury convicted him.

So it is with hysteria. The mind receives suggestions and acts on them without considering whether they are valuable or not. Criticism and judgment slumber. The mind, made credulous by the loss of these important sentries, loses its power of self-direction and submits to being led. This is oftenest seen perhaps in imitation. An individual predisposed to hysteria, though not actually afflicted with it, if put in the ward of a general hospital, can almost certainly be counted on to reproduce some symptoms of the patients in the adjoining beds. In schools, hysterical symptoms in one child are quickly communicated to others; and in earlier times, this strange malady has infected all the children in a village and all the nuns in a convent. Tarantism was a contagious disorder which affected large numbers of persons in Southern Europe during the fourteenth century. It was characterized by dancing, jumping, and throwing about of the arms. Were it to occur to-day it would be recognized as hysteria at once. It is when the suggestions and imitations are physically injurious and their results persistent that hysteria merits to be reckoned a disease. For then many necessary functions are interfered with, so that the patient comes to believe that he is deaf or blind or palsied or no longer able to keep still, and loses the power to prove the falseness of his conclusions. As Sir James Paget used to put it, "The patient says 'I cannot'; it sounds like 'I will not'; it really is, 'I cannot will.'" In spite of his beliefs and his defects in power of willing, he might be well at any moment if he received a suggestion strong enough to shake his psychic lethargy.

It is evils of this complexion that are exorcised at faith cures and shrines of healing. Even doctors of medicine drive them out from time to time, but their achievements are less apt for publication in the newspapers.

Miracle cures of disorders other than hysterical, so frequently bulletined from the faith-cure stations, doctors have no faith in. They may believe in the ingenuousness of the statement of some one who thinks that suddenly his long-borne burden has slipped from off his shoulders, but they distrust the sources of the evidence. Results manifest in conduct, and not words, certify to the cure of neurotic people. Few physical disorders undermine physical structure so completely that they shut out hope; and this magic torch, fired by some new promise, may so light up the twilight corners of the mind that the sick man believes for a moment that daylight has returned. Tingling with the ephemeral energy set free by this illumination, he announces himself as cured.

It is as though the Capitol at Washington, shaken by an earthquake, should tumble down, and we were asked to believe the day after that it was built again, because some half-crazed witness had declared that he had just seen it in its pristine beauty, had touched it with his hands, and heard the echoes from its porticoes.

The workings of hysteria are explained by a division in the sphere of consciousness. The higher controlling part of consciousness, the part that reflects and weighs and thinks ahead, the higher self, is put more or less to sleep; and the secondary part of consciousness, the part of facile belief, hazy comprehension and submissive reflex action, the part that most psychologists agree to call the subconscious, takes its place. It is almost, though not quite, like hypnotism. In hypnotism, the subject is made somnolent and obedient by the passes or the impressive manner of the operator, who then gives the suggestions, which are commands. In hysteria the mental subjugation is brought about by some emotional experience and the suggestions are formulated by unhappy memories, by the injudicious sympathy of friends, or the recital before the patient of the terrible things which may result from such nerve-racking trials. As a disease, hysteria is hardly an asset to be striven for and

few who suffer from it leave great names. Yet an occasional ascendancy of the subconscious with its spontaneity and lack of caution, is the chief charm of the artistic temperament; and some hysterics have been great. In the disease, obstinacy and willfulness are common features; and in such characters as Mohammed, St. Catherine of Siena, Luther and many others, one finds, coupled with some of the profound symptoms of hysteria, a force of will which can accomplish great constructive work.

Now the same subconscious imitative characteristics that are found in individual cases of hysteria also are evident in the delirium into which a mob may work itself, in the popular indorsement or disapproval of contemporary happenings or in the more permanent establishment of the sects, cults, and creeds, which flourish for a time in defiance of the laws of sober sense. In the excitement of the mob, hysteria and nothing else is evident. Witness the lack of thought, of reason, of reflection, the contagious imitation of that wild night in London, when, in celebration of the relief of Mafeking, a small South African garrison, crowds swept through the city, destroying thousands of dollars' worth of property and contributing a new word to the English vernacular.

Popular expressions on public questions often reproduce the unthinking and imitative qualities of the mob. How many of its excited opponents know the true facts of vivisection, its abuses and its value? The crusade against corporations, already on the wane, exceeded in injustice the misdeeds of most of the offenders. Almost any subject, provided it is kept before the public and it appeals to the emotions, can be counted on to produce hysterical behavior. The kissing frenzy in the case of Hobson is an excellent example of contagious hero worship; a worship not to be relied upon, as Admiral Dewey has bitter cause to know. And the attentions showered on popular characters, be they musicians, actors, or politicians, or brutes destined for the gallows, all betray the characteristics of the protean disease.

In the more durable coördinations of contagious ideas there is evidence of plan, due to gifted leaders. In such movements emotional demonstrations are held in check as much as possible, and the cause, developing

corporate interests, proceeds on business lines.

The movements of to-day differ in characteristics due to time and exciting causes, but are psychologically the same as their predecessors. Our faith cures and weird religions are cast in the same mold as the dancing manias, the crusades, the thousand and one cults and followings of bygone times. In the state of mind which they engender actions expend themselves without reflection, thought is neither original nor independent, and we look in vain for those final products of mental evolution, inquiry, forethought, reason, and control. The mind hypnotized by some glittering theory or by some magnetic personality, resembles in its workings the acts of birds and animals when they migrate, or of the moth which, under the stimulus of light, flies to its own translation. Some of the enthusiasts of such movements may be calm and possessed of a logic satisfactory to themselves, and even be men of talent. Like the great hysterics of history, who were not hysterics all the time, they may be hysterical in some direction while in others they may be credulous or mystic, but none the less intelligent and constructive.

This is true for all the leaders and also true for some of the followers. But not for many. The mass of followers do not grasp the situation. They do not comprehend what it is that they espouse so warmly. Unable to look the world in the face and take the consequences themselves, they surrender the thinking part of them to their chiefs. And by their subconscious traits, their nervousness, their instability, they betray that neuropathic constitution to which we now and then owe a man of genius, but of which the commonplace results are people unable to direct and control themselves.

Any emotional cause will excite the mob, provided a sufficient number of people are gathered together and thought centers on one object. But to account for the foundations of weird sects and creeds and nature systems requires a wider philosophical horizon. What is the reason that an ignorant peasant like Sabbatai Zevi can invent a crazy doctrine of emotionalism and free love in Asia Minor, and so influence his times that rich men in far-off Holland sell their goods and go to follow him? Or

that in our day a Schlatter, by force of his fantastic personality alone, can quickly gather crowds who follow and believe? Or that Mrs. Eddy can so refract the doctrines of Plato that the sect she founded has in a few years dotted the land with its artistic tabernacles? One can again invoke the subconscious; but must not something further be called in to explain these strange anomalies? If such conduct is automatic, why do some things and not others set the machinery in motion? It seems that to this question psychology has no answer as yet ready. Perhaps the cause should be sought among those that draw the deer to a light at night, or make man desire to peer beyond the limit of his consciousness—perhaps it is, as nearly as one can understand the cryptic writings of the mystics, the cosmic consciousness; perhaps it is:

"The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the night for the morrow,  
The devotion to something afar  
From the sphere of our sorrow."

In the early days when man lived in small and isolated communities, this desire of the *au delà* spent itself chiefly in religious deeds of valor. Enthusiasts sought the Holy Grail, yearned to exterminate the infidel, or planned to rescue the Holy City from the Turk. Now all has changed. Material doctrines and material comforts and distraction for each waking moment have weakened spirituality. There is, perhaps, an increased unrest, but the heroic aspirations of the multitude have fallen. Spiritual desires must now be fired by the promise of some material benefit. Hygeia, smiling and inviting, is the new divinity. With the serpent of Æsculapius she hypnotizes the multitude, as did Moses with the brazen serpent of the Lord. Her name is on the banners of all the new armies marching in opposite directions. The Christian Scientists cure disease by denying its existence; the mental scientists also cure, though they deny that the Christian Scientists are right; the vegetarians arrive at purity and health by means of a selected diet; even the Episcopal Church, forced finally to promise a physical salvation, sends out its psychic missionaries. And they all, whether they be Christian ministers or red Indian Shakers,

accomplish in individual instances what they set out to do. But through the publicity of such healing they do still more, thanks to the subtle power of suggestion. The results of their achievements blazoned everywhere keep the minds of plastic and unstable people on the alert for some new symptoms, some fresh unhappiness, or source of fear, and the question frankly faces us if by these means disease is not created faster than it can be cured.

Health is a dangerous topic for those physically healthy. Like the dead Socrates, its spirit is elusive, and in searching for it one often loses it. Persistent consideration of it dilutes the joy of living and nurtures invalidism, and thereby strikes at our power to love and benefit mankind. It must have been the observation of some sect of hypnotized seekers for personal health and individual happiness that led Stevenson to write: "Whether we look justly for years of health and vigor, or are about to mount into a bath chair, as a step toward the hearse, there is but one conclusion possible; that a man should stop his ears against paralyzing terror and run the race that is set before him with a single mind."

The expression of subconscious actions takes many forms and raises interesting questions as to the effect of different degrees of civilization and racial characteristics on the mind. Why is it that the Latin, the Jew, and the Anglo-Saxon, show social hysteria in such different ways? Why have emotional revivals been replaced by systematized forms of queer faiths? These and many other questions await an answer by some psychologist, who is also versed in folk lore and the histories of people. While waiting for it, there is no little satisfaction in the thought that hysterical behavior has largely lost its savage characteristics. The cruel and barbaric deeds which characterized the Crusades, the extermination of witchcraft, and the persecution of the saints, have gone forever in civilized communities.

Hysteria, the disease, is a mirror which reflects the fundamental character and environment of the individual. Social hysteria reflects the conditions of the times; and its latter-day characteristics prove that man is steadily climbing higher, even though he has not yet won his place among the gods.



# RAOUL'S FIRST LOVE

BEING AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF A  
GENTLEMAN OF FORTUNE

BY H. C. BAILEY



It would be more tedious to begin at the beginning. I begin, therefore, with His Highness, the Prince of Parma. "Men say," Raoul writes, "that the Prince of Parma never made a mistake. I profess he made two, which were worse than many. He never understood Providence nor me." It appears (to leave Providence out of the story) that Parma never understood precisely the principles of Raoul's morality. You may have some sympathy with that failure. More than once, to more folks than one, Raoul had offered himself for sale. Parma made the mistake of inferring that he could be bought.

Raoul, no doubt, was worth buying. He had been going to and fro Delft and Nijmegen, helping John Newstead the Englishman and Martin Schenk the German to perfect their joint and several plans for the summer campaign. Raoul was in all their secrets. And the Prince of Parma desired to be like him.

So you should conceive of Raoul in the terribly clean upper chamber of a Nijmegen inn regarding with benignity a Walloon of square, dumb face. The Walloon has just presented a letter from the Prince of Parma which offers Raoul a hundred crowns for an account of the plans of Schenk and Newstead, and a thousand crowns more when time shall have proved his account true: one hundred crowns, as Raoul behind his benign smile was reflecting, for being a traitor, one thousand for being an honest traitor. "So, my friend," says he to his Walloon, "you are a spy come a-

bribing. And what if I say two words to Martin Schenk and have you thrown from the nearest steeple?"

"You would not get any crowns," said the Walloon.

"I see," said Raoul, "that you estimate me justly." His smile became more benign. "And Parma was confident I would earn his money?" The Walloon grinned and chuckled. Raoul also chuckled. "*Par-dieu*, I will," said he; and he turned away, and wrote with flourishes and pauses of ecstasy to contemplate his composition. The letter was sealed. With one hand Raoul offered it to the Walloon, the other he held out for the hundred crowns.

The Walloon dandled the money and tapped the letter: "There is in this," he inquired, "what His Highness wishes?"

"It will gratify him," said Raoul, taking the money, "marvelously."

A while after, when the good Walloon had won back to Tilburg, and gave Parma the letter and stood before His Highness smirking, he was mightily amazed. For Parma started up yelling an oath, and he caught the Walloon by the throat and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat while he felt for his dagger. Then doubtless our Walloon had ended his life, but for the Marquis of Richebourg, who, alarmed by the noise, broke in and stayed Parma's hand. "Your Highness would do the rogue much honor by killing him," said he.

Parma flung the man from him and turned away muttering. His face was purple about the cheek bones, his eyes dilated. The Walloon felt at his neck and coughed and sputtered. "Silence, rogue!" cried Richebourg: and then to Parma: "What

is his offense, sir?" The Walloon looked, and no doubt was, injured. Parma, swearing, tapped Raoul's letter. Richebourg took it up. These were the words that had in truth gratified Parma marvelously:

*To H. H. the Prince of Parma—these.*

I have the honor obediently to inform Your Highness of the plans of the commanders John Newstead and Martin Schenk. On receiving Your Highness's promise to turn your coat, to bring over your troops to their victorious standards, and to join with them in assailing your ass's tyranny, the power of Spain, their Excellencies will pay Your Highness ONE HUNDRED CROWNS: adding ONE THOUSAND CROWNS when Your Highness's promise is performed. I am assured that Your Highness's nature is such as to grasp at this generous proffer, which I take leave to assure Your Highness's modesty is not less than a fair price for Your Highness.

And I have the honor to be, etc., etc.,

RAOUL DE TOUT LE MONDE.

One hundred crowns to be a traitor, one thousand crowns to be an honest traitor. Raoul, you see, treated Parma as a man and a brother. Richebourg, savoring the humor of it, smiled behind the letter, and over the top of it looked at Parma. Parma was stamping about the room with his wrath. Richebourg turned to the Walloon: "Away with you, sirrah. To the guardroom!"

"Sir! Guardroom, sir?" the Walloon stammered in a hurry of fear. "Why, sir, I did my orders. This Raoul, sir, he told me he had writ what His Highness wished." Parma turned and fumed upon him. "Well, sir—why, sir!" the Walloon protested; "he took the hundred crowns."

That, after all the rest, was too much for Parma. He sprang at the Walloon, yelling oaths again, and the poor Walloon stumbled back and fled.

In these so different ways did Raoul and the Prince of Parma receive the flattering proposals of each to buy the other. Raoul's way, you observe, was the more profitable.

Richebourg, who had with effort quenched a chuckle, reflected pensively that the Prince of Parma was blind to humor, and waited for him to cool.

"The hell's insolence of it!" Parma was coherent at last. "To propose treachery to me! To offer me a price!" more oaths intervened. "Ah, I would I had

him here!" He stalked to and fro, twisting his long fingers and muttering of torture.

Richebourg reflected. "It might be done," he said, half to himself. "They say the little poppet loves to peacock it about a woman. We might trap him so. There is Gertrude Mol."

This is that Gertrude Mol whom the chronicles have given to shame. She was as fair a woman, they say, as the world has seen, a child-woman, fragile and dainty. She stood to the height of a man's lips, and a woman's form could scarce be more slender than hers. She was crowned—she could be veiled when she wished—with rippling, flaxen hair. Her skin was like milk, her lips a red rose, and her eyes dark as the shadowed sea. She had the pure, fearless face of a child. And the chroniclers call her Circe and Tarpeia and Cleopatra, and many another worse name.

She was the daughter of the syndic of Breda, and just come to womanhood when Parma cast covetous eyes upon the town. Parma sent a young Italian captain, Lodovico Mondaleschi, to spy out its weakness, and Lodovico, who was certainly a gentleman of ingenuity, turned to Gertrude Mol. Lodovico was a pretty person, too—I have that on Raoul's word—he had an air and some power, I suppose, with his tongue. He made the girl love him unto surrender. Lodovico did not want her—he was a cold-blooded Italian of Machiavelli's school—he wanted Breda. When the girl's passion flamed he held aloof till he had her distraught to win him. He never took more than a kiss of her, but he robbed her of more than honor. For he persuaded her to let the Spaniards into Breda, to betray her own people, her own father.

It was all done for the hope that Messer Lodovico might deign to take her. On a dark autumn night she filched from her father, the syndic, the keys of the postern gate, and stole out and opened it to Lodovico. Parma's men stormed in. There was a massacre (Spanish and Italian soldiery in a Dutch town never failed of that). Her father was killed, fighting desperately a hopeless fight, and hundreds more, her kin, her friends, men and women of her town. Gertrude Mol sat alone in a lonely house all that night, with the wild shrieks torturing her, trembling for what



"'You would not get any crowns,' said the Walloon."

she had done, and praying that Lodovico might be safe. When dawn broke upon the ghastly streets the town was still. The women had been taught not to wail. Gertrude Mol sat by her window looking out over the dead—looking for Lodovico, hoping, longing. He did not come.

She was worn with fear. He might be dead, he might be lying in torment. At last she dared the streets, and went out to seek him. The streets were still enough. Parma's soldiery were sleeping off their debauch of slaughter. She met only wild-eyed women, who trembled and cowered at a sound and were dumb. She went by a pathway of blood amid the dead.

At the Spanish bivouac in the market place she asked for Lodovico, and they mocked at her with foul jests. Lodovico came laughing. She ran to him aflame with

love, but he held her off. "Softly, orphan," he cried. "I have no more kisses to waste."

"Lodovico!" she gasped, shivering. "But I did it—I did it—and 'twas for you."

"Ay, orphan. And done it is, and my kisses are done too. You are no more use to me. Oh, but you shall have the honor of it." He whirled her round into the midst of the ring of officers. "Look you, gentlemen! Here is the maid who gave us her father to kill and her town to take for the sake of my beautiful eyes and my sweet lips. Who wants the orphan?" He thrust her into one man's arms, and he again to another's. Dazed with shame and grief, the girl was bandied about the ring, while they laughed and jeered at her. At last, with a shriek like a wounded hare, she

broke away, and ran wildly to the desolate home.

Then came days of anguish. The Spanish soldiery patrolling the town would stop before her window and shout up taunts and bestial gibes. Her servants cursed her and

to Parma, and pled for a pittance to keep her alive. He thought, I suppose, that it would serve him but ill to let one who had played the traitor for him starve. He may even have pitied her. He gave her a pension.



*"Away with you, sirrah. To the guard room!"*

left her. When she stole out in the twilight to crave food, the women, widows and childless mothers, reviled her and spat upon her.

She had to flee the town or die. I do not like what she did, but what she should have done I cannot tell. She stole away

She began to live at Tilburg. The Spanish officers showed her an easy scorn; who could respect Gertrude Mol? Then they saw she was beautiful. Then she made a lure of that wonderful pure beauty of hers and her grace, and kept them all dangling about her. When the turn of her white

neck, the glint of her hair made a man grow tender, she laughed at him, then tempted him again and laughed again. She had the men who had scorned her quarrelling with each other for a touch of her hand. She amused herself making men stupid and base. Whether she was as gay as she seemed, those may judge who know women.

Such was her life when Richebourg came to her and proposed that she should be the bait of a trap to catch Raoul. There was a high price offered, and that may have tempted her, for she loved silk and soft living. Or it may be that she was glad to ruin a man by the same cheat of love that had ruined her. She went joyfully to Nijmegen, to Raoul.

On a fair spring morning Raoul was lounging through the market place. "I beheld," says he, "the most delectable of all women, save one. She had the lithe womanhood of a man's dreams. It was cloth of silver she wore, and she had in it the grace of the queen of heaven." He made an occasion to look in her face. The innocent loveliness of it took him captive. Gertrude Mol passed on with her innocence, and he followed.

There was a man with a pannier of live larks to sell. Gertrude stopped and spoke to the birds, and at once the man put a price on them and began to praise them. They were young birds, fine birds, fat birds—they would come luscious from the spit. Raoul saw the delicate face shudder. The next moment she had given the man all he asked, and he was gaping at the money and her folly. Then she had the pannier in her hand and was walking swiftly away. Raoul followed still, and heard her talk to the fluttering birds as a mother talks to her children.

Raoul strode in front of her. "A thousand pardons. May I bear your burden?"

Of course she started in shy surprise. "Oh—oh! I thank you. But I like to bear my own burdens."

"A selfish pleasure," said Raoul; "I demand a share," and he put his hand on hers on the pannier. She clung to it still.

"But you take all I have," she protested.

"Such is my intent," said Raoul, with his bold eyes on hers. She looked away. Raoul took a firmer grip of the pannier. "And whither now?"

"By your leave, sir, I go my own way."

"I would not yet suggest that you should go mine," said Raoul, and kept hold of her and her pannier.

She bit her lip, a dimple trembled in her chin; then laughter conquered her. "Oh, but you are—you are so unlikely. Come, then. I was going outside the walls and the gates, out where there is only earth and sky—with these." She smiled down on the larks.

Raoul bowed, and walked close at her side, and his eyes devoured every line and tint of her loveliness. It roused his heart and brain like wine. His swarthy cheeks flushed. He began to talk of the magnificent deeds of his magnificent self.

Gertrude knew the symptoms well, and assisted the disease. Her lips parted, her breath came quick, her bosom trembled. Shy glances gave him the praise that modesty forbade her speak. The heart of that fair body, he could see, throbbed to his. He was enraptured.

They had gone out by the main gate. They were climbing the green slopes above the river. Raoul at the end of a magniloquent tale had paused for effect. "You are splendid," she murmured—to herself of course—and gazed at him with wide wondering eyes. Raoul smiled at her.

Then with a start: "Oh, but you have made me forget them altogether," she cried. "My poor larks!" She took the pannier from Raoul's hand and swept a glance across wide land and sky: "Here—there are no walls and gates here. It is all open and free. Come, my dears." She bent to open the pannier, and the birds fluttered in wild fright. Then they found their way out. From tuft to swaying tuft of grass they went, little brown bodies calling to each other. One tried its wings and soared away to the white dazzling eye of the sun. Its song poured down clear and sweet.

Raoul was looking at the woman. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining. I think that some of her delight was not feigned. She turned to Raoul quickly and pointed up to the tiny singer. "Is he not dear?" she cried. "Does he not make you glad you are free? Oh, that is the best joy in the world—to be out of bonds, to have your will of yourself, to use yourself as you



choose, to—" Her voice quavered suddenly, and her color changed.

"Beyond doubt it is good," said Raoul, watching her curiously. "But you, lady, what can you know of any other fate?"

Gertrude Mol, who was bound forever by shame, who could never again use herself as she chose, turned on him, white, wild-eyed, and gave a bitter laugh. Then she mastered herself and went on with her cheat.

"Ah, sir" (a sigh), "I know what it is to be in a cage like my birds. I am Judith Hals from Liège—" With that she began a most pretty story. She was an orphan richly left, you must know, and the commandant of Liège had claimed her as his ward. He had kept her close for months, he had forbidden her speech of woman or man without his leave, so that he might keep her safe to wed her and her dower to the man who would pay him most for her. Oh, indeed, she knew what it was to be in chains! And it was vile, vile! At last she thought she might save herself from the commandant's wardship by claiming to be the ward of another. She wrote to the Prince of Parma.

"*Diantre!*" cried Raoul; "from the grid to the coals!"

She gave a little joyous laugh. "Oh, I am terribly cunning," said she.

Parma had replied, she went on, with an order to send her and her dowry to him at Tilburg. The commandant blasphemed, but obeyed. He put her on board one of a flotilla of boats dropping down the Maas.

"Then I," said she, with a wicked smile, "was very pleasant to the captain of my boat." This man, her credible story ran, was charmed and persuaded to cut his boat loose when the flotilla was moored for the night at Venloo, to steal off downstream. With the morning they landed, bought horses, and laden with the dower, struck north for Martin Schenk's country. Safe, mistress of herself and her dower, she had come to Nijmegen.

Such was the story she told Raoul. And I know nothing cleverer of Gertrude Mol than that. It was most aptly designed to beguile the man. Your weak, pathetic women, always in distress, always sucking a man's strength, had no charm for him. But here was a woman with red blood in her veins, a woman of wit and resource

to outdo a man. His heart was hers to take.

And he was urgent for hers. That day, as they walked back past the great hospital, where women whom the war had bereft of husbands and kinsfolk tended the wounded in war, Raoul was mightily ardent. Day by day after he was at her side, sailing with her on the Waal, walking with her on the hills without the town, alone with her and earth and sky, dining with her at her lodging in the Spoor Straat. She held him daintily aloof, yet never let him think her cold.

Sometimes I fancy that she drew out those days longer than need was—that something in Raoul had waked her heart. I know she must have been sneering at his folly from first to last. And yet I doubt there was more in her mind than a sneer.

On a wayward spring afternoon they were walking by a backwater of the Waal. The tiny waves glistened and flung back the kingcups' gold, the willows were white in the breeze.

"And have you thought better of love?" says Raoul.

"Love? Ah, love is a jailer. I can only be happy free."

"Why, unless you love you cannot be free. The best of freedom is to use every power you have. Till you love you are in bonds, you are chained down. Dear heart, unless you love, your sweet self is of no effect. God forbid that! Love me, dear, and live." His arm went about her, he drew her, fragrant, against his side.

"Faith, one is harder than the other," she says with her wicked smile. "Dear sir, I fear my cruel self could live without you—and perhaps more piously—more quietly for certain."

"Live without me? You would never have the heart."

"And how do you know there is any heart in me?"

"*Mordieu*, I will try!" He caught her to him fiercely and kissed her mouth. "Does the heart answer, rogue?"

She blushed; her eyes wavered, tried to shun his and could not. "God help me!" she muttered, and gasped for breath, trying to loose herself. Raoul kissed her again before he let her go. Once free, she was quickly cool.

"Oh, but I am honored," she said, and, laughing, made him a courtesy. "I shall al-

ways be proud that I made so great a man deign two kisses for poor Judith Hals."

"She can multiply them at will," said Raoul, taking her in his arms again.

"Debts?" she asked. Raoul held up two fingers. "Oh!" She was in a pretty confusion. Then she laughed at him. "You shall ask me for them to-morrow."



*"She held him daintily aloof, yet never let him think her cold."*

She leaned away from him, laughing. "Alack, sir, the poor lass knows naught of mathematics."

"Mine the joy of teaching her. And does she know that debts must be paid?"

"And why not this hour?"

"Because—because—" again she was delectably shy—"because, sir, I am afraid to be alone with you too long."

Raoul held her close against him a mo-

ment. "Love," he said softly, and let her go.

Gertrude Mol laughed.

So they went back to the town and away to her lodging in the Spoor Straat, beyond the great hospital. There at the gates

In a moment she was at her own door. "Till to-morrow, sweet," said Raoul, in a low voice, and kissed her hand.

Gertrude Mol laughed again. "Good-by," she said. For so Lodovico Mondaleschi had kissed her hand the night be-



*"Ob!" she gasped, and clapped her hands to her face."*

stood some of the nursing women, those sad-eyed women who gave their lives to the care of the men that suffered for the country's sake. Raoul saluted them gravely. But Gertrude Mol hurried by with averted eyes. Her work, her life, showed ill against theirs. She hated them for that. She hated Raoul for honoring them.

fore she betrayed her honor for him. I fancy her calling Raoul fool, and sneering at him and herself and all the world. In cynical misery she turned to finish her work.

It was past noon on the next day; Raoul was striding out of Martin Schenk's quarters, when an orderly ran at him with

a letter. "By the hand of a dusty peasant, sir," he explained. "From Neerbosch."

The seal was a shapeless blot of wax. Raoul broke it, and found written in a quavering hand this:

DEAR —

I am hurt sore. I was riding out hitherward and my horse fell upon me. I am much in pain. Come.

JUDITH.

At Neerbosch, in the inn.

I think it was well written. I do not wonder she counted on it to bring Raoul to her hotfoot. But she made the mistake of forgetting that Raoul for all his ardor was a practical man. If, while his heart throbbed wildly for her pain, his first thought was to gallop to Neerbosch, his second was to take her her maid.

So off he ran to the Spoor Straat and up the stairs to her lodging. He broke in—then started back amazed. For the room was bare of all its trinkets and dainty finery. Three pack-horse panniers stood corded and ready for the road, and the maid was thrusting things into a fourth. "*Cordieu*," Raoul cried, "what thievery is this?"

Flushed, surprised, the maid looked up. "Thievery, forsooth!" says she, with a toss of her head. "Thief yourself! 'Tis my mistress's own order." Then: "Oh!" she gasped, and clapped her hands to her face. Nervously she began to tell a wild, impossible, halting tale. Raoul leaped at her, he caught her wrists and harshly demanded the truth. At first she babbled incoherent nothings, twisting herself in his grip. Slowly he brought his eyes close to hers. She grew still. She breathed heavily. "The truth now!" said Raoul through his teeth. And the truth came.

Her mistress had bidden her gather all their chattels and bring them on pack horses to Ravestein by way of Neerbosch.

"And why Ravestein?" Raoul growled. The woman shuddered. "Why Ravestein?" he insisted. "Why? Why? Why?"

"'Tis the way to Tilburg," she gasped.

"Tilburg?" Raoul roared; for all men knew that Parma was there. "Tilburg? What have you to do with Tilburg?"

"We—we—we came from there."

Raoul's face was white. He gripped her so hard that she screamed with pain.

"Who are you, then, i' God's name?" he said hoarsely.

"She is Gertrude Mol," the woman moaned. "Oh, let me go, let me go!"

Raoul flung her away from him, and she fell against the wall sobbing. Raoul glared down at her, and he clenched his hands till the nails pierced his flesh. "Stay here," he said at last; "speak no word of this, or you hang. Mark me! Silent, or you hang;" and he swung on his heel and out.

Gertrude Mol—his love Gertrude Mol? The traitress, the scorn of all Holland! He smarted with shame and wounded pride. Her tenderness had been all a cheat, then? She had tricked him into passion, she had taken his love to sneer at it. She—she had made a mock of him—of Raoul de Tout le Monde! For a moment he hated her enough to put her to torture. Then hate was quenched in grief. His heart was torn asunder. Oh, that she, his love, his queen, should be false and base—she whom he worshiped! "Would to God it were I in her stead!" he muttered. "Oh, my God, I would it had been I!"

The letter from Neerbosch; what did it mean? *Cordieu*, it must mean that she was drawing him within Parma's reach. She was Parma's hired lure—his love. He groaned, and his eyes were wet. Well, he would seek her still. He would fight it out to the end.

Off he went to Martin Schenk. He had tidings of the enemy at Neerbosch, he said. He asked for a troop of horse. Martin Schenk gave him a squadron.

While a troop of Richebourg's Walloons rode into Neerbosch, Gertrude Mol lay at her ease in the inn. She thought her work well done, and laughed over it. Oh, she had fooled him finely, for all his wits! She herself had not been more a mock than he would be, the little swaggerer. Yes! She had paid some of her debt to men. The trick that had ruined her was not more comical than this. And she made herself laugh again. But her face was pale and her laughter rang strangely. She hid her face in her hands a moment, then forced a smile and a sneer. She must laugh—she must laugh—or she would be in agony. Wild thoughts were torturing her. What if she had broken loose from Parma—what? Then he would have wedded her eagerly, and she would have been at peace, with a

man who honored her, whom she might easily—yes, so easily—learn to love. At peace? No, never in life. Some day he must have heard the truth of her, some day turned on her and cast her out with scorn. There was no hope of happiness with him.

She laughed again. Poor little man! She was best rid of him before she loved him much.

Suddenly she started and paled, and caught at her throat. There came from the stair a gay laugh that she knew too well.

It was Lodovico Mondaleschi. He strode in debonair, laughing. He made her a low salute of mockery.

"What have you to do here?" she gasped.

"I came to give you joy on the way you have bettered my instruction. What! There is nothing like a kiss to fool woman or man, is there, sweeting?" He tapped her arm, and she shrank from him, red and shuddering. "But I confess 'tis comelier when the woman cheats—when the woman's kisses are the liars. Eh, yours were true enough once, were they not, sweet? Have you any left for me now?"

"No! No! No!" she cried, all trembling.

"*Madonna*, here is coyness! And once you would give me more than I cared to take." He laughed at her shame. "Tell me, does this Raoul love you as well as you loved me? How much will he hate you when Parma burns him?"

Gertrude started up and faced him, one hand at her throat. Her lips were tight pressed and white. Lodovico laughed heartily. She struck at him. And while he warded off the blow there came suddenly a yell—"The guard! The guard!" the thunder of hurrying horses: then the clash and grate of steel and the roar of the Dutch war cry, "*Vive le gens!*"

Lodovico turned with an oath and ran out.

There is no story to tell of the fight—the fight of that troop that came to catch one man and caught a squadron. Martin Schenk's horsemen found the Walloons dismounted out of order, took them in front and rear, and slew.

From that whirl of slaughter Lodovico Mondaleschi fled. I do not deny him courage. No man could have been so good a spy without courage. But his was not

the courage that fights. Livid, foaming, blaspheming, he came again to Gertrude Mol; he screamed a volume of foul words at her, stammering in mad wrath. She laughed. He plucked out his sword and ran at her.

Then she flung wide her arms and gave a great glad cry. "Kill me! Kill me!"

He checked. He faltered.

Raoul burst in, his sword and dagger dripping blood.

Lodovico Mondaleschi screamed and flung his sword away, and cast himself down and clung about Gertrude Mol's knees. "Save me! Save me!" he moaned.

Gertrude, white and still, was looking into Raoul's flaming eyes. "I am Gertrude Mol," she said. "I tried to betray you to death."

A moment more Raoul gazed at her; then he flung back his head like a beast in pain, and strode forward and gripped Lodovico. Lodovico clung the closer to Gertrude, and "Save me!" he shrieked, "save me!"

Gertrude Mol laughed a little. "Oh, yes. Save him!" she said.

"Who is he?" Raoul growled.

"Lodovico Mondaleschi."

"Lodovico Mondaleschi! Who—  
who—"

"Who loved me." She laughed. "Who loves me now."

"Yes! I love you. Indeed I love you," Lodovico shrieked. "Gertrude, dear—"

Some wild cry broke from Raoul. He wrenched the man away from Gertrude, and dragged him out. Still he shrieked for mercy. Raoul's face was working; his red sword blade shivered under his hand. He had Lodovico out to the street among the dead, and glared at him a moment with the blood lust in his eyes. Then he muttered an oath and flung the man staggering away. He shouted to two troopers and bade them set Lodovico safe on the Tilburg road.

Lodovico, fairly away from the fight, curled his mustachios again. He was well pleased with himself. He laughed and laughed most heartily at the stupidity of women and the invincible affection of Gertrude Mol. So he went happily on to Tilburg. And there, as I like to remember, Parma, wildly wroth that the trap had failed, that a fine troop of horse had been utterly destroyed, was yet more wroth with





"He tapped her arm, and she shrank from him."

Lodovico for being saved, was convinced that the Dutchmen, who spared no one else, would never have spared Lodovico unless he were privately their friend—in fine, the excellent Prince of Parma hanged Messer Lodovico for a traitor.

Among the dead in Neerbosch Raoul sheathed his sword, and slowly, heavily, climbed the stair again. Gertrude stood awaiting him. They looked at each other long. "You know everything now," she said defiantly. "Everything!" Raoul did not answer or move. He gazed at her still, with sad, dull eyes. She swayed and fell into the chair, and hid her face. "Speak!" she sobbed. "Oh, I cannot bear it! Speak! Curse me!"

"Dear!" Raoul whispered. He was at her side, his arm was around her. "Dear love——"

She shuddered, she started away from him. "Not that!" she cried wildly. "Never again!"

"Ay, again and again and again." Raoul held her still. "Dear love, you have come to a new life now. This past is past and dead, and you must forget——"

She laughed bitterly: "Who can forget?"

"I have forgot," Raoul said. "Now you must live again, live to love me." He drew her closer, he bent to kiss her.

With both arms straining against his breast she held herself away. "I dare not!" she cried. "God help me, I dare not!"

"Nay, dare, for my sake. Forget, for my sake. How can I be happy else? Oh, dear heart, could you not be happy loving me?"

But still she held herself away. "I dare not," she sobbed. "I dare not."

"Why, then?" Raoul cried, staring at her.

"Ah!" she gave a cry of pain. "You make me say it. I—I am too vile."

"Never say that again! Dear, how can you dare? I love you. I love you."

Her throat, her lips were quivering; she could not speak. But still she strained away from his arms. "What now?" Raoul cried. Suddenly his face hardened. "*Mordieu!* This—this fellow—this Lodovico, you do not love him still?"

She started, and was still again. She waited a moment ere she spoke. Looking furtively at Raoul, she made ready her lie. It was the noblest moment in her life. "Yes, I love him still," she said in a low voice. But no blush came, and steadily, covertly she watched Raoul.

Raoul had let her go at the word, and flung away from her. "Would you follow him, then?" he said through his teeth.

"No!" she cried. "No, I swear it! I had rather die than wed him. And yet, and yet I love him, you see." She peered at Raoul's face, and saw the pain on it; then gave a passionate cry: "Oh, why do you not kill me? I would love you for that. Death! death! Is it not my due?"

Raoul strode up and down gnawing his lip. She ran to him, caught his arm. "Raoul, what is my life but misery? What is there for me but death?"

"Death?" Raoul turned on her, and

his face, his voice were stern. "Death is easy. Would you die with nothing done? Would you die with your life no fairer than 'tis now?"

She trembled, and drew away from him crying. Raoul stood still, and gazed at her steadily, grave and sad.

After a while, "You are right," she said. "I—I would like to do something not vile before I die . . . if . . . if God will let me."

On a morning of the early summer Gertrude Mol, under the name of Judith Hals, went into the great hospital at Nijmegen to give herself to the care of those who suffered in the war. Raoul kissed her hand at the gate, and she passed from the sunshine into the gloom, and saw him no more in life.

That is the true story of Gertrude Mol. Some strange folks who have read it say that she never loved Raoul.

## THE WOOD TRAIL

By LLOYD ROBERTS

DOWN between the branches drops a low, soft wind.  
Where the narrow trail begins there start I.

Yellow sun and shadow are spinning gold behind,  
Long brakes are clutching as my knees brush by.

Hidden glades are pink with the twin linear,  
Sweet with scented fronds and the warm, wet fern;  
Flute the far-off rainbirds sad and clear,  
Flash the pigeon blossoms at each sharp turn.

Pungent breathe the balsams by the stream's low banks;  
Rotting wood and violets lie side by side;  
Glow the scarlet fungus through the alder ranks,  
Burning like a light on a still, green tide.

Hilltops bid me linger where the winds run cool;  
Hollows hold my feet in the deep, black loam;  
But marking purple shadows in the purring pool,  
I lift my silent feet on the long trail home.

## THE LAKE OF THE DREAMER

By JOSEPHINE WELLES RICHARDSON

THERE sleeps a lake in a fair land I know,  
Where summer always smiles,  
Guarded by frowning peaks, encapped with snow,  
Impassable defiles.

Placid it lies, as though enchantments keep  
Its lasting quietude.  
Even the wandering breezes past it creep,  
Fearing the solitude.

About its banks are meadows, freshly green,  
And aspens tall, and oaks  
Throw shadows cool, and some bare spots between  
The honeysuckle cloaks.

So well the hills protect this lovely lake,  
And icy crags enclose,  
That to its summer shores, what path to take,  
None but the dreamer knows.

But well he knows the road that thither leads,  
And gladly do his feet  
That way pursue. Greatly the Dreamer needs  
His old dream-loves to meet.

For was there one whose lips he never pressed,  
Whom memory endears,  
Whose hand he never touched, whose cheek caressed,  
All through those vanished years,

Here will he find her, in a fairer clime  
Than he has known before,  
Soft-voiced and young, and all unchanged by Time,  
Waiting upon that shore.

Or has he seen, among the crowd, a face  
That he can ne'er forget  
And would not: he will find it in this place,  
And finding, lose regret.

# THE SUPPER PARTY

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN



HOWEVER much Robin is in love with Irene, would he—could he approve of her behavior last Thursday night? We had a box for "The Harlequin Girls" at the Absurdity Theater. Aunt couldn't go at the last moment, on account of her cold and having to go to bed early with her feet in mustard and water, and so I took Irene, and—never again!

It wasn't a good musical comedy, but then, as Irene admitted, it might have been worse than it was, and yet better than most.

I think it was because the rest of the company were so dull that the leading juvenile shone with such transcendent splendor in Irene's eyes, for he wasn't really half as good-looking as her own devoted Robin, even in his makeup and smart naval uniform. His voice, too, was merely passable. Yet she seemed, from the moment he first appeared, quite overcome.

"I can't help it," she said wildly. "It's Fate. I knew it the moment he came on. He knows it, too, and his smiles are all directed at our box. Oh, why didn't I bring a bouquet for him?"

"He'd rather have a box of cigars," said I unkindly, "or a five-pound note. Throw your purse at him, Irene, if you want to make a strong impression."

"I can't," she said seriously, "there's two shillings worth of coppers in it and it might hit him. Besides, there's only four and something altogether. Penelope, I must see him again."

"You can see him every night if you can get Aunt to bring you. I've already had enough of 'The Harlequin Girls' to last me a lifetime."

Irene's elbows were on the velvet edge of the box, her eyes on Mr. Penrhyn Gallagher's sunburnt face, but a good many eyes in the audience were beginning to concentrate their gaze upon Irene. She almost always attracts more attention than Aunt and I could possibly wish.

"If I were a man," said she, drawing a deep breath, "and he were a girl——"

"You'd ask her to come and have supper with you after the play," I suggested coolly. "And she'd come if she hadn't a previous engagement."

"Would she? Would I? What fun! It's dull work being a girl, isn't it? Penelope, I wonder— But no, he wouldn't. Of course he wouldn't——"

"Irene, don't lean out so far. The man is smiling at you again."

"Is he?" She beamed at me. "I'm glad I wore my mignonette dress. You see it wasn't too good for the theater. You never know when you may meet your fate. Does he look as if he thought I looked sweet, do you think?"

"He looks," said I sharply, "as if he thought you were going to fling yourself over into his arms. So does everybody in the stalls. Irene—do sit back a little——"

Mr. Gallagher in the last verse of his song kissed his hand to an audience which began and ended with Irene.

Hanging over the edge of the box with her bright cloud of hair, her pale glittering dress, her big excited eyes and parted lips, she was much the most attractive object in the house that night. I wondered if anyone we knew could see us.

"Shall we go home after this act?" said I uncomfortably. "It is dull, isn't it?"

She turned on me with a flash of amazement.

"Home! While there's a chance of seeing him? Penelope—if we asked him to supper, do you think he'd come?"

"Irene!"

"Don't speak so loud," she said pettishly. "Everyone's staring at us now. I don't see why we shouldn't. You're old enough to chaperone me."

"No one," said I firmly, "is old enough to chaperone *you*."

"But, Penelope—really—I mean it, you know. I believe he'd come. He looked at me as if—well, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he came."

"Don't be so absurd, Irene."

She set her lips, and I turned my attention to the programme. So did she—to some purpose. I heard her slip quietly to the back of the box, but she is always a restless child, and I took no special notice. She probably wanted to do something to her hair.

When she sat down beside me again, her eyes were glistening, her cheeks flushed and excited.

"I've done it," she said defiantly.

"Done what?"

"Asked him to supper."

"What!"

"Yes, I have." She glanced at me apprehensively and hurried on. "Yes, I know it's unconventional, but too much was at stake. I had to see him again."

"Irene!"

"I wrote on the back of my programme, and tied it up with the green ribbon off my chocolate box, and gave it to the attendant. 'Will you come to supper with us to-night after the play, at 40 Waldemar Street, W. Irene Marigold. Box 3.' That's exactly what I said. Do you think he'll come?"

"Irene! You didn't!"

"What's the good of saying 'Irene' in that silly way? Of course I did. He needn't come if he doesn't want to. Will he send an answer do you suppose?"

But I was struck dumb.

"The servants will all be in bed," I said slowly. "I told Walters not to sit up. I told her that we shouldn't want anything hot for supper. There's the cold mutton, and half a pigeon pie, and a rind of Dutch cheese. Oh, Irene! And Aunt always sleeps with the key of the cellaret under her pillow."

"You can make him some cocoa on your spirit lamp."

Irene giggled as she made the suggestion, but I thought she seemed to grow a little pale as she realized.

When Mr. Penrhyn Gallagher came on again, he looked straight at Irene and smiled and nodded—yes, nodded. Irene blushed and drew back.

"Do you suppose he will be a gentleman?" I asked in troubled tones. "You never know——"

"How suspicious you are." Irene's tone was sharp. "You can see that he's charming. Of course he hasn't time to write reams of letters between the acts."

"I don't want his letters," said I. "Heaven forbid."

We sat in silence through the rest of the dreary performance, and I hated those Harlequin Girls more and more. It was at the beginning of the last act that Irene's restlessness grew unbearable, and I asked her sharply what the matter was.

"Penelope—it is rather dull. You were right. Hadn't we better go home and see about that supper as quickly as we can? We shall have to wait for a cab if we stay till the end."

I rose with joy and hurried into my cloak.

"I'm sure he'll be awfully nice."

Irene's tone held a challenge. I made no reply, for I was busy pondering how I was to steal Aunt's keys without waking her up, and whether she would be likely to go to sleep again if I did wake her and tell her what we wanted.

"He wears his uniform like a gentleman," she said after a long silence.

"Does he?" said I. "I didn't know there was more than one way of wearing it. Why do his arms and legs wobble so when's he's singing?"

"They don't!" indignantly.

"I wonder if it's true that he drinks?" I remarked unamiably.

"Penelope!"

"Oh, well—he may be sober to-night. Let's pray for it. Irene, can you remember how much of that pie Robin left at lunch? I hope to goodness the servants haven't had it."

"They can't be such pigs!"

Another silence.

I opened the door with a latch key and we slipped in.



Irene turned on the electric light and fled hastily upstairs. To do her hair, of course. I was left to look after the supper. I might have expected that.

There was a small cloth on one end of the dining table and a spirit lamp with a pan of soup ready for us to heat. No supper laid at all.

I said frankly what I thought of Walters, hurriedly debated the desirability of ringing her up, and then decided that it would be brutal, and proceeded to lay the table myself as elegantly as possible, with next to nothing in the way of food, and all the fresh chrysanthemums from the drawing-room vases. I took out the new white satin center we were saving for the dinner party next week, and hoped Aunt would never know. It took me a long time, for I never know where the servants keep things, and I had to hunt for sweets in the cellar with an inch of taper that burned my finger, and then only found a gray-looking gooseberry cream that we hadn't much cared for at lunch.

Really, although there was very little to eat, the table looked charming when I had finished it, and, to my joy, I found that Aunt had had some whisky for her cold and absent-mindedly left a decanter half full on the sideboard. I thought Mr. Gallagher might manage with that. Robin and the other men who come here always like to have whisky late at night, but we are a feminine household, and one is never quite sure.

At twelve I went up to tell Irene to come down and look. I opened her door softly because Aunt sleeps just across the landing.

"Irene," I said. "The table looks sweet. Why is your light out?"

"I've gone to bed." Her voice was muffled.

"What!"

"I've got an earache."

"Irene!"

"Don't make a noise. You'll wake Aunt. My ear's awful. It was the cold wind in that cab."

"Irene! You're shirking it."

I heard a sound which might have been a suppressed giggle, but I wasn't sure.

"I'm horribly disappointed. Tell him so if he comes. Be as nice to him as you

can, Penelope, to make up for— You look sweet in that pink dress."

"Irene, you little coward!"

"You're nearly twenty-eight, Penelope, and it's quite proper. Oh, my ear!"

"Have a vinegar poultice."

"No, thanks"—hastily. "I'll try to get a little sleep. Was that the front door bell?"

"Irene! You *must* get up at once and come down."

I left her in indignant haste and ran downstairs. There was, however, only an icy blast to meet me at the front door when I opened it.

I went into the dining room and waited for an hour, and Mr. Gallagher didn't come. Then I locked up, warmed my soup, drank it, and went to bed. I didn't take any soup to Irene, and I crept noiselessly into my own room, a good deal relieved and at the same time seriously annoyed that I had had so much trouble for nothing.

I had fallen into my first beautiful sleep when Irene crept in at two o'clock, turned a blaze of light on, and crouched on the end of my bed, huddled up in a white bur-noose like an Arab chief.

"I thought you'd have come in," she said reproachfully. "What was he like?"

I rubbed my eyes sleepily.

"You don't know what you've missed," I said in as rapturous a voice as I could summon at the moment.

"No—really?" Her face fell. "Is he so handsome in real life then?"

"*Much* handsomer."

"No? Penelope, *was* he nice? Really?"

"Charming," said I, turning over.

"And so unhappy. Do go back to bed."

"Unhappy? Back to bed? Not for worlds. Why is he unhappy?"

"He hates the mockery of his life. He's longing to meet a true woman friend who can really understand and sympathize with his deep nature. Do turn that horrid light out and go to bed."

"Tell me some more," Irene murmured with interest. "I listened for his step, but he must have gone very quietly."

"He did," said I irritably. "As quietly as he came. He poured out all his troubles to me as if he'd known me for years. He said he should like to be a sister to me."

"Penelope—how could he? Don't you



*Drawn by John Cassel.*

*"Irene fled hastily upstairs."*



mean a brother? Did he really say that? Did he say anything about me?"

"Yes, he said things about the shape of your eyes—and the way you smiled at him."

"He noticed, then?"

"Noticed!" said I crossly. "The whole theater noticed. When he'd finished his supper, he laid his head on the table and cried like a little child."

That would settle her, I thought drowsily. But Irene sat upright with shining eyes.

"Penelope! Oh, I wish I had stayed up. Poor dear! Did you comfort him? Oh, why wasn't I there?"

"You had an earache," said I gloomily.

"Shall we ask him again soon? It would only be kind, wouldn't it? I expect he has no real womanly friends, poor fellow. Do let's ask him again soon."

I sat up hastily and turned my hot pillow. This would never do.

"For one thing," said I, "he told me all about the way he doesn't get on with his wife."

"His wife!"

"Yes. Didn't you know? His third wife. The other two died in asylums. His wife doesn't understand him. They none of them understood him. He has nine children, all unmarried, and his life is one long tragedy. He rides a motor bicycle into the country every Sunday to get away from them."

"Penelope!"

"Oh, well," said I, "go to bed."

"I don't believe a word of it," said she, fiercely, rising and collecting the folds of her burnoose. "It's not nice of you to deceive me like this at two o'clock in the morning. I don't believe he came at all."

"Don't you?" said I sleepily. "Good night."

"It's all a disgraceful lie." Irene flounced away, scarlet and indignant. "I hate a person who doesn't speak the truth!"

"You do, do you?" said I gently.

"Then what about that earache?"  
She disappeared.

## THE EARTH CHANGELING

By ETHEL P. WAXHAM

IN the white twilight of the falling snow,  
Like a new look on a beloved face,  
A mystery has come on all we know;  
Old certainties of distance and of space,  
Familiar lines of mountain, bluff, and hill,  
Color and form are spirited away  
In shadow whiteness; earth and air are still  
As if in breathless sleep an angel lay.  
O brown earth of our common days! The soil  
Of our age-long defeat, success, and toil,  
The garment of the sorrow of the years  
Slips from thy shining shoulders, and appears  
This exquisite, white wonder of a thing  
Shown to earth children for their worshipping.

# MY STORY

## BY HALL CAINE.

### VI. ROSSETTI'S LAST DAYS



AS soon as Rossetti was himself again he began to see his friends and relatives—his mother and sister, his brother, now always about him, Shields, Madox Brown, and of course Watts, who was with him every day. Some report of the seizure must have appeared in the newspapers, for I recall inquiries from well-known people which I received and answered in Rossetti's name, among them being a letter from Sir Henry Taylor, and one from Turgenieff, who was, I think, in London, and proposed to call.

I thought it strange when I realized how strongly Rossetti's real nature possessed the power of attaching people to his person that few letters came from the famous men still living who had been his friends in earlier years; but the link with the past was not entirely broken, for Burne-Jones came one evening, with his delicate and spiritual face full of affectionate solicitude, and when I took him into the bedroom he was received with a faint echo of the cheery "Helloa!" which he must have remembered so well.

Rossetti must have looked sadly unlike his former self, although our hearts were now so cheerful about him, for when, after a long half hour, the great painter came down from the bedroom where I had left the two old friends together, he was visibly moved, and at first could scarcely speak. I remember that he and I dined in the studio in the midst of the easels, and that, turning to an unfinished picture on one of them, he said:

"They say Gabriel cannot draw, but look at that hand! There isn't anybody

else in the world who can draw a hand like that."

Christmas day was now nigh, and Rossetti, still confined to his room, begged me to spend that day with him. "Otherwise," he said, "how sad a day it must be to me, for I cannot fairly ask any other."

I had been asked to dine at a more cheerful house, but reflecting that this was my first Christmas in London, and it might be Rossetti's last, I readily decided to do as he wished. We dined alone—he in his bed, I at the little table at the foot of it on which I had first seen the wired lamp and the bottles of medicine. Later in the evening William Rossetti, with brotherly affection, left his children and guests at his own house, and ran down to spend an hour with the invalid. As the night went on we could hear from time to time the ringing of the bells of the neighboring churches, and I noticed that Rossetti was not disturbed by them as he had been formerly.

He talked that night brightly, with more force and incisiveness, I thought, than he had displayed for months. There was the ring of sincerity in his tone as he said he had always had loyal and unselfish friends; and then he spoke of his brother, of Madox Brown, and, perhaps, particularly of Watts. He said a word or two of myself, and then spoke with emotion of his mother and sister, and of his sister who was dead, and how they were supported through their sore trials by religious hope and resignation. He asked if I, like Shields, was a believer, and seemed altogether in a softer and more spiritual mood than I could remember to have noticed before.

With such talk we passed the last of



Rossetti's Christmas nights, and on many a night afterwards I spent some hours with him in his room. The drug being gone, he was in nearly every sense a changed man, and I remember particularly that there was no more fear of poverty and no painful brooding over death. That any hope such as could be called faith had taken the place of dread I cannot positively say, and perhaps if I had to give in a word a definition of Rossetti's attitude toward spiritual things, I should say that it was then that of an agnostic—not of an unbeliever, but of one who simply did not know. Before the mystery of the hereafter, of the unknown and the unknowable, he seemed to stand silent, perhaps content, certainly without any anxious questioning, any agonizing doubts.

Those hours with Rossetti, when he had just emerged from the thralldom of so many years, are among the most treasured of my memories, and I recall the impression I had at the time that much of his conversation was like the stern lamp of a ship which casts its light on the path that is past. Thus one day he said: "To marry one woman, and then find out, when it is too late, that you love another, is the deepest tragedy that can enter into a man's life."

No more now than before did he interest himself in the affairs of the world outside his own walls, and what he called "the momentary momentousness" of many political questions seemed never to stir his pulse for a moment; but there was one great social problem which always moved him to the depths. He had dealt with it in both his arts—as a poet in "Jenny," as a painter in "Found," and perhaps in "Mary Magdalene." It was the age-long problem of the poor scapegoats of society who carry the sins of men into a wilderness from which there is no escape. These pariahs, these outcasts, had a fascination for him always, but it was of a kind that could be felt only by a man who was essentially pure-minded.

"That is a world," he used to say, "that few understand, though there is hardly anybody who does not think that he knows something about it."

On Rossetti it seemed to sit like a nightmare. For the poor women themselves, who after one false step find themselves in

a blind alley, in which the way back is forbidden to them, he had nothing but the greatness of his compassion. The pitiless cruelty of their position often affected him to tears. That they had transgressed against all the recognized rules of morality and social order, and were often wallowing in an abyss of degradation, did not rob them of his pity. No human creature was common or unclean. "With our God is forgiveness," and feeling this Rossetti also seemed to feel that behind the sin of these sinners there was always the immensity, even the majesty of their suffering.

All this he had put into "Jenny," with its tenderness to the little closed soul of the girl, and its passionate denunciation of the lust of man; he had put it into "Found," with the agony of shame in the face of the woman on her knees and the pathos of the net which confined the calf that was going to slaughter in the country cart; he had put it into "Mary Magdalene," too, in the light, as of an awakening soul, in the eyes of the courtesan when she hears the Master's call; but more touching, perhaps more immediately affecting than any of these great works (in my view the greatest the world has yet seen on this subject), was the talk of the man himself when, at this most spiritual hour of the period in which I knew him, he would speak of what he believed to be one of the poignant tragedies of human life.

I will not shrink from telling of one act of Rossetti's moral courage at that time, which I have never since been able to recall without a thrill of the heart. Somewhere I had met with one of the women of the underworld who seemed to me to have kept her soul pure amid the mire and slime that surrounded her poor body. She was a girl of great beauty, some education, refinement, knowledge of languages, and not a little reading and good taste. Her position had been due to conditions more tragic than the ordinary ones, but she was held to it by the same relentless laws which bound the commonest of her class.

It was a very pitiful example of the tragedy which most deeply interested Rossetti, and when I told him about it he was much affected. But he did not attempt or suggest the idea of rescue. He knew the problem too well to imagine that anything less than complete reversal of the social

order could help a girl like that to escape from the blind alley in which she walked alone. The only thing that could be done for her was to keep her soul alive amid all the dead souls about her, and this he tried to do by a little act of great beauty and bravery.

Asking me to bring him a copy of his first volume of poems (the volume containing "Jenny"), he wrote the girl's name and his own, with a touching line or two, on the title-page, and told me to give her the book. I did so, and recall the astonishment and emotion of the poor outcast thing, who appreciated perfectly what it meant to the illustrious poet to send that present to a lost one like her. As far as I can remember, I never saw her again, nor heard what became of her, but well I know that wherever she is that book is with her still, and the tender grace of Rossetti's act has not been lost.

I have one more memory of those cheerful evenings in the poet's bedroom, with its thick curtains, its black oak chimney-piece and crucifix, and its muffled air (all looking and feeling so much brighter than before), and that is of Buchanan's retraction of all that he had said in his bitter onslaught of so many years before. One day there came a copy of the romance called "God and the Man," with its dedication, "To an Old Enemy." I do not remember how the book reached Rossetti's house, whether directly from the author or from the publisher, or, as I think probable, through Watts, who was now every day at Cheyne Walk, in his untiring devotion to his friend, but I have a clear memory of reading to the poet the beautiful lines, in which his critic so generously and so bravely took back everything he had said:

I would have snatched a bay-leaf from thy brow,  
Wronging the chaplet on an honoured head;  
In peace and charity I bring thee now  
A lily-flower instead.

Pure as thy purpose, blameless as thy song,  
Sweet as thy spirit, may this offering be;  
Forget the bitter blame that did thee wrong,  
And take the gift from me.

Rossetti was, for the moment, much affected by the pathos of the words, but, in the absence of his name, it was difficult at

first to make him believe they were intended for him.

"But they are, I'm sure they are, and Watts says they are," I went on repeating, until he was compelled to believe.

It was a moving incident, and doubly affecting at that moment, when the poet had just emerged from the long night of so much suffering. And it was fit and meet that Buchanan's retraction should come before it was too late for Rossetti to hear of it; but if I had wanted anything to prove to me that the cloud that had hung over the poet's life was not that of another poet's criticism, but a far graver thing, I should have found it in the fact that after the first hour of hearing of the retraction, he never spoke of the matter again.

I have another memory of those evenings in the bedroom, and it is to me a very touching one. After some little time, in which Rossetti seemed to regain strength, he got out of bed for a few hours every day, and then we realized that he was not recovering. The partly stricken limbs had gained power in some measure, but his weakness was obvious, and it was only too clear to everybody that the road for Rossetti was indeed all downhill now.

On the last day of the year, I remember, I found this certainty especially oppressive, from the acute sense one always has of coming trouble as one passes the solemn landmarks of time. I could not stay indoors that night, so I walked about the streets, but I had not counted on the fact that by staying out of the house to avoid painful emotions, I was only gathering them up to fall in a single blow the moment I came back.

It was about half an hour after midnight when I returned home, and then, as well as I can remember, Rossetti was alone. The church bells were still ringing their cheerful appeal as I stepped into his room, and after a feeble effort at the customary "Helloa," we wished each other "A Happy New Year."

After a few weeks upstairs Rossetti was able to get down to his studio, but his strength did not increase, so it was decided that the error of the autumn should, if possible, be repaired by sending him, late as it was, to the seaside. At that moment a friend of earlier days, Seddon, the archi-

tect, offered the use of a bungalow at Birchington, a few miles from Margate, and I was asked to go down and look at the place. I did so, and, coming back, I reported so favorably of the house and the situation that Rossetti determined to move immediately.

There were the same laborious preparations as before, only they were lightened now by Rossetti's calmer spirits, and toward the end of January the poet left his home for the last time. Whether he had any premonitions that this was the fact I cannot say, but, whatever the hopes of his recovery cherished by his friends, it was clear enough to me that the poet himself had no illusions. And, though he gave no outward sign of regret, I will not doubt that the day was a sad one on which he turned his back on the house in which he had known so much joy and sorrow, the place so full of himself, written all over with the story of his life, the studio, the muffled bedroom, the closed-up drawing-room, the little green dining room, and the garden, now plowed up and lost.

We traveled in ordinary carriages now, taking with us the domestic servants from Cheyne Walk; a professional nurse, and my sister, then a little girl. Though so weak, Rossetti was in good spirits, and I remember that on getting into the compartment he tried to amuse the child by pretending that the carriage itself had been built expressly in her and his honor.

"Look here," he said, pointing to the initials on the carpet ("London, Chatham, and Dover Railway," as it was then), "they have even written our names on the floor—L. C. and D. R.—Lily Caine and Dante Rossetti."

It had been a fine and cheerful day when I went down to Thanet to "report on the land," but it was a dark and sullen one when I arrived there with Rossetti. Birchington was not a holiday resort in those days, though it was being laid out for its career in that character. It was merely an old-fashioned Kentish settlement on the edge of a hungry coast.

The village, which stood back from the shore the better part of a mile, consisted of a quaint old Gothic church, gray and green, a winding street, a few shops, and a windmill, while the bungalow we were to live in stood alone on the bare fields to the seaward side, and looked like a scout that had

ventured far toward the edge of unseen cliffs. The land around was flat and featureless, unbroken by a tree or bush, and one felt as if the great sea in front, rising up to the horizon in a vast round hill, dominated and threatened to submerge it. The clouds were low, the sea was loud, the weather was chill, and if Rossetti had been able to act on his first impression of Birchington, I think he would have gone back to London immediately.

But next day the sun shone, the air was bright, the skylarks were singing, and Rossetti was more content. Our little house was homely, too, in its simple way, a wooden building of one story, with a corridor going down the middle, and bedrooms opening to front and back. Rossetti chose a back bedroom, that he might hear as little as possible of the noise of the sea.

There was a large dining room at the end of the corridor, and there we set up Rossetti's easels, laid out my usual truckload of books, and otherwise prepared for a lengthy sojourn. Somebody lent us a huge telescope, and we put that up also, though there was little to look at along the bleak coast except the bare headland of Reculvers, and nothing on the empty sea except an occasional sailing ship going up to the Baltic, for the great steamers hardly ever came so far.

During the first weeks of our stay in Birchington, Rossetti was able to take short walks with me every morning (he rose earlier now) along the tops of the chalk cliffs overlooking the rugged shore, and round the road that winds about the church and churchyard. It is not without a trembling of the heart that I now remember how often we walked round that churchyard, as long as Rossetti was able to walk at all. But, though he would heavily lean on a stick with one hand, and as heavily on my arm with the other, the exercise soon proved to be too much for him, for he was growing weaker day by day.

Nevertheless his spirits kept up wonderfully, and besides painting a little at intervals, he took to poetical compositions afresh, and wrote (of all things in the world for that moment) a facetious ballad, called "Jan Van Hunks," telling an eccentric story of a Dutchman's wager to smoke against the devil. Rossetti himself had never smoked in his life, I think, but his enjoyment of

the Dutchman's agony, as he recited or dictated to me in the drawing-room the stanzas he had composed in bed, made the place ring with laughter.

We had our serious and even thrilling moments, too, in that house on the edge of the coast, as when the wind roared around the little place at night, and the light of Reculvers was all that we could see through the blackness of rolling rain clouds, and we knew that long stretches of the chalk cliffs in front were churning down into the champing sea.

I remember that once in the morning, after a storm, when the sea was calm and the sun was shining, we saw that a foreign ship, which had come to an anchor a mile or so outside, had taken fire, and we heard a little later that the crew, on taking flight from her, had left behind them the body of a comrade who had died during the night. The incident took hold of Rossetti's imagination. All through the day he watched the burning ship, and at night, when hull and rigging were aflame, and nothing was to be seen but that blazing mass in a circle of glittering light, the sense as of a funeral pyre was so strong on both of us that we sat for hours in the darkness to look at it.

Weak as he was in body, his intellect was as powerful as in his best days, and he was just as eager to occupy himself with my own doings and tryings-to-do. Thus in the evenings he would make me read aloud the articles I was writing for the literary journals, and tell him my first vague schemes for the stories that were on the forehead of the time to come.

I think he liked my tendency to take the simple incidents out of the Bible as foundations for modern novels, not because he had any Puritan leanings whatsoever, but because he recognized the elemental strength of the primitive themes. It was then that I was shaping the tales that I have since written on the lines of the lives of Jacob and Esau, of Samuel and Eli, and of the Prodigal Son, and it is impossible for me to say how much these stories may owe (of whatever may be good in them) to the sure criticism of his searching mind. One thing I know and may be permitted to say, that when I wrote that section of one of my novels which describes a man who is cut off from his kind and is alone with his own soul, I was drawing

deeply of the well of Rossetti's mind, as it revealed itself to me.

He may have been half way to the other world, but he was still not incapable of a level-headed view of any attempt to get there before one's time, and he made more than a single protest against certain spiritualistic tendencies of mine, which were born, perhaps, of the reading of Swedenborg. I particularly recall the vehemence of his objection to my going to a *séance* to which one of his own earlier friends had invited me, and that the reason he gave was like a speech out of "Hamlet," or a passage from Sir Thomas Browne.

"You must not go," he said decisively.

"Why not, Rossetti? Do you think it's all a fraud, and the spirits do not appear?"

"No, but they're evil spirits—devils—and they're allowed to torment and deceive people."

But even during these first weeks at Birchington, Rossetti was not entirely dependent upon me for society and solace. He was visited at intervals by nearly all the friends of his later years, as well as by some of lifelong standing. His spirits would rally perceptibly on the sight of these friends, and then fall as sensibly when they were gone, but when I remember the lighter moments of these rather heavy days I cannot forget the visit of one other acquaintance whom I need not name.

This was the person who carried out the work of the exhumation of his poems—the companion of earlier days, more reckless and tumultuous days, perhaps, as well as days of blank darkness. I had often heard him spoken of as a daring and adventurous creature, whose humorous audacity had overcome nearly all fear of his unscrupulousness.

Beginning life as the secretary, I think, of Ruskin, he had ultimately lived on his wits, doing anything and everything for a living, ingratiating himself into the graces and worming himself into the confidence of nearly all the painters of Rossetti's immediate circle, and making Rossetti, in particular, his conscious victim.

One day this soldier of fortune turned up unexpectedly at our bungalow, and was received with the utmost cordiality. He was a somewhat battered person, with the face of a chipped cab horse, but so clever, so humorous, so audacious, that

Rossetti's flagging spirits were wonderfully awakened by his visit. I think the poet remarked that the last time they had met was when his visitor had bought "a tidy bit of blue" (blue china) for him.

"And what are you doing now, Charlie?" said Rossetti.

"Buying horses for the King of Portugal," said the soldier of fortune, and then Rossetti laughed until he nearly rolled out of his seat.

Our visitor stayed all day, telling stories, veracious and apocryphal, of nearly everybody known to us in the world, and mentioning to me, in a sort of parenthetical aside, that when he was a young man he had written nearly all Ruskin's early books, which was probably true enough, since he had almost certainly copied them from the author's manuscript in those better days, when his fingers had done the work which was now being discharged by his nimbler wits.

Feeble as Rossetti was at the time, the visit of this unaccountable being did him good, and he laughed all evening after the man had gone, talking of his adventures of various kinds, as well as telling his familiar stories over again. One of the latter, which particularly amused him, was of a man near to death, to whom the clergyman came and said, "Dear friend, do you know who died to save you?" "Oh, Meenister, Meenister," said the dying man, "is this a time for conundrums?"

All this, however, was but the flickering of the lamp that was slowly dying out, and it was only too obvious that Rossetti's strength was becoming less and less. His eyesight was feebler, and having already given up his attempts to paint, he had now given up his efforts to read. With difficulty he rose for a few hours every day, and only with the help of the nurse's arm or mine was he able to reach the drawing-room. Seeing how things stood with him, I suggested that he should let me send for his mother and sister, and he consented, saying:

"Then you really think I'm dying? At last you think so!"

Rossetti's mother and sister came without more than a day or two's delay.

The mother, a little, sweet woman, with a soft face and a kind of pure morning air always about her, very proud to be the

mother of a son whose name was ringing through the world, very sad to see him so surely going before her. The sister, Christina, a woman of great intellectuality, but without a trace of the pride of intellect, a famous poet herself, yet holding her reputation as nothing compared with that of her brother, whose genius, she plainly thought, was to carry on the family name.

To relieve the long hours of the evenings, I borrowed a great batch of novels from a lending library at Margate, and Christina read them aloud in the drawing-room. She was a fine reader, not emotional, perhaps, and certainly not humorous, but always vigorous of voice and full of intellectual life. Rossetti was interested in nearly everything that was read to him, and though some of it was poor stuff, some of it, like "Henry Dunbar," was good, and a little of it, like "The Tale of Two Cities," was great. I remember that he was deeply touched by Sidney Carton's sacrifice, and said he would have liked to paint the last scene of it.

Thus February slid into March, and spring began to come, with its soft sunshine and the skylarks singing in the morning, but Rossetti's health did not improve. The hours in the drawing-room became shorter every day, and we all knew that the end was drawing on. At the request, I think, of the London physician, we called in a local doctor, a country practitioner of more than average intelligence, who knew nothing, however, of his patient, and asked him some awkward and rather gawkish questions. I remember that one morning I met the good man coming out of the house with a look of confusion on his face, and that he drew me aside and whispered, by way of warning, his secret opinion of the state of Rossetti's mind.

"Your friend does not *want* to live," he said. "If I were to leave a glass of something on the table by his bed, and say, 'Drink that, and you'll be gone in five minutes,' it would be done before I could get out of the room."

I thought then the doctor was wrong, and I still think so. True that by this time the longing for life was gone, and gone, too, was "the muddy imperfection" of fear of death, but I cannot believe that by any act of his own he would have hastened his end. He was in no pain, he had reconciled



himself to the thought that his active life was over, and he was clearly biding his time.

The local clergyman came, too, at Christina's suggestion, I think, and Rossetti saw him quite submissively. He was a fairly capable man, I remember, and when he talked in the customary way of such good souls Rossetti listened without resistance, having no theological subtleties to baffle him with; but after a while the deep, slow, weary eyes of the poet, looking steadfastly at him, seemed to silence the clergyman, and he got up and went away.

Rossetti's attitude toward the other life seemed to be the same then as his attitude toward this life—the attitude of one who is waiting.

Still we say as we go—

"Strange to think by the way,

Whatever there is to know,

That shall we know one day."

One day, more than usually cheerful with signs of the coming spring, the local doctor made the painful and somewhat belated discovery that Rossetti was in an advanced stage of Bright's disease, and we telegraphed to his brother, to Watts, and to Shields to come down immediately. That night his dear old mother and I remained with him until early morning, and then his sister took our place by his side.

Since the coming of his mother and sister, I had seen less of Rossetti than before, feeling a certain delicacy in intruding upon the sacred intimacies of the home circle in these last reunions, but the next morning, after he had received what we believed to be his death warrant, I spent a long hour with him.

"Helloa! Sit down! I thought at one time you were going to leave me," he said, as I went into his room.

"You'll have to leave me first, Rossetti," I replied.

"Ah!"

And then I knew what I had said.

I found his utterance thick and his speech from that cause hardly intelligible, but in spite of that he talked long and earnestly.

He spoke of his love for early English ballad literature, and how he had said to himself, when he first met with it, "There lies your line," and then, in a simple, natu-

ral way, but with a certain quiet exultation, reminding me of Keats's calm confidence, he spoke of holding his place among the English poets after his death. After that he half sang, half recited snatches from one of Iago's songs in "Othello."

"Strange thing to come into one's head at such a moment," he said. I had never seen him more bright.

It was my last interview with Rossetti alone of the many I had had of many kinds, and I will not shrink from telling the story of the end of it, so deeply does it touch me as often as it comes back to my mind. There had been a friend of his earlier years whom we of his later life could not but consider an evil influence, and this friend we finally expelled. It was all done with Rossetti's consent, but clearly as he saw that he had suffered from that friendship, he never ceased to regret it, and now, at the last moment, after months of silence, he said in a whisper:

"Have you heard anything of —?"

"Nothing at all."

"Would you tell me if you had?"

"If you asked me—yes."

"My poor —," he murmured, and, unable to say more, I went out of the room, feeling how poor and small had been our proud loyalty compared with the silent pathos of his steadfast friendship.

Next day (it was Good Friday) the friends we had sent for arrived—his brother, Watts-Dunton, and Shields. Weak as he was he was much cheered by their company, but well we knew that he was always aware that the gathering of his friends about him meant that the wings of death seemed to us to be gathering, too.

He made his will the day following, leaving everything to his own, with the provision that three or four of us who had been closest to him during his last years should each choose something out of his house to remember him by. Watts-Dunton drew up the document, I made a fair copy of it, and after Rossetti had signed it with his trembling hand, it was witnessed by me and by another. Only at that moment did the placid temper of these last days seem disturbed. Money had never been an object in Rossetti's life, and these material provisions seemed to vex him a little now, as though they came too late, and were dragging his spirit back.

In view of the local doctor's alarming report, the London physician was telegraphed for, and he arrived on Saturday evening. His visit gave great heart to everybody. While recognizing the serious condition, he was not without hope. After examining his patient, he took us all into another room and explained the position. It was true that Rossetti was now suffering from Bright's disease, induced, perhaps, by the prolonged use of the pernicious drug; but it did not follow that he must die immediately. With care of diet and general watchfulness over the conditions of health he must still live long. People with that ailment often lived five years, sometimes ten years, even fifteen.

He administered a kind of hot pack, and when we saw him off on Saturday night, we were all in great spirits. Next morning Rossetti was perceptibly better, and I think everybody in the house looked in upon him in his room and found him able to listen, and sometimes to talk. It was a beautiful Easter morning, and when the bells rang a joyful Easter peal I think both mother and sister went to church. All was well during the day, and in the evening the nurse gave such a cheery report of the poet's condition that we were very happy. She was about to administer another pack, so we went off to other rooms, the mother and Christina to their bedroom, facing Rossetti's, William to the drawing-room, Watts-Dunton and Shields and I to the dining room down the corridor.

About nine o'clock Watts-Dunton left us for a short time, and when he returned he said he had been in Rossetti's room and found him at ease and very bright. Then we three gave way to good spirits, and began to laugh at little things, as is the way with people when a long strain seems to be relaxed. But immediately afterwards we heard a terrible cry, followed by the sound of somebody scurrying down the corridor, and rapping loudly at every door.

We understood in an instant that something had happened to Rossetti, and all hurried to his room. Knowing the house best, I got there first, and found Rossetti alone and in convulsions. Watts-Dunton entered by another door at the next instant, and together we raised him in our arms, Watts-Dunton on the right and I on the left. Mother and sister and brother were

there in a moment, and then Shields fled away for the doctor. There were a few seconds of silence and suspense, with Christina on her knees at the foot of the bed, and the sweet old mother at the side of it, and then the end.

It was all over before we seemed to draw breath. I remember the look of stupefaction in our faces, the sense of being stunned, as we three—Watts-Dunton, Shields, and I, leaving the two good women murmuring their prayers in the death chamber—returned to the dining room and said to one another, "Gabriel has gone!"

We found it hard to realize that Rossetti was dead, the dreadful fact having fallen at last with such fearful suddenness. Each of us no doubt had had his vision of how it was to be with Rossetti at the last. In mine he was to die slowly, body and mind sinking gradually to rest, as the lamp dies down, or as the boat, coming out of a tempestuous sea, lets drop its sail and glides into harbor. This was to be nature's recompense for Rossetti's troubled days and sleepless nights, for his fierce joys and stormy sorrows. But nature knew better the mysteries of the future, and Rossetti was to be the same tragic figure to the end, in sunshine and shadow, in life and death, always tragic.

The little household was still staggering under its sudden blow when William Rossetti's wife arrived unexpectedly, and then, in the regathering of the company, all our hearts went out to the old mother. The tides of memory must have been flowing back upon her as upon nobody else—back from the days of Rossetti's childhood, of his father's house and his father's death, to the hour when he, too, was dead, and she was left in the world without him. It was impossible to attempt to console the sweet old lady without feeling that we were holding out our hands to her in the dark.

Next morning I plucked some of the big pansies and wild violets that come early in the spring in that fresh sea air, and loving hands laid them on the poet's breast. His face, as he lay dead, was perfectly placid, the convulsive expression gone, and even the tired look that had clung to him in sleep as the legacy of the troubled years quite smoothed away. Shields spent the morning in making a pencil sketch of him, finding it a painful task, and weeping most

of the time. Later in the day a plaster cast was taken of his head and his small, delicate hand.

The London newspapers were full of obituary articles, and the drowsy little sea-side settlement appeared to awake to some vague consciousness of who it was that had been living in their midst. Nevertheless, I recall the look of blank bewilderment in the face of the local clergyman who, having come in all gracious neighborliness to ask where the family wished Rossetti to be buried, meaning in what portion of the churchyard, received William Rossetti's reply in words like these:

"If my brother had his due, he would be buried in Westminster Abbey."

I wondered why it seemed to occur to nobody that Rossetti should be buried at Highgate with his wife, around whose life (and death) his own life had so plainly revolved, but William decided to bury his brother at Birchington, and no doubt William knew best.

I went up to London on some necessary business between the death and the burial, and the gaunt old house at Chelsea, which had always seemed a desolate place to me, for all the wealth of beautiful things, felt more than ever so now that the man who had been the soul of it lay dead in the little bungalow by the sea. I remember the emotion with which I stepped noiselessly into the studio, where there was no longer the cheery voice to greet me, and the sense of chill with which I passed the dark bedroom, now empty, on my way to bed.

I took back from London the feeling that by the death of Rossetti the world had become aware of the loss of a man of two-fold genius, but that its imagination had been most moved by learning of the two or three tragic facts in his storm-beaten life.

The funeral was a private one, and a few of Rossetti's friends came down to it. They were chiefly the friends of his later life, hardly any of the friends of earlier days being there. We heard that Burne-Jones had made effort to come, and had

got as far as the railway station, where he became ill and turned back. Madox Brown was unwell in Manchester, and Ruskin was now an old man in Coniston, and as for the rest, perhaps the time and place of the funeral had not been communicated to them, or perhaps they thought the gradual asundering of the years had left them no right to be there.

It was a dumb sort of day, without wind, and the sky lying low on the sea. When I got into the last of the carriages there were some drops of rain, but they stopped before we reached the church. We were only a little company who stood about the grave, and all I can remember about that group is the figure of the blind poet, Marston, with tears in his sightless eyes. The grave was close to the church porch, and only a few yards away was the winding path where Rossetti and I had so often walked around the place which was now to be the place of his rest.

The friends left us that night, and after a day or two more the family went away. I was ill in bed by this time, and from some other cause Watts-Dunton also remained a little longer. I thought we two had been drawn closer to each other by a common affection and the loss of him by whom we had been brought together.

When I was better, and the time had come for us to go away, too, we walked one morning to the churchyard and found Gabriel's grave strewn with flowers. It was a quiet spring day, the birds were singing and the yellow flowers were beginning to show. As we stood by the grave under the shadow of the quaint old church, with the broad sweep of landscape in front, so flat and featureless that the great sea appeared to lie on it, and with the sleepy rumble of the rolling waters borne to us from the shore, we could not but feel that little as we had thought to leave Rossetti there, no other place could be quite so fit.

It was, indeed, the resting place for a poet. In that bed, of all others, he must, at length, after weary years of sleeplessness sleep the only sleep that was deep and would endure.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE CHOICE OF A SCHOOL

BY FREDERICK WINSOR



O the ordinary parent, confronted with the task of picking out a boarding school for his son, the abundance of such schools seems at first sight to be most encouraging. With so many to choose from, the choice should be easy. Yet when he comes to a nearer view the choice proves not so easy after all. These schools vary almost as much in kind and quality as they do in name and location. What test shall he apply in order to be sure that the school he selects is a really good one? They all teach substantially the same subjects and prepare boys to enter the same colleges. How shall he look beyond the mere matter of scholarship to the far more important ones of preparation for life and formation of character? It will be small gain to his son to be well prepared for the college examinations if he has not at the same time been well prepared for the freedom and responsibility of college life.

In New England, twenty or thirty years ago, such a parent would have had to choose between two types of school—if we may omit the purely military type from consideration: on the one hand were the old academies, practically little colleges so far as internal discipline was concerned, and on the other were what we may call for want of a better name, the private boarding schools, exercising the closest supervision over their pupils and surrounding them with rules and restrictions which kept them out of mischief, perhaps, but took away the opportunity for self-control.

Neither of these two types, if judged by the character and conduct of their graduates at the various New England colleges, seem to have successfully solved the prob-

lem of college preparation. The graduates of the boarding schools were notorious at that time for running wild in college: they had been so closely guarded at school that they were lost in the freedom of their new surroundings: they were children face to face with the responsibilities of men. Compared with them the graduates of the academies behaved like grandfathers. They were neither bewildered nor swept off their feet by the opportunities of their new life, for it was not really a new life for them. Except for a greater latitude in their choice of studies, they found no substantial increase of freedom at college over what they had been used to at school, and from the very beginning of their freshman year they were well-poised, self-contained, self-reliant men. Yet they were not wholly perfect, either; they lacked something that a young man ought to have: they gave one the impression of being overwell acquainted with life; nothing surprised them, nothing shocked them, nothing excited them very much; they had the air of being little men of the world—which is not a pleasant thing in a youth. In short, the trouble seemed to be that the private boarding-school boys on the one hand had too little freedom, too little chance to take care of themselves, and that the academy boys, on the other, had had too little oversight, too little restriction, and had therefore lost something of the bloom of youth.

Fortunately for the boys of to-day, however, the choice of boarding schools no longer lies merely between these two types. Indeed, it may almost be said that the types no longer exist as types, for during the last twenty years the academies on the one hand and the private boarding schools on the other have been gradually drawing nearer together, the former by increasing the su-

pervision which they exercise over their younger students, and the latter by increasing the liberty which they grant their older ones. So great has been the improvement in boarding-school conditions that no parent should be satisfied with a school that falls far short of the best possible preparation for college or business life, and it is the purpose of this article to describe the conditions necessary for such a preparation.

These conditions do not depend on acres or equipment, nor is it necessary here to go into that side of our subject. Common sense tells us that other things being equal the school with the better grounds and buildings will be the better school, but common sense will also tell us that these are of small importance compared with the method of internal administration, the relations between masters and boys, the ideals of conduct for which the school community strives, and all the little details which go to make up the atmosphere of such an institution. It ought to be possible to draw these things in outline in such a way as to be comprehensible and helpful to the father who wants the best for his boy. Perfect schools do not exist. No one knows as well as the headmaster how far his own school falls short of his ideal. But let us inquire into the conditions that ought to be found in a perfect school.

Obviously this school should strike a mean between the boarding schools and the academies of twenty years ago in the matter of school discipline, and it should help boys to a sound religious feeling without surfeiting them with too many services. The first of these two ends can be accomplished by providing a gradual increase of freedom coupled with gradually increasing responsibilities as a boy goes up through the school. The youngest boys can hardly be too carefully looked after in the schoolroom, on the playgrounds, and in the dormitory. But the oldest boys should be almost as much on their own responsibility as are college students, for in a few short months they will themselves become college students. The progress from this oversight to this freedom should be by careful gradations, so that no boy shall have to make too great an advance at one step; yet it should not be so gradual as to be imperceptible to the boy himself. Each year there should come to the boy some outward

and visible recognition of his inward growth, if it be merely the greater lateness of his bed hour, so that he may see himself as older and more responsible as well as more favored than he was the year before.

The religious side of the problem must be solved by making the school services simple and giving the boys themselves as large a part as possible in them; by placing the emphasis on the fundamental religious verities and on those features of worship which are most valuable in their application to right living; and above all by creating a general atmosphere of religious earnestness. This is easy to name, but hard to describe; easy to take as an ideal, but hard to arrive at as an actual living spirit. No school will be a really good school where the thought of God is not an active influence in the school life, yet it may never be prated of or paraded. A boy's religious sense is the most delicately poised thing in the world: too much pressure is as bad for it as too little. The best influence for its successful development, after all, is the example of men who don't talk much about such things, but in whose lives there is reflected the spirit of true religion.

The life of the boys in a really good school will be as natural as it is possible to have it. Rules will be reduced to a minimum, for self-control can only come through liberty, and through freedom from artificial restrictions. Yet not for one moment must boys be allowed to think that liberty means freedom to do as they please. Doing away with artificial restrictions will not abolish the moral law, nor wipe out the laws of social convention. A boy growing into manhood must be governed by these laws, and must learn to respect them: but he must learn also to apply them to his own life, and this is just what he finds the hardest thing in the world to do. The ability to apply general principles of conduct to particular cases is just what he is least likely to have and most needs to attain. He has no perspective, and he hates to think things out. He much prefers to refer to some specific rule, and so it saves much discussion and much patient explanation, to have a specific rule to refer to. It would probably astonish anyone not pretty familiar with boys to hear a young man of eighteen maintain that it was unfair to de-



scend upon him for not brushing his hair before breakfast, since there was no school rule requiring him to brush it. The temptation to promulgate such a rule forthwith is almost irresistible. But the headmaster who yields to such temptations, and so surrounds his boys with a network of rules and regulations, is by that very act unfitting them for life in college and in the world. Don't decide on a school for your boy until you have studied carefully its rules and regulations: and, other things being equal, choose the school that has the simplest and fewest.

On the single subject of disciplinary methods for boarding schools a whole book might be written: it is somewhat difficult to cover the subject adequately in a single paragraph. Yet, no part of school administration is a better index to the character of the school. Mistrust the school where the boys are corrected by a system of penalties: where "demerits," or "black marks," or "misconduct slips" are the machinery of classroom discipline: where a boy's "Department" is marked on some graduated scale like his Latin and Mathematics. The fallacy that underlies all these things is that by their very existence they betray the expectation that the boys are probably going to behave badly, and no ordinary boy wants to disappoint the expectation. A prearranged system of penalties means to the boy that misbehavior may be bargained for: he has his fun, and if he is caught he squares up by paying the established price for it. He is not taught to govern himself, but to calculate risks: suspicion is in the air, where there should be nothing but coöperation. Let a school show its boys that it believes in their good intentions, and that when it inflicts discipline it does so for the purpose of correction, not of punishment, and it will find its boys worthy of its confidence.

Now it must be admitted that to carry on a school with few rules and no fixed system of penalties requires unusually able masters. Abolishing rules will not abolish boys' faults and mistakes and indiscretions, and they must be pointed out, corrected, and even sometimes punished, whether rules exist or not. But it takes a wiser, cooler, more sympathetic master to administer discipline when he has no specific rule to guide him, just as it takes a better boy to live successfully under such a system than in a

school where his conduct is regulated for him. And so the whole morale of the place is lifted to a higher plane. Instead of the old idea of school as a place where a continuous combat between masters and boys is being fought out, there creeps in the notion of coöperation; instead of the birch, the handclasp; instead of the frown, the smile; instead of sullen obedience, gratitude; instead of misunderstanding, friendship.

Now the keynote of such a spirit of coöperation is loyalty to the school, as the great ideal which both boys and masters serve. Loyalty in its crudest form, even, is a good thing; I like to see a boy who believes in his school so thoroughly that it never enters his head that another school can be better even in a single, most unimportant point. But lip loyalty and brag won't make things go right within a school. That requires a higher kind of loyalty, the loyalty of self-sacrifice. The masters must have it; from the opening to the close of school they must live not for themselves, but for the school and for the boys in the school. And not only must they study the boys, and sympathize with them: more than that, heart and soul they must believe in them.

The boys must have loyalty. Not merely the loyalty that makes them work and play well for the honor of the school, but loyalty that makes them ready to sink personal preferences, or grievances, or ambitions, and makes them, in their turn, heart and soul, believe in the masters. I have seen serious temporary disorganization in a school caused simply and solely by the blind prejudice of a boy against a master, carrying the opinions of other boys along with it because they forgot that loyalty to the school demands that they shall believe in the masters. It is inevitable that masters should sometimes make mistakes, but if boys will only remember that the whole school, boys and masters together, are really working for the same end, and that that end is the boys' own welfare, they will be able to overlook the masters' mistakes and to forget them, just as the masters are able to overlook and to forgive the mistakes boys make. Loyalty to the school will make boys and masters both work hand in hand

To make the world a better place, and  
Life a worthier thing.

Now I realize that while it is easy enough to inquire into the question of rules and regulations, and to get some notion of a school's methods of discipline, it is nevertheless very difficult to get an insight into this matter of the relation between the masters and the boys in a school, although it is really the crux of the situation. Something can be guessed at, however, by even the most casual visitor to a school. Some years ago, as I was being shown about the grounds of a school by its headmaster, we met a small boy coming out of the senior dormitory, where no small boy should have entered without special permission from one of the house masters.

"Ha! Jones," said the headmaster, suspiciously, "what are you doing here? Who gave you permission?"

"Mr. Brown sent me over, sir," said the boy, "to get his tennis racquet for him."

"Oh," said the head, again, "is that his racquet? Let me look at it."

And sure enough, the racquet bore the name of Brown, and all was well. But I had seen enough of that headmaster's attitude of mind toward his boys to keep me from putting any boy of mine under his care. He had made a rule, and then he had shown a small boy that he believed it quite probable that it would be broken; he had asked a question, and then he had shown that he believed it quite probable that the answer would not be truthful.

Even more indicative of the inner spirit of a school, however, are the little indications given by the talk of boys at home on their vacations. Don't make the mistake of believing what they tell you about the lessons, or the food, or even the prowess of the football team. A boy is an inveterate generalizer, and, moreover, you are quite likely to misunderstand his terminology. He will tell you that the food is "rotten"; that the milk is always sour; that Mr. So-and-so is a "fearful soak," and gives out a hundred lines of Virgil to a lesson right straight along, and that the football team has never been beaten: all of which will only mean that *sometimes it has happened* that the food was not above criticism, the milk was sour, Mr. So-and-so gave out a long lesson, and the football team has won. No, don't try to pump him about the school, but just notice how he talks of it and of the masters. If he fires

up when *you* suggest that there is anything to criticise in it, if he speaks of this or that master with a gentle suggestion of affection in his voice, and more especially if he does not try to entertain you with stories of how this or that boy "beat out" this or that master, then the chances are that he goes to a good school.

But, after all, the best test of a good school is the standing of its graduates. What can it expect of them? It has fitted them as best it could for life, and what traces of its influence should be visible in them?

It has a right to expect first that they will not be childish in their use of college freedom, for freedom is familiar to them.

It has a right to expect that they will not be cynical, or tolerant of vice or unworthy conduct, for they have not become accustomed to its toleration.

It has a right to expect that they will coöperate with the college authorities, not stand in opposition to them, and that they will believe in their good will and honesty of purpose, for such coöperation and such confidence is in the atmosphere from which they come.

It has a right to expect that they will be loyal to their college in the best sense of the word—where loyalty prohibits selfishness and seeks opportunity for service.

It has a right to expect that they will not look to rules and regulations to govern their conduct, but that they will govern themselves, following the fundamental principles which underlie all rules and regulations.

It has a right to expect that they will do their college work regularly and efficiently, not because the college requires it, but because they will have too much good sense to waste their opportunities.

It has a right to expect that they will look upon religion not as a thing of forms and ceremonies, which may ever become tiresome or monotonous, but as the expression in life of the relations which exist between the soul of a man and the God who gave it being.

In short, it has a right to expect that they will be self-reliant men, without losing that enthusiasm, that freshness of interest, that confident belief and friendly interest in other people, which are the most engaging characteristics of youth.

## WORDS

BY MAUD GRANGE



HE air was pathetically sweet with the souls of a thousand dying roses, for the rose season was all but done.

"The rose season of the year and the rose season of my life," the girl told herself with an unconscious pleasure in the pretty form of her thought, and all unconscious, too, of its humor as contrasted with her rosebud face. A charming phrase is such a comfort when one is very young!

A merry little wandering breeze paused to play in the rose garden, but though its play was not ungentle, the tinted petals showered down in a lovely, perfumed rain. The girl's wistful eyes dwelt pityingly upon the fluttering leaves which a moment before had been flowers.

"Yet it wasn't the fault of the breeze," she said. "It couldn't know that the time had come when a touch would spoil a rose."

Then her musing eyes grew tender. "Perhaps," she whispered, "it wasn't the fault of the boy. Perhaps it was just that the time had come—and he couldn't know!—that a word would spoil a dream."

"He is a dear boy," she decided presently, and the ghost of a dimple—or was it just a happy memory?—lifted one corner of the sad little mouth. "Ought I to forgive him?" she asked a full-blown rose.

The listening breeze swayed the rose to answer and lo! it vanished in a new cloud of crimson petals falling to the grass.

The dawning dimple vanished and the sad little mouth curled disdainfully. "He'd be just like that stupid breeze!" she flashed. "As soon as I found an excuse for him he would spoil another dream!"

The peacemaking breeze, like a human peacemaker, having done harm with the best of intents, fled aghast, and the garden was very still. Not a sound broke the silence, not even a blade of grass moved, and the remaining roses drooped in languid boredom. Clearly, no matter how much mischief a boy or a breeze may do, a girl or a garden is lonelier for his going.

The girl threw herself down in the soft grass and hid her face on her arm. The ache in her throat grew and grew until it chased away all her thoughts so that she had not even the solace of realizing how miserable she was. Her breath began to come in little gasps and in another moment she was sobbing, sobbing. "I want the boy," the sobs said. "Oh, even if he hurts me, I want the boy!" And overhead the roses sighed: "We want the breeze."

And the breeze that had strayed to the rushes by the river heard and came hurrying back. The heart of the boy heard, too, and he quite forgot the hurt pride and masculine impatience at a girl's lack of comprehension which had sent him off alone.

The girl sobbed on and on. She did not feel the kind little breeze stroke her hair on its way to the lonely roses, did not hear the garden awake and grow glad, did not even hear the footsteps which faltered more and more as they drew nearer. The first thing she heard was a voice which said "Hello!" with frightened abruptness.

The girl sat up. Her face was flushed and her eyes were swimming, and "I wasn't crying!" she defiantly said.

Fortunately there was such an ache in the boy's own throat that he could not stupidly laugh or speak just then, so he gently dried her eyes instead.

"At least I wasn't crying about *you*!"

the defiance went on and the eyes brimmed over anew.

The boy put his arm about her and "I was just lonely!" she ended and hid her face on his breast.

The boy's own eyes were misty and the boy's arms held her hungrily as though they would never let her go. He bent over her to whisper how passionately glad he was to be friends again, but "It's a lovely day," was all his shy, unruly tongue would say.

The girl wrenched herself free. "You 'most broke my heart, and I forgave you!" she exclaimed indignantly, "and all you say is 'It's a lovely day!'"

"Because the day was lovely and life was lovely as soon as I held you in my arms," he wanted tenderly to explain, and "Don't be silly!" was what he gruffly said.

The girl turned and unconcernedly gazed across the garden toward where the breeze and the roses made merry together, humming a careless tune. Five slow minutes went by, then the girl, stealing a glance at him, saw the hurt bewilderment in the boy's eyes.

"I'm being not silly," she explained.

"Drop it!" he commanded and flung his arms about her.

She nestled close in sudden content with his wordless masterfulness, and as long as the ensuing silence lasted there was peace.

The boy gazed at the sweet, flushed face in the hollow of his arm, stroking the ruffled brown curls with clumsy gentleness. She was so young, so helpless, and she loved him so much! If he could only keep her happy like this and never hurt her again! If he could only understand *why* he hurt her. His heart fairly ached with protecting tenderness as he touched the warm, flushed cheek with his lips. He *must* ask, *must* learn how to keep her happy.

"Why do you always scrap with me, Elsa?" was the way the demon that dwelt in his tongue put it, and the spell was broken.

The girl struggled away from him, hurt and indignant once more. "I don't scrap!" she protested angrily. Then her lips quivered for the lost, happy moment. "You are so mean to me!" she accused.

The boy sighed helplessly. With the best of intentions he had apparently "done

it" again. "Aw, what's the use!" he groaned, and then they sat apart in awful silence.

"Did you mean," the girl asked presently, "what's the use of caring?"

The boy shook his head. He had had a sudden revelation. It was the *words* that "did it," and he wasn't going to risk another one of them!

"Did you mean what's the use of trying to be happy?"

He shook his head again.

"What did you mean?"

He kissed her hand, which seemed to be a very satisfactory answer.

"That you loved me, no matter what you said?"

This time the boy nodded vigorously.

The girl's face was all sunshine again. She picked up a double handful of pink and red rose leaves and flung them over him.

"Are you dumb?" she demanded.

He smiled and shook his head.

"Then why don't you speak?"

This was something that could not be answered by signs, so he took a pencil and paper from his pocket and scribbled: "Because I can't seem to help always saying the wrong thing," with an inward prayer that it would not turn out that he wrote it, too!

"You silly!" the girl laughed, but she came very close to him, leaning her head on his shoulder as she looked across the garden and thought.

He always did say the wrong thing—she had to admit it—but did he ever do anything wrong? In all the three months' eternity she had known him she could not recall that he had ever been unkind. It was only that his words seemed to jar on all her moods, seemed to belie his unspoken tenderness. That unspoken tenderness! She could feel it enveloping her now. Surely it was better than all the pretty speeches in the world.

She felt a sudden passionate pity for that shy, boy-dumbness, now that she understood. How his heart must *ache* with his love, since it had, not the relief of words! Very tenderly she drew down his head and kissed the eyes which looked so wistfully to her now.

"It's always been my fault. Yes, always!" she insisted, as the boy shook his



*Drawn by S. D. Runyon.*

*"'Are you dumb?' she demanded."*





head. "I misunderstood everything, but I never will again, whether you speak or are silent. You dear!"

The boy's arms gave their unfailing response, and moved by a new adoration of her, he struggled manfully for speech.

"I love you, I love you!" he whispered,

and that was really the very first time he had been able to say it.

The gay little breeze swayed the roses approvingly, shedding a rain of perfumed petals by way of benediction upon the peace that even words had no longer the power to mar.

## THE SONG OF THE GIRDERS

By WILLIAM R. BENÉT

CITIES of Man, we swing us to your making!  
 Derrick and tackled beam  
 And throaty engines hoist us, earth-forsaking,  
 To heights where fabrics gleam  
 Of monstrous rearing, soon to belch their thunder  
 To Man's wild toil-song, pulsing, roaring under.

Cities of Man, your homes lie in our keeping!  
 No more the puny lives  
 Of weak-kneed sloth content ye. Fast upleaping  
 Titan with Titan strives.  
 Clay, brick, or frame? Nay, stubborn-ribbed with iron—  
 For Man's eternity steel-knit environ.

Cities of Man, we threw your flood-spanned ventures  
 To harness shore to shore.  
 Grit we and cling 'neath Heaven's rebellious censures,  
 When unleashed thunders roar—  
 Still gripping, writhe through crackling conflagration.  
 As it were *we* alone sustained the nation.

Cities of Man, our rivets cry your steeling!  
 Our flanges vibrant din  
 Of sweaty forges, flaring hot, revealing  
 Of what Man's will may win.  
 We are the sinew of the hopes ye fashion—  
 Sneering at Time and Change those hopes to ash!

Cities of Man, when earth holds no more building,  
 Then still our clanging cry!  
 Till then each furnaced morn, Man's labor gilding,  
 Shall swing us higher on high.  
 Builders, at least ye know no hesitation!  
 Welders of worlds, our chant is "Consummation!"

# IF THE STOCK EXCHANGE SHOULD CLOSE

BY J. H. GANNON, JR.



HEREAS, great inconveniences have arisen and do daily arise by the wicked, pernicious and destructive practice of stock-jobbing, whereby many . . . have been and are diverted from pursuing and exercising their lawful trades and vocations to the utter ruin of themselves and their families, to the great discouragement of industry and to the manifest detriment of trade and commerce. . . ."

This is *not* the preamble to a bill introduced in the New York State Legislature, based upon the findings of the Commission of bankers, business men and economists recently appointed by Governor Hughes "to investigate Wall Street," but it *is* the preamble to a Bill introduced in the English parliament by Sir John Barnard in 1734, shortly after the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, designed "to prevent the infamous practice of stock-jobbing," and thus protect the "many good subjects of His Majesty," King George II.

It illustrates the age-old exercise of sovereign power in efforts to regulate the working of the delicate and complicated machinery of speculation to accord with public sentiment, and at the same time it affords a glimpse into a state of public opinion in England nearly two centuries ago which offers a striking parallel with the extreme sentiment which in this country to-day has shaped the Hughes investigation of Wall Street.

At first blush it may seem as if the world has improved very little, as regards its great financial machinery, since 1734; but this is a distinctly erroneous conclusion, as the current inquiry into its workings in New York

City will doubtless prove. The fact is, that Wall Street has come to be a vital and withal amazingly efficient and trustworthy partner in the conduct of the business which the people of this country are carrying on. No better test of its share in the partnership could be devised than that which the Westerner suggests when he insists that he could "worry along all right" if the "Wall Street shop shut up for good to-morrow."

Suppose as a result of their inquiries, the Hughes Commission deemed it necessary to recommend the abolition of the Stock Exchange and it was closed forthwith by the necessary legislation.

The temptation is strong to try to paint the picture of that last day of the New York Stock Exchange; to brush in not only the scenes of demoralization in the Metropolis—the surging mobs in the narrow streets about the Exchange, in brokerage and banking houses and before the great banks where officers and directors are reading in helpless fascination the grewsome story which the speeding stock ticker is telling—but, also the similar scenes in every city, yes, in every hamlet of this country which boasts a bank and a factory. Nor would the picture be complete without inclusion of the distress and anxiety of every money center of Europe.

A farmer living on the outskirts of Denison, Iowa, might read all this in his newspaper the next morning, but he would doubtless fail to see how it affected him, until he went into town to his bank to arrange to finance the purchase of a new harvester or of material for additional buildings upon his farm. His banker would probably put it something like this:

"Better hold off a while. Your credit is perfectly good, but this shutting down of the New York Stock Exchange yesterday has kind of mixed things up for us. In the first place, we've got a lot of C. B. & Q. Joint 4 Bonds and some Illinois Central Convertibles as investments and with that market shut up, we don't know just what they are worth—they are good, all right, but what 'll some one else pay for them?"

"Then again, we had a good-sized balance, some \$20,000 on deposit with our New York Bank correspondent and there is a little delay about getting that back here. They wire us that, as we requested, they had put it out in the Street 'on call,' that is, loaned it to a Stock Exchange house on Stock Exchange securities. Our correspondent there in New York called the loan, of course, when prices broke yesterday in the Panic and when it wasn't paid they took in the securities; but they can't sell them to give us our share of the money—there is no one knows what to pay for them. They're good, too, but it's a slow business all around. You'd better hold off awhile till we all see where we're at."

This is fairly typical of what would occur that day in thousands of banks when individuals or corporations sought to borrow money, and it would be true on subsequent days, until the business machinery of the country succumbed to a creeping paralysis.

The first blow would fall upon Wall Street Banks, for the forty-nine National institutions there hold \$709,000,000 of deposits belonging to other banks throughout the country, while they own outright \$170,000,000, of Stock Exchange securities and loan no less than \$330,000,000 of their money upon such securities.

Directly or indirectly, these securities have been obtained through the medium of the Stock Exchange, the Banks having assisted that great distributive institution in marketing securities.

Inland banks have also assisted in this work, for at times they have had as much as \$300,000,000 put out in loans in Wall Street on Stock Exchange collateral and the National Banks of the country alone admit outright ownership of \$800,000,000 of securities, while all other banks in the United States hold for investment in the

same manner \$2,144,538,000 and report loans secured by half as much as this.

Is it not easy to picture the distress which would follow the closing of the primary market for this great mass of securities in the hands of the Banks? What Bank could properly certify the standing of its loans or the worth of its own holdings of stocks and bonds without the guidance of the prices which other men were willing to pay for these issues in a free and open market?

The closing of the Stock Exchange would also lead to the prompt recall of immense sums of money by the inland banks; the New York banks would be unable to liquidate the loans in which the money was invested, and a lock-up of funds and block-ading of money channels would follow.

Something of all this was seen in the "October panic" of 1907, when the frightened scramble of inland banks for their New York funds put a premium of four per cent on real money and sent \$130,000,000 hurrying out of New York within a fortnight. New York banks organized money pools of millions to support the Stock Exchange and permit gradual liquidation of loans and securities. What could they do if there were no Stock Exchange to support?

By the patient and intelligent labor of a generation a great free market had been built up; by the aid of which little corporations, railroads and manufacturing concerns, hampered by local conditions and inadequate capital, could combine and gain wide and more stable markets for their products or operations. The single mortgage on a small plant became the great mortgage covering many plants and divided into \$1,000 parts—bonds—easy of purchase by thousands of investors. The small capital was enlarged to meet the bigger needs by the creation of shares—stock certificates—accessible and attractive to other thousands of investors.

In this free market these bonds and this stock found purchasers and definite quotations for all and in return the corporations made plain, frank reports for the public.

This market was closed in a day and the old chaos resumed its sway. Whence, now, were to come the billion dollars a year which the railroads needed for the next five years, according to James J. Hill? Who

would buy their marketless stocks or bonds and who would venture an investment in the still more speculative securities of the great industrial corporations?

In the United States the great increase in industrial activity and the expansion of the railroad system—from 9,021 miles in 1850 to 225,000 miles in 1907, has gone hand in hand with the creation of securities and their marketing through the medium of stock exchanges.

Over 2,000,000 people have become partners in railroad and industrial concerns through purchase and ownership of stock, and perhaps ten times this number have a stake in these enterprises directly through holdings of their bonds, or indirectly, as holders of policies in life, fire or accident insurance companies, or as stockholders or depositors in National banks, State banks, trust companies or savings banks which own such securities.

One example will do for all. There are some 8,550,000 depositors in the Nation's savings banks, and these banks hold \$602,224,000 of railroad bonds and stocks and \$1,000,310,624 of state and other bonds and stocks. The growth is shown by the fact that in 1897 these totals were \$121,864,000 and \$609,581,000 respectively. Every depositor is therefore an indirect owner of the securities held.

The figures of railroad capitalization and its placement throw clear light upon the relations of the public to corporate enterprise. The Interstate Commerce Commission recently compiled such statistics for the year 1906 and they show that of the total of \$9,342,961,000 of railroad bonds the public held \$7,962,800,000 and of the \$8,884,234,000 of stock the public's holdings amounted to \$4,795,716,000.

To carry the inquiry into channels leading directly to the final holder of these issues the stock book of the Pennsylvania Railroad may be made useful. At the beginning of the present year that road had 57,226 shareholders and of this number 26,471, or 46 per cent, were women.

It is a significant matter, this high percentage of women stockholders in the Pennsylvania list, and research shows that in all corporations the average of women's holdings runs little below 30 per cent of the stockholders. For example, in the 5,388 National banks existing in 1904,

104,534 out of a total of 318,735 were women.

In the industrial field the exemplar in the matter of partnership is the billion dollar Steel Corporation, the stock of which is held by an army of 115,000 people. Significant here, too, is the fact that in this body are some 45,000 stock-owning employees, or 20 per cent of all employees of the Company.

The creation of these securities and their distribution and, therefore, the birth and development of the industrial system of the country, was made possible only by the invention of the machinery of Wall Street. Without the mobilization of capital through the banking system, the heart of which is in the financial district of New York City, and the wonderful distributive machinery of the New York Stock Exchange, no such industrial expansion as the past two decades have witnessed could have occurred.

If, therefore, for any reason whatever this machinery were to become inoperative—if the Stock Exchange were to close for good and banking business in New York be thereby paralyzed—in short, if the "Wall Street shop" were to be literally "shut up" and the partnership of Wall Street & Co. dissolved, billions of dollars would immediately be subtracted from the value of outstanding stocks and bonds, left marketless and discredited. Incomes would fall proportionately, for what corporation would be hardy enough to continue dividends, to use up its own income, when it knew not where to turn for capital to meet its needs?

In 1907, when New York's banking machinery was only partly dislocated and the Stock Exchange only temporarily affected, the market value of securities was impaired by over \$3,500,000,000, and in the succeeding twelve months dividend and interest shrinkage was certainly not less than \$100,000,000.

It is a task for the imagination only, to attempt an estimate of the loss which would follow the complete closing of Wall Street. It is futile to assert that the 2,000,000 direct partners and the 20,000,000 indirect partners, or creditors of the corporations, would not suffer by Wall Street's withdrawal from the partnership for the reason that they did not buy their holdings through the Stock Exchange originally and are under no necessity to sell through that Exchange.



The great increase in the numbers of stockholders of the leading railroads during the depression late in 1907 and early in 1908 make ridiculous any such assertion. Between September, 1907, and April, 1908, the Pennsylvania added 7,000 to its list of shareholders; the New York Central, 6,000; the Great Northern, 4,000; the Rock Island, 2,000; the Union Pacific, 5,000; the Steel Corporation, 20,000; and the Amalgamated Copper Co., 6,000.

The stocks were bought through the Stock Exchange day after day during the very height of the panic and on the subsequent days of complete depression in Wall Street, when the trained trader in securities held aloof, too frightened to touch the bargains which men and women all over the country so plainly discerned.

Such odd lot buying, which means purchases of less than the usual 100 share round lot, goes on every day in a quiet and persistent way and with the somewhat larger buying of institutions and wealthy investors forms the very marrow of Stock Exchange business.

It was this solid substratum of investment buying, this absorptive capacity of the Stock market, that permitted panic-stricken Europe to dump into the Stock Exchange without material loss 300,000 shares of real stocks in a single week last October when war over the Balkan affair seemed certain.

Over a score of Stock Exchange houses cater directly to this small investment business. They hold some sixty seats on the Exchange, worth more than \$5,000,000, and they have more than this amount invested as capital in their business. Five of these houses own twenty-three seats and one house alone has eight seats and employs ninety clerks. It is through such a house that there are executed the hundreds of odd lot orders, which reach Wall Street daily, through banks, trust companies, law firms and other Exchange houses, from clients in every nook and corner of the United States. From all this it is plain that the small investor has considerable confidence, both in the country's corporations and in the Stock Exchange.

In no other age and in no other country has the white light of publicity been so searchingly turned upon the conduct of business enterprise as in our own land during the past five years. Inquisitorial pro-

ceedings by State and Federal authorities of unprecedented severity and scope have been directed against railroad and industrial concerns, and against fiduciary institutions, and the closest secrets of business conduct have been laid open.

The people at large have followed these proceedings painstakingly, intelligently, and their verdict, unmistakably reflected in their enlarged purchases of securities, has been that however grave the delinquencies of executive officers in given cases, the corporations themselves have been proved sound.

It seems a reasonable belief that in the case of Wall Street, with its great banking system and its intricate Exchange, similar findings and a like verdict will attend honest and intelligent investigation. Dishonest banking practice and corrupt Stock Exchange practice carry their own penalty: commercial death. No law that men might devise could work so impersonally and yet so pitilessly as that which finally hunts out of the institutions they have abused the financiers who juggle their trust funds. But the institution survives and the reason lies in the fact that its functions are basic.

How many reputations crumbled in the disclosures which followed the so-called United States Ship-building scandal? And yet on the Stock Exchange, where the securities of the concern were listed, there were dealt in altogether only 500 shares out of the \$25,000,000 of common stock, and 100 shares of the \$20,000,000 preferred. Of the \$14,500,000 first mortgage bonds, \$164,000 were traded in in all and of the \$10,000,000 collateral bonds only \$10,000.

While this shows plainly the searching inquiry which corporation securities must undergo after admission to this great market, and the protection thus afforded buyers, it discloses also one of its two fundamental weaknesses.

Shipbuilding securities should never have been admitted to the list of the Stock Exchange. Careful and expert analysis of the concern's affairs before listing would have proved it hopelessly waterlogged and unworthy a place on the market. Such analysis the Exchange owes to the public, and it should be made no less thorough than that which the New York Clearing House insists upon in the case of banks applying for membership.

The other weakness is in the manner of admission of new members. It seems impossible that within two years a broker can change from a man entirely acceptable to the Exchange Membership Committee into one capable of deliberately ruining hundreds of people without bearing about him when an applicant some trace of rascality. To the public, the Exchange owes it that confidence in the high standing of its members should be rightly placed.

The laxity in listing securities and in scrutinizing applicants for membership has aided reckless and irresponsible demagogues to confound in the mind of the public legitimate speculation and outright gambling. Speculation, as legitimately practised on the Exchange, differs in no respect, save in the materials handled, from that indulged in by the Copper Company which sells for future delivery to the Electric Company metal still in the bosom of the earth, or that of the woolen cloth manufacturer who sells to the wholesale merchant for future delivery woolen goods which as yet exist only in the form of fleece on the backs of countless sheep.

The speculator who sells "short," i. e., for future delivery, 100 or 1,000 shares of Copper stocks may have formed the opinion that too much copper has been produced, that the market is overstocked, that the demand will decline, and with his fellows he often performs the useful service in this way of pointing out where production has gone too far. It is, in fact, one of the great functions of stock exchanges to determine the direction and the duration of production. Rising prices reflect continued demand and falling prices checked consumption.

It was this function of the stock exchange which Mr. Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court undoubtedly had in mind when in his opinion, handed down on May 8, 1905, in the Chicago Board of Trade case, he held: "Speculation by competent men is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. Its value is well known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes, equalizing prices and providing for periods of want."

How the investing public helps in this work is revealed by the fluctuations in the numbers of stockholders in the railroads in periods of good and bad times. In the case

of the Pennsylvania the number rose from 26,300 in 1901 to 44,396 in 1903, during good business; fell to 40,409 at the end of 1905, reflecting the decline in traffic in 1904-5, and in 1906, with the return of prosperity, rose to 45,496.

The history of most of the efforts which have been made to regulate speculation is one of failure, largely for the reason that instead of encouraging the use of the good features of a perfectly legitimate business, the measures adopted have been frankly oppressive in response to the clamor of the moment. This was true in the case of the first step of the kind recorded, that in which the Port of Yarmouth, England, in putting a ban on speculation in herring simply drove the business to other places. It was true also in later measures, as in the seventeenth century when in England and Amsterdam efforts were made to stop sales of securities which the seller did not have in his own possession at the time.

Sir John Barnard's act, already referred to, was a dead letter for one hundred and twenty-five years and was finally repealed in 1860, two years after an act of the New York State Legislature against short selling and options, which was passed in 1812, had been overturned.

Perhaps the record in the matter of absurdity in legislation against speculation belongs to the Gold Speculation Act of 1864, which was aimed directly at the "Gold Room" in Wall Street. The Act was in force just a fortnight.

Mr. Horace White, the Chairman of Governor Hughes's commission, in writing of the "Gold Room," has felt compelled to admit that its existence at the time was a necessity, owing to the condition of the Foreign Exchange market.

Germany's Bourse Law of 1896 has worked such grave injury to the country's best interests that it is now in process of correction, although it was at first acclaimed as the best means of righting every evil attendant on speculation.

There is every reason to believe that this latest inquiry, from which have been eliminated the political aspects which must have attended an investigation by a Committee of the Legislature, will find the faults in the real Wall Street surprisingly few and easy of correction and its services many and vital to the conduct of the country's business.

# AN INTERRUPTED JOURNEY

BY ROBERT C. MCELRAVEY



R. MONTGOMERY, the governor's secretary, paused in his perusal of the morning's mail and a grim smile passed over his face. He had just read a badly written communication to the governor, signed by Patrick Young, to the signature being affixed "No. 1991," an enlightening addition, proclaiming the writer's present abode in the state penitentiary.

The secretary's grim smile was due to the fact that he foresaw the first inroad on the governor's exceptional pardon record, of which the executive was very proud. Thus far during his administration, executive clemency had been denied all applicants. But the secretary had been long in office and knew a meritorious case when he saw it. Patrick Young's letter was not written in his own behalf, but was a strong plea in behalf of Mrs. Pat, whose number was 1992, same address, the two having taken up board and lodging with the state at the same time.

Six months before, Mr. and Mrs. Young had been enjoying a full share of the constitutional freedom prevailing in this country, with full privilege to pursue happiness to their hearts' desire. They had not been long in the marital state, the courtship having been short but spirited.

Pat had been a brakeman running in and out of North Platte, Neb. Maggie Briggs, which was Mrs. Pat's maiden name, had been a waitress in a railroad restaurant, and it was her fascinating obligation to serve Mr. Young with hot cakes and coffee three mornings a week.

They exchanged grievances, the exact nature of which is immaterial. Anyone familiar with either method of earning a

livelihood will understand that the grievances were plentiful. Also, love was young and they believed life should contain less of labor and more of pure enjoyment.

So they mutually agreed over the breakfast one morning that in a united state they could not be less happy than they were singly. Pat made one more trip over the road and on his return they were married and set out upon life's highway. The latter phrase is not figurative in this instance, but literal. Having no money for railroad fare, their journey was begun on foot.

Their faces were set toward the great West, whence came big stories of fortunes made in cheap lands. A little homestead on one hundred and sixty acres of government land was the Arcady which lured them on.

Several days they walked, buoyed up by the fond exuberance of their honeymoon. Then this sort of locomotion began to pall. An occasional lift in a farmer's wagon driving their way, made them yearn for some such conveyance of their own.

Maggie's feet became sore and she sat down by the roadside, smiling weakly into the moist and perspiring countenance of her husband.

"Feet's give plumb out, Pat. 'Fraid I can't hit th' pike much longer," she said.

Pat put an arm about her and bade her be of good cheer. She brightened visibly for a time, but words of love are not a permanent balm to sore feet, e'en though they make a glad heart.

Ten days later, having crossed the state of Nebraska and entered within sight of the great plains country, they were brought to a sudden halt by the stern arm of the law. For they were no longer walking, and the horse they were driving and the buggy in which they were riding were

taken from them by a rude frontier sheriff. Charges of theft were preferred against them in a county court, a man some distance back having identified the horse and outfit as his own. He said he had left the animal tied at the roadside for a short time and when he returned it had disappeared.

The remainder of their journey into the new country was completed by rail in the society of more minions of the law. Horse-stealing, while it no longer meant the noosed rope, was not regarded in that section as in any way a light offense.

Ten years apiece was their sentence, imposed by an unrelenting court of justice, in spite of the eloquent assurance of their attorney that the horse and rig had only been borrowed temporarily.

In a short time life indeed took on the placid aspects they had desired. No stream ever rippled more smoothly and monotonously. Months passed and they never saw each other. Pat spent his time at the rock pile or making shoes. Maggie became proficient at making overalls and garments for inmates of other penal institutions.

Then one day, by her special request, Pat was allowed to see her.

Their conversation was brief but doleful, punctuated by Maggie's convulsive sobbing as she confided her expectations on Pat's shoulder. He tried to comfort her as best he could, but in a short time the guard came and took him away.

Then Pat wrote his letter to the governor. No communication was ever wrought in greater soul anguish than this. He laid bare his heart and swore that the crime had been his own.

"It was all my fault, governor," he wrote. "I stole the horse and buggy myself, though I did not intend to keep it. She begged me not to take it, but I insisted and the deed was done. But the blame was all mine, and now she is this way, won't you pleas let her out, governor?"

There was not a word from Maggie herself.

When the secretary had turned the letter over to the chief executive, he busied himself in the vicinity for a moment or two, to witness its effect.

The governor was plainly excited when he finished reading. He wanted to make

a record on the pardon question. His predecessors had been criticised for too much leniency in this regard.

"I won't do it!" he exploded wrathfully. "I won't pardon anybody!"

Then he subsided and read Pat's letter again. This time he apparently found it a more moving document, for as the secretary left the room, the governor was reaching for his handkerchief. The governor had a family of his own.

Letters were exchanged between the governor and the warden of the penitentiary. The latter wrote that never in the history of the institution had a similar situation come up. But he remembered something about an unwritten law prevailing in this country, to the effect that no child should ever be allowed to come into the world in a felon's cell.

That settled it with the governor. With a sigh of relief he dictated his first unconditional pardon.

Maggie hung up her number and departed from the gloomy walls of the institution. She went back to some relatives at her former home.

Pat got letters from her regularly and the warden made frequent trips to his cell, in quest of information. Beneath his cold exterior was a warm and tender heart.

After one letter Pat dug down into the pocket of his striped trousers and brought out his last two dollars.

"It's a boy," he said, handing the money over to the warden. "Get some cigars and set 'em up to these—these fellows around here." As the warden started briskly away to comply with this request, the young father again tried to read the letter, but his eyes were wet with tears and all he could do was to look out wistfully through the bars.

Word of the child's advent reached the governor in due time. He felt a curious mixture of pleasure and regret. He was not much given to sentiment and tried not to think of such things at all, but he was very human and could not help wondering vaguely how Pat must feel. He looked carefully over one of Pat's cigars, which the warden had sent him, but it was not a craving expression and the cigar was placed among his souvenirs. Then the case was dismissed from his mind.

It was recalled again sharply, however,

in a few days, when the following letter from Pat's wife was handed him by the secretary:

DERE GOVERNOR: I am writing to tell you about our little boy. He is the cutest little baby in the world and has blue eyes like his father.

Now governor, I want to ask a grate favor of you. I want you to let Patrick out of the penitenshury. I have a revelashun to mak to you. Pat never stole that horse and buggy at all. I was the one what did it. My feet hurt me so bad that I couldn't walk any farther. So when we saw the horse and buggy I urgged Pat to take it, just like Eve did to Adam in the garden of Eden. I don't know what ever mad me do such a thing, as we really didn't mean to keep it.

Now, governor, I don't want you to think hard of Pat for saying he did it. He saw how tired I was and he did what I said. Then in

prison, when I told him everything, he took all the blam to get me out. It shows his grand and nobel disposition. He is really an innocent man, sufering for a crim that I committed. I don't want my boy to grow up and think of his father as a fellow, espeshully when he is innocent. Besides I need someboddy to earn a living for us.

Won't you pleas let Pat out?

Yours truly,

MAGGIE YOUNG.

P. S.—I named the baby after you, governor.

The governor laid aside the letter.

"Well, I'm stumped!" he said. Then he muttered something about the wiles of womankind to the smiling secretary.

"Well, I guess I might as well finish up the job," he said, finally, "even if it does smash my pardon record."

Then he called in his stenographer and dictated his second unconditional pardon.

## A FAIRY REQUIEM

By RHODA HERO DUNN

WHERE the crimson columbine  
Sways its horn-tipped bell,  
If your ear you close incline  
You may hear the knell  
Which the mourning fairies ring:  
"Ding, ding! Ding, ding!"  
For the fading of the Spring:  
"Ding, ding!"

And where tufted mosses spread  
Greenly, through the shade,  
For her lovely drooping head  
Elves a place have made.  
How they weep to lay her low!  
"Woe, woe! Woe, woe!"  
All her beauty vanished so!  
"Woe, woe!"

By the rippling of the burn  
Brownies, in their grief,  
Softly swing the dappled fern  
And from every leaf,  
Whispers flutteringly creep:  
"Sleep, sleep! Sleep, sleep!"  
Soothing her to slumbers deep:  
"Sleep, sleep!"



## SOME STORIES OF MEN AND MANNERS

### 1908 AN AÉRONAUTIC ANNIVERSARY

RIDING on the air was once an apparent impossibility, yet the year just ended, when even our own government has been moved to advertise for a satisfactory balloon, marks the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of practical aeronautics. Balloons were invented in France, by James and Joseph Montgolfier, who were paper manufacturers at Annonay. They contrived their first balloon in 1783—one of great size, thirty-five feet in diameter and able to hold 22,000 cubic feet of air. It was a fire balloon made of canvas lined with paper, and weighed five hundred pounds. The excitement occasioned by its first trial in public was extraordinary, for people thought that the problem of aerial navigation had been solved, and that thenceforth the high roads of the sky would be open to everybody. To the astonishment and delight of the spectators, the "Montgolfiere" rose majestically and soared aloft to the height of two or three hundred feet.

This experiment was repeated many times with equal success, and on the 15th of October, 1783, M. Pilatre des Rosiers and the Marquis d'Arlande ventured courageously into a car fastened beneath the balloon, and rose several times to a height of three hundred feet, the first men to "fly" since Icarus made his disastrous experiment. The balloon was held by cables. This success emboldened them, and on the 21st of November—a great day in aeronautical annals—the two intrepid noblemen determined upon a free ascension. The starting place appointed was the Bois de Boulogne, and all Paris turned out to witness the sensational spectacle.

As the Marquis d'Arlande was stepping into the car, Louis XVI, who was present, spoke with some concern of the dangers which might attend the experiment.

"Sire," answered the Marquis, who was

an officer, and who had been long waiting for promised promotion, "your Majesty's Minister of War has made me so many promises in the air, and has suffered me to build so many castles in the same place, that I am going up to take a look at both."

The balloon rose, soared to a height of fifteen hundred yards, and, after crossing right over Paris, fell, at the end of seventeen minutes, six miles from its starting place. The Marquis obtained his promotion, the king saying as he gave it to him, "You have gone higher, sir, of yourself, than I can ever raise you."

### WASTING ONE'S TIME ON ART

THE pursuit of art for art's sake is not yet quite understood by everyone. Pyne, the English artist, relates how he once heard a frank opinion of himself and his work long after his position as an artist was assured.

"I went down to the London docks," he says, "to make a few studies of shipping for a picture I was painting. Finding a convenient spot on the quay in front of one of the large warehouses I adjusted my sketching stool and set to work. I observed an elderly, portly looking party walking backward and forward, with his hands behind him—à la Napoleon—regarding me, as he passed, with a mingled expression of pity and contempt. My beard and locks were as white and venerable as now. As he walked by, I heard him mutter something to himself, the tones seeming to convey a plaintive sentiment of mixed commiseration and amiable regret. At length he arrested his steps, and fixing his eyes upon me with a solemn look, said, '*At your age, too!*' He was the head clerk of the mercantile house on the wharf—one of those not uncommon pieces of human machinery grooved into a certain set of ideas believed to be of the highest moral and so-

cial respectability. From his youth to his then advanced, rubicund age, he probably had never been absent from his desk from eight till six, excepting on Sundays. To see a man employing himself in drawing ships, boxes, and barrels, and a man of my age, too! shocked and pained the venerable clerk. You would scarcely think that a class like this could be found in the land which gave birth to Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Reynolds, yet there is such a class, composed of very worthy people, who hold the fine arts to be an idle pursuit, and their professors rather shabby members of society."

#### THE ARABIC NOTATION OF HUMOR

HE who starts to trace any joke back to its source is likely to find himself digging among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, for no one yet seems to have found the beginning of any jest in its absolutely original form. Of course, most of our colloquial jokes have taken an occidental form, but many of them, like our numerals, come straight from the Arabic. The wit of the desert is seldom noisy or laugh-provoking, but its arid quality is what one might expect from the land that is not yet all irrigated. The oases are fruitful and the jests are quite worth plucking from the volume of Arab literature.

The proverbs of a people are often illustrated by stories of a humorous character, and Arab proverbs are no exception to the rule. Here is an instance: There was a certain shoemaker named Honein, and an Arab came to purchase a pair of shoes at his shop. The usual bargaining began, the cobbler asking twice the proper price, and the Bedouin offering half; the son of the desert, however, was impatient, and, before the proper mean had been arrived at, gave up the game of haggling and went off in high dudgeon. Honein resolved on revenge, and, hurrying forward on the road where he knew the Arab would have to pass, he threw down one of the shoes. Presently the Arab came up, and seeing the shoe, said to himself, "How like this is to one of Honein's shoes! If the other were but with it, I would take them." Honein had, in the meanwhile, gone on farther still and thrown down the other shoe, hiding himself close by to watch the fun. When

the desert Arab came to the second shoe, he regretted having left the first, but tying up his camel, went back to fetch it. Honein at once mounted, and rode off home, well satisfied with the exchange of a camel for a pair of shoes. When the Arab returned on foot to his tribe, and they asked what he had brought back from his journey, he replied, "I have brought back nothing but Honein's shoes." And the saying became proverbial for a bootless errand.

Arab literature is full of anecdotes of wise and sober men who have reproved their dissolute "betters": here is one of the kind. A certain king went to visit a madhouse, and found there an intelligent-looking youth, who after replying sensibly to a number of questions put to him by the sovereign, at length addressed the latter, saying:

"You have asked me many things; I will now ask you one: At what period does a sleeper enjoy his sleep most?"

The king reflected a while and said, "While he is actually sleeping."

"That cannot be," said the madman, "for he has no perception while asleep."

"Then, before he goes to sleep," said the king.

"How can one enjoy anything," asked the madman, "before it comes?"

"Then," said the king, "after he has been asleep."

"Nay," said the madman, "a man cannot be said to enjoy a thing that has passed away."

So pleased was the king with the other's wit that he determined to make a companion of him, had a table set out in front of the window of the madhouse, and bade his attendants hand a cup of wine to himself and one to his mad friend. "You drink your cup," said the latter, "that you may become like me; but if I drink mine, whom shall I be like?"

The king on hearing this speech threw away the cup, and remained a total abstainer forevermore.

The Caliph Mansur was not wanting in legal acumen, and could drive a coach-and-four through a Moslem statute with any European lawyer. One Ibn Harimah, who was noted for his free manner of life, had the good fortune to please the caliph, who

promised to grant him any wish he might express. The *bon-vivant* asked only that the caliph would write to his viceroy at Medina with instructions that if he found Ibn Harimah drunk he should not punish him. This was clearly out of the question, for however little the Arabs of the time cared for true morality or religion, they cared very much for the letter of the law, and that prescribed that the drunkard should be beaten with many stripes. He, however, hit on a plan for meeting his petitioner's wishes and saving him from the inconvenience which he feared, and wrote as follows: "If Ibn Harimah be brought to thee drunk, flog him with eighty stripes; but flog him who bringeth him to thee with a hundred." We do not hear of Ibn Harimah being punished for drinking after that.

#### THE CHALLENGE OF A CRAZY CZAR

To be a friend and favorite of a monarch is to hold a difficult position, but when that monarch is a Russian czar, and, in addition, eccentric to the verge of insanity, the tenure of office is indeed precarious.

Something more than a century ago there was no more popular dramatist in Europe than Augustus von Kotzebue, now almost forgotten. But transferring his residence from Germany to St. Petersburg, he was alternately high in court favor, an exile to Siberia, and then official censor of plays for the Emperor Paul. In the latter capacity, he was in a state of constant terror for fear of giving inadvertent offense to his imperial master, whose peculiarities were manifold.

One day he was informed by the Count de Pahlen that the Emperor intended to challenge all the sovereigns of Europe and their ministers, and that he had been appointed to draw up the form, which was to be inserted in all the newspapers. It was to be ready in one hour. The task accomplished, it was submitted to the Czar, and presently Kotzebue was summoned to the royal presence. His reception was remarkably gracious. "You know the world too well," said the Emperor, "to be a stranger to the political events of the day, and therefore you must know in what manner I have figured in them. I have often acted like a fool, and it is just I should be punished; therefore, I have im-

posed a chastisement upon myself. I wish"—showing him a paper—"that this should be inserted in the *Hamburg Gazette*, and in other public prints."

He then read aloud the following extraordinary paragraph: "We hear from St. Petersburg that the Emperor of Russia, finding the powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous of putting an end to a war that has desolated it for eleven years past, intends to point out a spot to which he will invite all the other sovereigns to repair and fight in single combat, bringing with them as seconds and squires their most enlightened ministers and their most able generals, such as Messrs. Thutgut, Pitt, Brenstoff, etc., and that the Emperor himself proposes being attended by Generals Count de Pahlen and Kutuzoff. We know not if this report is to be believed; the thing, however, does not appear to be destitute of foundation, as it bears the impress of what he has often been taxed with." This paper was written in French, and it was Kotzebue's task to translate it into German. And both the challenge and comment were actually published.

Not until Paul was strangled to death, by a group of his own officers, in his own palace, in the spring of 1801, was Kotzebue relieved from his apprehensions and Russia from one of the most capricious as well as terrible tyrannies that ever afflicted a nation.

#### SAVED BY THE GHOST OF CHATTERTON

ACTUALLY feeling the part that one plays is a poetic attribute, and with it sometimes goes the seeing of visions. Francis Thompson, who recently died in England, felt he owed his success to the actual ghost of Chatterton. Thompson was a man of much promise and much sorrow. As with all sensitive natures it is very likely that it was because of his acquaintance with grief that he so nearly fulfilled his promise. After a quarrel with his father he was cast out, and made his way to London, where he became a waif of the streets. What sordid depths he sounded, "as the most pitiful of the destitute poor—an educated man submerged," may be surmised from the facts that for years he lived on about elevenpence a day, that he sold matches on the street, called cabs at the theater doors,

and was as much of a mendicant as the English law allows. He sought refuge from the bitterness of his life in drugs, a refuge indeed treacherous, for his indulgence in narcotics undoubtedly hastened his death and destroyed his ability.

Throughout his years of destitution he hunted a market for his literary wares and sent specimens of his verse and prose to various publishers and editors, from none of whom he received favorable reply. Among those whom he addressed was the editor of the Catholic magazine, *Merry England*. The manuscript, unattractive and dirty, was laid aside unread, till six months later, when the magazine was short of material, it was found and examined. So full of originality was it that the editor felt that perhaps he was on the road to the discovery of a true poet. After the publication of the verses the editor sought to send payment to the author, but the latter was undiscoverable.

Meanwhile Thompson, who had seen his work in print, thought that payment was to be denied him, and he purchased a dose of laudanum intending to commit suicide. According to his own narrative, before he had taken more than half of it, "he felt a hand upon his arm, and looking up saw one whom he recognized as Chatterton, forbidding him to drink the rest, and at the same instant, memory came to him of how after the poet's suicide a letter had been delivered at his lodgings, which, if he had waited another day, would have brought him the relief needed." It was the same with Thompson, for through the very druggist who had sold him the laudanum, he was finally found by the editor. The rest of his life was passed in some ease, and much of his verse, of which there have been but three volumes published, was written in the decade that followed his rescue from the gutter.

#### THE FACTS ABOUT SAINT PATRICK

THERE is a saying among Irishmen that all Ireland can be divided into three classes—the Catholics, the Protestants, and the North of Ireland men, which latter (this with some scorn) are not Irishmen at all, but merely transplanted Scotchmen. Yet it is of peculiar truth that the patron saint of old Erin was a transplanted Scotchman.

St. Patrick, whom the cartoonists have tried to metamorphose into a sort of fore-runner of the late General Neal Dow, of Maine, who first drove rum out of the state, was born in Scotland, in April, 373. He is said to have been of the aristocracy, yet despite this fact, considering the condition of the country at that date, he received more than an average religious education for the time, because, after his capture by a band of marauding Irishmen who took him as a slave to their country, he felt much concern about the evil, unconverted ways of the early Emerald Islanders. When he was about twenty-two, he escaped from bondage and the next thirty-five years of his life he spent in religious preparation with the intention of returning and converting his pagan ex-masters. In 431, he returned to Ireland with the title of Consecrated Apostle. He remained there seven years, after which he went to Britain and spent some years in successfully combating the Arian heresy. But his love for Ireland called him back, and the chronicles have it that he spent most of the rest of his life preaching Christianity to the Irish. He died at the very green old age of one hundred and twenty, on March 17, 493, and is said to have been buried in Down, Ireland, on the authority of the old verse:

These three in Down lie in tomb one,  
Bridget, Patricius, and Columba pious.

This would put with him in the same grave the patroness saint of Ireland, a disciple of a disciple of St. Patrick, and St. Columba, the apostle to the Picts. But the old saint's resting place is, after all, doubtful, for Glastonbury and Glasgow also contend for the honor.

The imaginative Sons of Erin, however, have not been content to let their patron saint be only an ordinary saint, so that the majority of people know St. Patrick not as the saint that converted Ireland so much as the saint that drove the snakes from Ireland. The story is that with the sacred staff, blessed by the Pope, St. Patrick drove all but one big snake from Ireland. That particular snake declared that he liked Ireland too much to leave it, and that anyway he did not believe in sacred staffs or in saints. St. Patrick pleaded in vain and then built a box for the snake to live in.

The snake refused, saying that the box was too small, and to prove that it was, got into it. St. Patrick clapped the lid down and threw the box into the sea. The legend goes on to say that the waves of the ocean are caused by the lashing of the snake's tail and the sound of the sea is the snake's voice, pleading with St. Patrick to be put back on dry land.

#### WHEN THE MEN DID FANCYWORK

DURING the old *régime* in France, about which so much glamour remains to us, the very men who were living and making the history of the empire of Louis passed their leisure time in a way that seems to us of to-day utterly ridiculous. In all the fancy work on which ladies employed themselves, the men seem to have taken part.

Poinsinet, in one of his comedies, represents a young marquis entering a room where two fair damsels are embroidering. One is working a piece of dress trimming, the other a Marly flounce. The beau examines the embroidery with the eye of a connoisseur, points out here and there the specially good touches, and is too polite to notice any defects. He takes a little gold tube out of the pocket of his richly decorated waistcoat, and selects a dainty gold needle. He goes to the frame at which Cidalise is working, and finishes the flower which she had begun. From her he moves to the sofa, and, seizing one end of the flounce, assists Ismene, to whom he pays special attention, to complete her task.

At this time it was the custom of the ladies invariably to carry their workbags with them to the evening receptions, in which they had not only their embroidery materials, but the last novel, the popular song, and their patch boxes and rouge pots. Gentlemen also carried deftly embroidered little bags into company, which held "a whole arsenal of cutlery and fancy articles, such as boxes of different shapes filled with lozenges, bonbons, snuff, and scent."

At another period the fashion of the day was to cut out drawings from books and pamphlets, and to paste them on screens, lamp shades, boxes, and vases. The skill in this was to so arrange the drawings, or parts of different drawings, as to produce a curious or amusing effect. Then there came a season when all the rage was for

charades and riddles, which gave a peculiarly good opportunity to exercise the light and rapid wit so conspicuous in the French. Every evening the drawing-rooms were converted into impromptu charades. Some lady would suggest a word or phrase, and forthwith it would be converted into the subject of a sprightly little play. Many of the word games now current with us in America had their origin in the necessity the French salons were under in the last century to divert themselves. In some of the salons the fashion of keeping a daily chronicle of news, which was too often a mere chronicle of scandal, was adopted. Madame Doublet de Persan issued bulletins which she called "*Nouvelles à la main*." In her apartments two registers were kept, one of the authentic news received here and there by her guests, the other of floating rumors and *on dits*; and from these the budget of her chronicle was made up and circulated throughout France.

#### THE GAMES OF LOUIS' COURT

THE ladies and gentlemen of the court of Louis XVI were not above having their fads, which were quite as definitely marked as in this later day, when one man binds books, and another experiments with flying machines. Very much as it is to-day, likewise, the workers had their hours of idleness and the idlers sometimes worked.

Of course, cards were a perpetual distraction, and gaming with them was as much a matter of course in the most decorous and reputable salons as in the clubs and taverns of the day. Backgammon was a very favorite game of the French throughout the eighteenth century, and was played a great deal during the Revolution, despite the fact that it had been a patrician pastime. Whist was the card game most affected, and faro was played till the small hours. Sometimes the ladies in the country houses became frisky and raced through the slippery apartments on wagers; while games like blindman's buff were resorted to when the hours wore on heavily. Flying kites was a recreation indulged in at one time.

Later, in the reign of Louis XVI, we find the great people rivaling each other in the skillful making of all sorts of articles. They also dabbled slightly in the arts. M.



de Francueil not only played nicely on the violin, but made violins with his own hand. Nor were these his only accomplishments; for we have him described as "watchmaker, architect, turner, painter, locksmith, decorator, cook, poet, music composer, and embroiderer." Louis himself, as we know, was a good watchmaker and a better locksmith. Madame de Pompadour had already distinguished herself as a musician and actress, and was known as a good engraver. Madame Adelaïde, the king's aunt, was accomplished on all instruments, and could play the French horn and the jew's-harp equally well. Great ladies prided themselves on their skill in fancy cookery. The Duchess de Lauzun was delighted with the applause she received at her success in scrambling eggs. Noblemen were seen in the kitchen mixing sauces in their shirt sleeves. Even bishops were not too grave to seek for culinary as well as theological fame.

#### WHEN BRITONS BOWED BEFORE THE TURK

SOME of the diplomatic dealings between Occident and Orient have been marked by much less affability than the variety made popular of late by a succession of able Asiatic embassies to this country and to the European nations. It is hardly more than sixty years since the Emir of Bokhara starved and tortured to death two British officers, sent by Queen Victoria on a friendly mission to his country, and remained immune from punishment for the crime because of the isolation of his country. We, ourselves, paid tribute to the brigands of North Africa with deferential diplomats to bear the gifts until a century ago. We all know how difficult was our intercourse with Japan until the middle of the last century, and the siege of the legations at Peking is still fresh in memory.

There was a remarkable Englishman named John Barker, who has given us a narrative of the conditions in Turkey, a little more than a hundred years ago. The career of Barker was a singular one, and is well worth telling. He was born in 1771. At eighteen he entered the banking house of Peter Thellusson, who left his great fortune so tied up that he expected that his great-grandson would, on coming of age, be the richest man in the world; an

expectation which was doomed to disappointment. Barker showed such capacity that he soon rose to be confidential clerk and cashier. At twenty-five he threw up his place, and went to Constantinople, where he became private secretary to Sir John Spencer Smith, the British ambassador. In this capacity he was present at an audience which strikingly shows the insults which European ambassadors were wont to put up with from the Ottoman sultans.

At six o'clock in the morning the ambassador and his suite were hurried on board a boat, from which they were landed near the government offices at Seraglio Point. Ascending a slippery stairway, they were ushered into a bare, filthy upper room outside the palace, where they were kept waiting four or five hours, when they received a curt notice that they would be admitted to the imperial presence. They stumbled down the stairs, and were marched into the courtyard, where each was mounted upon a splendidly caparisoned horse, with two attendant grooms, though they had only to cross the courtyard a hundred yards to the great portal. Halfway across they were halted to await the arrival of the grand vizier, with his great train. After these had entered, the foreigners were informed that they might follow.

Entering a large outer apartment, food was handed round, which they ate with their fingers, and it may be hoped with a good appetite after their long waiting. Their swords were then taken from them, and, although it was midsummer, a heavy fur pelisse was thrown over each, and two stout guards laid hold of them and almost dragged them toward the audience chamber. The entrance was by a portal scarcely four feet high, through which they had to crouch in order to enter the imperial presence. The sultan, Selim III, was seated on a throne at the upper end of the long hall, his hands resting on his thighs, apparently half asleep. On each side stood a huge negro, selected for his extraordinary ugliness; the grand vizier stood in front, but a little to one side.

The embassy was brought to a stand at a distance of some twenty yards. After a long pause the sultan half opened his eyes, and without moving another muscle, asked, "Who is this infidel?" The vizier, taking

from his bosom a large letter carefully wrapped in silk, replied, "A slave of the King of England, who has been ordered to lay this letter at the foot of the sublime throne." The sultan apparently dropped off into another nap. All the while the two negroes were scowling and making the most diabolical grimaces, saying aloud for all to hear, "*Kish! Kish!*" ("Put 'em out! Put 'em out!").

At last, the sultan half opened his eyes, and asked, "Have you fed the dog and given him clothes?"

"It has been done," answered the vizier.

"Very well, be it so," said the sultan, and the audience was closed. The guards who had all the time kept fast hold of the members of the embassy, now hauled them backward toward the portal, at which they made them bob their heads, by a rough push from behind. Outside of the portal the pelisses were taken off, their swords returned to them, and they were left to make the best of their way to the boat.

Some years later, this insolent foolery was effectually squelched by Count Sebastiani, Bonaparte's ambassador. He refused to lay aside his sword, and when he reached the low portal, instead of crouching forward to enter, contemptuously turned around and went in backward, presenting to the astonished gaze of the sultan that part of his person usually esteemed the least honorable, and upon which royalty is presumed never to look.

#### SUPERSTITIONS REST ON TRUTHS

THE devotion a king inspires is, to the American mind, a survival of superstition. Yet catering to superstitions is a lucrative business in this country. People forget to note that the coincidences on which superstitions are commonly based, are, in many instances, not even remarkable. Misfortunes are not so uncommon that the occurrence of a disaster of some sort after the spilling of salt at table can be regarded as surprising.

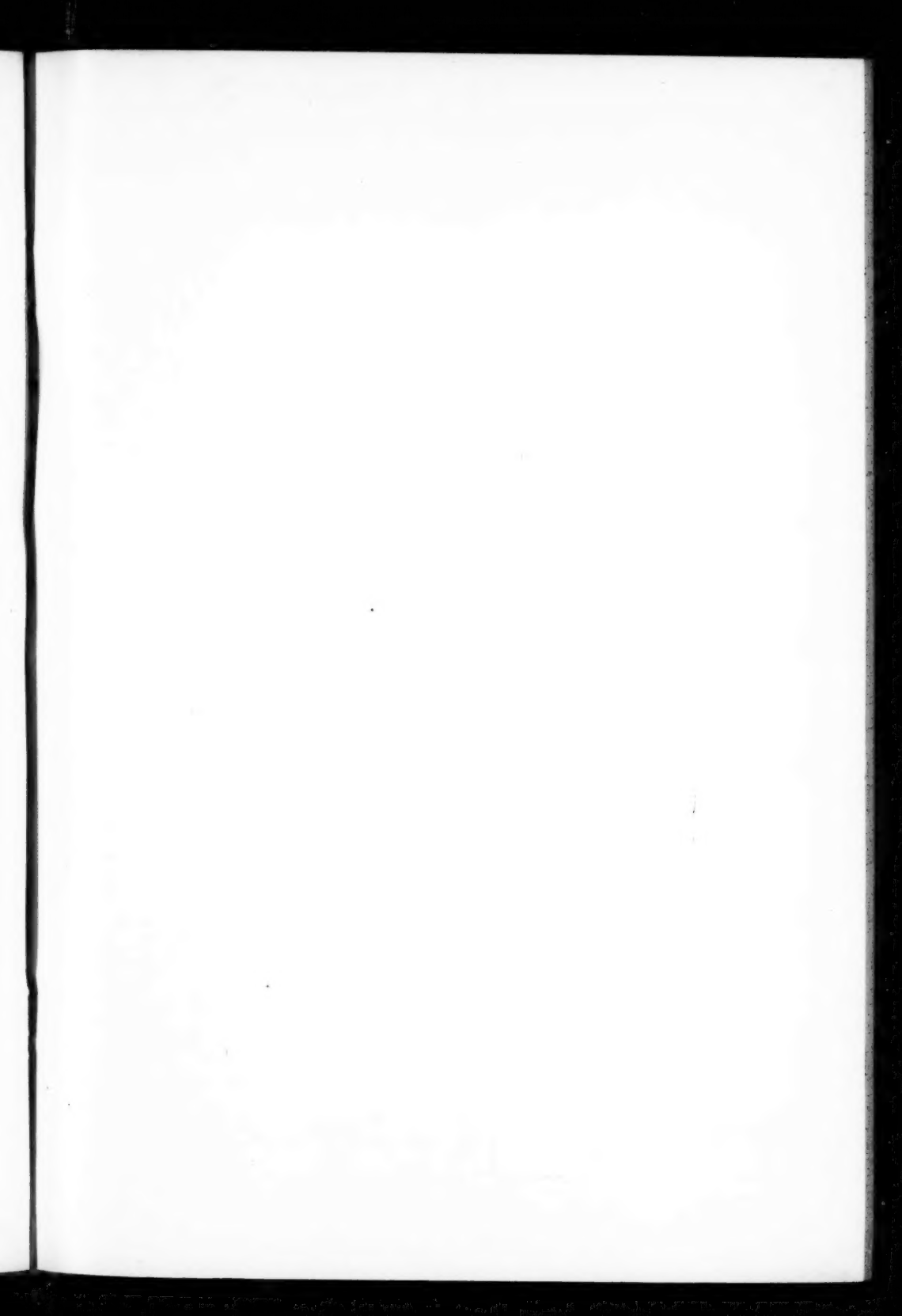
If three or four persons who are discussing the particular superstition relating to salt cellars can cite instances of an apparent connection between a misfortune

and the contact of salt with the tablecloth, the circumstance is in no case to be wondered at; it would be much more remarkable if the contrary were the case. There is scarcely a superstition of the common sort which is based on other grounds, not on some remarkable coincidence, but on the occasional occurrence of quite common events. It may be said, indeed, of the facts on which nearly all the vulgar superstitions have been based, that it would be little less than a miracle if such facts were not common in the experience of every person.

Any other superstitions could be just as readily started and be very quickly supported by as convincing evidence. If anyone were to announce to-morrow in all the papers and on every signboard that misfortune is certain to come to anyone that cuts his finger nails between ten and eleven on Friday morning, that announcement would be supported within a week by the most striking evidence. In less than a month it would be an established superstition.

If this appears absurd and incredible, consider the absurdity of ordinary superstitions—for instance, fortune telling by cards. If our police reports did not assure us that such vaticination is believed in by many, would it be credible that reasoning beings could hope to learn anything of the future from the order in which a few pieces of painted paper happened to fall when shuffled? Yet persons believe in the predictions of fortune tellers for the seemingly excellent reason that such predictions are repeatedly fulfilled. They do not notice that (setting apart happy guesses based on known facts) there would be as many fulfillments if every prediction had been precisely reversed.

It is the same with other common superstitions. Reverse them and they are as trustworthy as before. Let the superstition be that to everyone spilling salt at dinner some great piece of good luck will occur before the day is over; let seven years of good fortune be promised to the person who breaks a mirror and so on. These new superstitions would be before long supported by as good evidence as those now in existence; and they would be worth just as much, which is—nothing!





Drawn by Arthur Becker.

*"Who is the King?" she asked, her eyes on his."*

—Page 341.